

# No Trigger, My Woods

There's a kid within my head with a hatchet to my nerves  
Rebellion fills the songs he sings and, this much I deserve  
With every hack at synaptic gaps, there's another to the hairline  
His freckled skin hides an angry side  
And even though he wants me dead I'd kill myself to keep him alive

Flat out motionless a statue growing mold  
Around me rotates a world with no control

The forest of my childhood now's a filthy parking lot  
What isn't asphalt is barely connected by deserted grown in stonewalls  
And therein lies a home  
He stumbles the streets alone  
Walking through the backyards circling the brain stem left unto his own

Motionless a statue growing mold  
Around me rotates a world with no control  
I know, I'll never make it by myself  
But he believes, he believes in one more swing

Twenty-three atop the peak of nothing guaranteed  
Lets hope at thirty-five my friend inside is still up there and still alive  
I'll pack my bags and run away  
I'll run away, I'll run away  
Out run the axe another day  
I'll pack my bags and run away  
I'll run away, I'll run away