

# Killerwood

## Fireside

Kind of hard feeling,  
like when someone complains on clothes,  
or something else that is stuck in the throat  
Hard and lonely,  
I never understood  
Come home againCome home,  
I never understood  
The aching in my throat is still as hard as beforeI did not know or understand  
I'm older now but just as young  
I'm the same personSelfish,  
The selfishness that crawls upon you when you least expect  
Like a spider in your bed  
That you have layed into pieces,  
but still not

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