

Wounds

Raised Fist

Do you know how I feel,
I see the concrete walls closing in on my memory.
I have a way of digging things up from the past,
this is another one that goes out to our friends who
breathed their last.

The past comes flooding back .
The past comes flooding back to me,
turning around all the debris.
Time is passing by.
This goes out to the Raised Fist survivors,
and our friends who went to sleep.

No matter how I try to conceal,
I have a big stone in my chest,
a rift in my heart that I can't seal .
Time passes by, but this is the type of wound, that will
never heal.