

Hieroglyphics

Voodoo Glow Skulls

Born in the middle of an urban war
Staying out later than the street lights
In the days of ancient man
They had to fight to survive because they had no plan
The hieroglyphics on the walls, they tell it all
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Everyday waking up in the same room
With six younger siblings who look up to you
Not knowing where this day will take you
Where are you going to run to, you don't know
Treating everyday like it were you're last one
Having nothing in common with the outside world
The only way to reach them is to spray it on the walls
Because no one listens to your calls

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