

# WELCOME HOME SON

## Radical Face

Sleep don't visit, so I choke on sun  
And the days blur into one  
And the backs of my eyes hum with things I've never done  
Sheets are swaying from an old clothesline  
Like a row of captured ghosts over old dead grass  
Was never much but we made the most  
Welcome home  
Ships are launching from my chest  
Some have names but most do not  
If you find one, please let me know what piece I've lost  
Heal the scars from off my back  
I don't need them anymore  
You can throw them out or keep them in your mason jars  
I've come home  
All my nightmares escaped my head  
Bar the door, please don't let them in  
You were never supposed to leave  
Now my head's splitting at the seams  
And I don't know if I can  
Here, beneath my lungs, I feel your thumbs press into my skin again

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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