

# 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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