

Acrostichon, Shelter

misery's pouring down
impossible to ignore
everywhere he goes
his head gets filled with more

never mind direction
the clouds will always haunt
like a knife above his head
killing without a sound

always on the run
knowing he can't hide
unable to reach his shelter
'cause his shelter lies inside

doomed to walk the earth
with this burden on his mind
trying to erase the scars
no shelter he will find