

# Radical Face, Welcome Home

Sleep don't visit, so I choke on sun, and the days blur into one  
And the backs of my eyes hum with things I've never done

Sheets are swaying from an old clothesline  
Like a row of captured ghosts over old dead grass  
Was never much, but we've made the most  
Welcome home

Ships are launching from my chest  
Some have names but most do not  
If you find one, please let me know what piece I've lost

Peel the scars from off my back  
I don't need them anymore  
You can throw them out or keep them in your mason jars  
I've come home

All my nightmares escape my head  
Bar the door, please don't let them in  
You were never supposed to leave  
Now my head's splitting at the seams  
And I don't know if I can

Here, beneath my lungs  
I feel your thumbs  
Press into my skin again