

# 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.