

Black Label Society, Gates Of The Country

april. back in new york.
the 31st floor.
it seems somehow everything's changed.
the kitchen too small.
plates on the wall.
the sound of machinery.
may.
where have you been?
who were you running with?
wasn't he someone you used to call home?
where is the ring?
where is the boy
who went traveling alone?
she is much better without me.
she walks
through the gates of the country.
hands at her side.
and i smile as i watch her walk by.
somehow i see there are ships in her eyes.
she is better off now.
june.
the curtain is shut.
the patterns are cut.
the maid who will wake you at dawn.
pulls out a chair.
pulls down your hair.
it's just like you wanted.
july.
what's going on.
what are you running from.
why are you sleeping alone on the floor.
some people change.
others hang on till they can't anymore.
she is much better without me.
she walks through the gates of the country.
hands in the air.
and i smile as i watch her walk by.
somehow i see there are ships in her eyes.
she is much better now.