

Adhesive, Burnt

Once there was this girl who kept her world within four walls.
She kept the candles lit to keep her warm.
Solitude has been her coat to clothe her in the dark.
God knows she wants to go home.
Once there was this boy who walked the darkness on his own.
He kept the needle lit to find his way.
Confused and lost, his mind was too weak to be proven wrong.
God knows he wants to go home.
A storm came by one morning and took both of them away,
and faded their already flickering light.
Two in one and one for all, they shared their destiny.
God knows they've found a new home.