

# Attack In Black, Foot Prints

my distraction grows in leaps and bounds  
in every year gone by.  
my addresses now so lovely penned,  
the blind would shed a tear  
maybe i don't need the things that you and you need  
and maybe i'm the shadow cast  
on drying grass by dying trees.

a scar is only so when cuts run too deep  
forgiveness rests upon the weight  
of what we give and what we keep

maybe there's a footprint i left a life ago.  
if so, there's something beautiful  
out there, somewhere, i know

words can only reach the ears  
of whom you aim to speak  
a stone can only roll  
so far as ground is not too steep

and i aim to speak to generations  
i wish to touch but one  
drive to tears that something beautiful  
may never come undone