

Hot Cross, Finger Redux

Sifting through 3 years

8 months and a handful of dust like shadows

falling through a matrix of "wish I had"

And it's much harder to see how much space was taken

when your chest pounds with the footsteps of those you've forsaken

its a shame isn't it

The way these hours spin out of control

and how the tighter your grip on the why

and the how insures a faster demise to a here and a now

There's no strength in numbers is the one thing I've found

and you can't trust your balance

until you've walked with your feet on the ground