

Indica

Foxing

And on tides we can't be untouched by
Of troubles stay when lids lay over eyes
The frames and faces I've mistaken
For kids whose lives I may have taken

And if so, do I haunt their parents dreams?
And in so, am I summarized by sounds of young lung screams?
Their young one's screams

And of war bonds and blood stained hands
Combat neurosis shys from indica strands
And it breaks my mother's heart to know I came back broken
With the thought of my arms spilt open

And if so, would bring their parent's peace?
And if so, could I give back the sounds of their children's screams?
Let go of what I've seen

And if so, do I haunt their parents dreams?
And in so, am I summarized by sounds of young lung screams?
Their young one's screams