

# Sherwood, Under A Lamp

Call me out of my hovel;  
I long to see the sun.  
My legs try to carry me  
but my heart weighs me down.

So burn this in my eyes  
until I see your outline,  
and carve this on my lips  
until you see my blood drip.

And just that I  
can pen these words tonight  
is proof enough for me  
that there is more than meets the eye.  
And this is my simple lullaby  
to try and put to rest  
any loneliness inside.

So farewell [to this life I have led thus far].