

Graves

Aisha Badru

We fit our pain into a box
Dug a six foot hole and filled it to the top
Then we put a road over the dirt
To navigate away from the hurt

Still back there
Is a box with our name
Where we buried the pain
Where we buried the pain
Still back there is a box with our name
Where we buried the pain, the blame, the shame

We haven't healed a thing
We've just concealed the pain

Built a big city over the graves
Thought the bright lights would keep the ghost away
Bought a nice house at the top of the hill
Like the further away the less we would feel

Still back there
Is a box with our name
Where we buried the pain
Where we buried the pain
Still down there is a box with our name
Where we buried the pain, the blame, the shame

We haven't healed a thing
We've just concealed the pain

We haven't healed a thing
We've just concealed the pain