20 Hz

Covenant

I ride the morning train; eople come and go.
So many different faces as the city passes by.
I watch their tired eyes; journeys never made.
Broken dreams of leaving fill the streets with dust.

This is our final journey; it's the end of the line.
Constantly in transit, we just want to go home.

The rain that falls for weeks, painting pictures on the streets,
Twisted stars beneath my feet, I cruise the crowd.

I could be one of them, going back and forth,
Between familiar places, as my blood turns cold.
I watch with gypsy eyes: secrets never told.
Stolen years of yearning turn their tears to dust.

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Constantly in transit, we just want to go home.

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