

Quarantined

The Getaway Plan

This rope, it burns.
So untie me.
The deduction of laughter.
Thought I was clean.
And quarantined.
Obviously they found me.

This Rope It Burns.
So Untie Me.
Think I could be any cleaner?
Call Me Crazy...

If you'd just shine.
Your brightest light.
Then you could flee (from the streets)

I've tried screaming.
And tuning out.
I hope they leave soon.

This is my last request.
Please just love me.
We can run.

This rope it still hangs here.
The sun slips down on me.