

These Walls

Infected Rain

If you decide to enter this house
Be prepared to hear laughter and cries
Happy laughter for small, little things
But also, cries with suffocating tears

These walls keep memories of the good and the bad
These windows keep secrets of the life I once had
A life that turned out to be an illusion
An illusion I was fed

Domesticated by the song of a man
I lost the divine gift of being myself

Happy laughter for small, little things
But also, cries with suffocating tears

Take your shoes off
You're in my house
There's no dirt here
No more lies
All the little things here
Mean everything
The true shape
Of an extinct reality

My voice was always small in this house
Careful and cautious, in its own place
Domesticated by the song of a man
I lost myself!

Take your shoes off
You're in my house
There's no dirt here
No more lies
All the little things here
Mean everything
The true shape
Of an extinct reality

Domesticated by the song of a man
I lost the divine gift of being myself