

Small Brown Bike, Blank Landscapes

I miss myself more than anything.
I can't go back to where I can be seen.
No, not tonight.
Sometimes I feel like I stayed home and slept.
No one is here and my progress goes unchecked, but on this night.
I can't lift this up.
I wander through these blank landscapes.
Searching I want to reach back.
I want to return home now.
I can see you standing there
(Can't forget about the others,
Can't forgive for all of the others)
I can feel me falling here.
The sleep I took tonight was stolen from ghosts who haunt
and I can't control them,
No, not tonight.
They make me feel like I'm just stalling out.
I'm not the one and my fears are falling now, but on this night.
I can't lift this up.