

## A Cage It Falls Into

The Envy

Receiving a head wind against the sky,  
falling, falling  
Pick those feathers up one by one,  
wandering, wandering

Hands of the man who waits for the end  
are blue Travel forward and separate the  
distance Sits on a chair, mouth sealed,  
vision warped and reflects the black.

Future is overflowing with fear The  
darkness goes on, the darkness gets  
deeper Look back the mistakes in the  
past Stack them up, stack them up

Throw up the meaning of overflowing  
water strongly on to both of these  
forgotten hands  
I won't abandon the smell of blood  
flowing incessantly, eternally

We can still be disappointed  
We were again discouraged  
Abandon hope and became helpless  
Our arms are dragged by hope  
Pull and pulled back to the place we were

There I stop and lie down  
Stare at your back  
Loneliness of a smile,  
not to tell but to interrupt  
I laugh in a room and throw waste

Inside a tiny falling cage Down stream  
Depending on presents The darkness goes  
on. As long as it flows Winds go deeper  
Gouge out those false words Pile them up  
Wash away the footprints ahead  
Cajole us, make us forget and let us go  
In return for the presents  
we hand out