

# Tear Garden, Castaway

Raised by wolves abandoned  
Forced to stalk you  
Haunt your neighborhood.

But full moon shocked  
They raised their rifles  
Whites of eyes - I'm stronger.

Slipped through cracks across your wall  
I scrape the sand now from your soles  
And eat your heart out  
And it's cold

See me. You won't see me at your door.

Heard me howling with regret  
There is no pleasure - can't forget  
The faces or the fear  
The fires

(Backwards): You won't see me at your door