

None More Black, Zero Tolerance Drum Policy

Blindfolded and back to the door.
I'm sitting silent with these open arms ready to strange me.
Cut the air out entirely.
Everytime I see your face,
the space between always tends to suffocate you and me.
Maybe we can start with the weather...just maybe.
Then say what we have to say, whenever...or maybe not.
Thought you should know it's not OK with me.
The way you walked away.
Colder shoulders chill to the bone.
The way you left me feeling disowned.
I want you to know I wouldn't have given up.
Hark. Hark.
A knock at the door.
Who goes there?
Someone from before I was unstable.
Let me bring that to the table.