

**P.S.**

**The Working Title**

We all went home  
To search ourselves  
There's no one left  
To feed us now  
We all want more  
Then what we have  
Just pick me up  
And let me down

State your reason for cushioning your fall  
I call it treason please share with me your thoughts

I've learned to find my place to hide  
My circus of rust and lies  
We take it down these holy ties  
Just run away and follow blind

Do you enter lives  
Without knocking or warning  
Do you count the lives  
And pace the night til' morning