

Bread Crumbs and White Stones

After the Burial

So I'll keep searching, for a place called home.
I'll rip my roots from this earth, into the unknown.
Is it for the dreams I chased or the ones
I caught, this mystery this misery is killing me.
So now I'll leave behind a murder scene,
My life isn't real,
It's just a silhouette and when the sun goes down,
I won't exist.
I will be the forgotten,
Bread crumbs and white stones can't follow me
Overwhelming, constantly I'm tearing at the seams,
The threads that hold me together, they envelop me.
I am shaking man.
As my body breaks against the wind,
I begin to slowly unravel.
Overwhelming, I'm tearing at the seams,
The threads that hold me together they envelop me.
And with fervor I am everywhere I thought I never would be
I will never come home,
I am a ghost inside your empty house.
I don't exist.
I will not come home.
I'll never come home.