

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