My Woods

No Trigger

There's a kid within my head with a hatchet to my nerves
Rebellion fills the songs he sings and, this much I deserve
With every hack at synaptic gaps, there's another to the hairline
His freckled skin hides an angry side
And even though he wants me dead I'd kill myself to keep him aliveFlat out motionless a statue growing mold
Around me rotates a world with no controlThe forest of my childhood now's a filthy parking lot
What isn't asphalt is barely connected by deserted grown in stonewalls
And therein lies a home
He stumbles the streets alone
Walking through the backyards circling the brain stem left unto his ownMotionless a statue growing mold
Around me rotates a world with no control
I know, I'll never make it by myself
But he believes, he believes in one more swingTwenty-three atop the peak of nothing guaranteed
Lets hope at thirty-five my friend inside is still up there and still alive
I'll pack my bags and run away
I'll run away, I'll run away
Out run the axe another day
I'll pack my bags and run away
I'll run away, I'll run away

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