

Pulley, Padded Cell 4 Walls Pt.2

take me back to yesterday, tomorrow's almost near.
anticipation factors in decision everywhere.
anger fills the mood right now.
there's no more novelties.
hands on the clock moving i'm going nowhere
and the nights are nothing like the nights before.
these same four walls are painted white.
the carpets wearing thin all my friends have left to call.
the silence still disturbs me i'm alone.
pick my pen up it's dried out for sure.
the tv set is broke again.
it's 8:00 o'clock, i'm out the door.
fear myself i'm safe inside these walls.
close my mind nothing gets to me at all.
these days are shorter and the nights are really long.
another night of nothing, like the nothing before.
hands on the clock moving i'm going nowhere
and i wonder why you're still afraid of me.
these same four walls are padded white.