Finger Redux

Hot Cross

Sifting through 3 years
8 months and a handful of dust like shadows
falling through a matrix of "wish I hads"
And it's much harder to see how much space was taken
when your chest pounds with the footsteps of those you've forsaken
its a shame isn't it
The way these hours spin out of control
and how the tighter your grip on the why
and the how insures a faster demise to a here and a now
There's no strength in numbers is the one thing I've found
and you can't trust your balance
until you've walked with your feet on the ground

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