

8000 Lines

Blacktop Mojo

Cold walls and bars form a cage in my mind
8000 Lines scratched keep track of the time
I can't recall the warmth of the light
Or the colors and smell from the air outside
I tilt my head back and scream down the hall
But there's nobody there who will hear me at all
I throw my fist against the bricks until there's blood on the walls
And pray for the day they all tremble and fall

And I count each breath
Incarcerated in my head
And my time counts down
Warden won't you please let me out

How long will I let this sentence drag on?
I wish I could have back these days that have gone
If I could escape from my room full of black
Would the world out there even welcome me back?
I tilt my head back and scream down the hall
But there's nobody there who will hear me at all
I throw my fist against the bricks until there's blood on the walls
And pray for the day they all tremble and fall

And I count each breath
Incarcerated in my head
And my time counts down
Warden won't you please let me out