

A Pound Of Flesh

Radical Face

My feet plow on
From light to dawn
My empty belly in my body aches
Ain't hard to take
Next to the weight I carry in my chest
A pound of flesh
Could never tip the scale that I've made
I should have stayed
But I was never [?]
I hear your voices in the wind that cuts the night
And I pray to whatever is listening things'll be all
right
All my bolder life
Your heart still beating
So don't you mind, don't you mind
We all trip sometimes
I can still hear your feet as you ran from the house
Knowing you won't be back
Doesn't mean that I will stop waiting
(You) told me then, hold me down, hold me up to the
fire
(but?) don't you dare hold me back
Whoa...
I see your faces in the clouds that scar the night
And I pray to whoever is listening things'll be all
right
Then today I wake up feeling easy
And find I'm on the more familiar roads
I got a darkness wrapped inside me
But now it ain't so hard to let it go
So keep a candle burning in the window
I'm almost home