

The things I recall; you killing me twice. You embalmed my will to speak, all that's unsaid. Destroy the love and love my own death. My roadway, in ruins. You gave me something for which I never asked. How can I blame you? Surrounded by my needs, scared, alone. Free in a cage, I'm home. How can I blame you? They'll have to drag me kicking and screaming to get me out of here. This is my tomb, these walls, this space. You embalmed my will to speak, all that's unsaid. Destroy the love. And when you'll ache, I'll ache with you. If you fall, I'll reach the ground beneath you. If you stop breathing, I'll rest mine too. When tomorrow comes and brings hope for change, I'll be there, but will you?