

A Survivors Code. My Code.

Look Mexico

This hide and seek's gone terribly wrong.
A manhunt where you'd better not be found.
Pacing through these dark church hallways, stumbling.
Skin a knee and hope that faith kicks in.

A creaky recreation room
Keeps our precious trinity in bloom.
Can we forgive our past differences?
Stare past the light, enters this silhouette.

Who's evil now? Aren't you dying to know?
Who keeps knocking down those double doors?

It's the boy with all the answers.
"Where do we go from here?"
I'd rather not have to leave you,
But tell me, "Where should we go from here?"
You fall into the monster's reach.