

# Brother

Max B. Grant

Frozen in the place I hide  
Not afraid to paint my sky with  
Some who say I've lost my mind  
Brother, try and hope to find  
You were always so far away  
I know that pain  
So don't you run away  
Like you used to do  
Roses in a vase of white  
Bloodied by the thorns beside the leaves  
That fall because my hand is  
Pulling them hard as I can  
You were always so far away  
I know that pain  
And I won't run away  
Like I used to do  
Pictures in a box at home  
Yellowing and green with mold  
So I can barely see your face  
Wonder how that color taste  
You were always so far away  
I know the way  
So don't you run away  
Like you used to do

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