

Shane Barnard, Numb

I can smell the smoke in my room
I feel the heat on my face but I don't
Know where it's coming from
My best friend looks at me and says
Stop, drop, and roll
I search my skin for flames
This stuff is getting old

Wake up now
Lift up your eyes
Feel my pain
Realize and recognize
I call your name
Time has come
You are numb

The hunter coats his knife with
Blood one winter's night
Licks the blade that takes his life
Masked by the elements
His senses unaware
An eternal mistake
That left him lying there

But he did not know
The future his actions foretold
And he did not feel
The blood that made him real