

Lift my head up from the foreign ground I lay upon
Waking in the dark end of the longest day
Cold and broken, still I haven't slept as well as this in days

Walking on these feet for what now feels like centuries
The City streets still sing into my inner ears
Burnt out, scared and bruised but I just made through - onto

Blurry thoughts of times, in buildings I have left behind
Disappear like mist under the morning sun
Nature takes me back
Back to all the childhood stories that you told, when we still
had a home

Dare I go right off the precipice, following the footsteps of n
o one else?
Found myself between routine and heartache
Knowing it was not a life to lead

Cold and all alone
Still I feel more at home
Sleeping rough under this tree
Than back in District 3