## Fireside, Killerwood

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 again

Come home, I never understood The aching in my throat is still as hard as before

I did not know or understand I'm older now but just as young I'm the same person

Selfish.

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

It doesn't die, no it's still there