

# Blitzkid, The Trunk

I guess the time has come for me  
to leave you darling.  
The road is up ahead  
while you're kept in this trunk behind.  
I ponder taking you with me  
as i flee for Sweden.  
But baggage held in life  
is baggage held in death.

I never wanted for a pain  
aside form laughter.  
I wanted nothing but to melt your snow.  
But something took your gaze from me  
and left me bleeding.  
I'll send a postcard to your memory.

My knife of desperation  
ordered on your wristed smile.  
So many steps  
and each one taken  
thinking of you for miles.  
I know my heart will know  
no matter if i flee for Sweden  
That you're here left behind.  
Your parents cry.  
Your body's missing.

I sense the coming of long nights.  
The weather's changing.  
It's getting darker in our happy home.  
I've gotta get away right now  
for soon they'll find my  
display of heartache.  
wooded, locked, and keyed.

Im hoping the opening of the trunk  
is something they don't think of.  
Contorted, bound lies my pain.

In the back of my mind  
I kind of pray that they will somehow  
find me.  
For I am too, locked away.

Away.  
Inside the trunk.