

## 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