

## Footprints

Attack In Black

My distraction grows in leaps and bounds  
in every year gone by.  
my addresses now so lovely penned  
the blind would shed a tear  
maybe I don't need the things that you and you need  
and maybe I'm the shadow cast  
on drying grass and dying trees.

a scar is only so when cuts run too deep  
forgiveness rests upon weight  
of what we give and what we keep

maybe there's a footprint I left a life ago.  
if so, there's something beautiful  
out there, somewhere, I know

words can only reach the ears  
of whom you aim to speak  
a stone can only roll  
so far as the ground is not too steep

and I aim to speak to generations  
I wish to touch but one  
drive to tears that something beautiful  
may never come undone