

Into the Wind

Ramshackle Glory

Scream it into the wind
I swear this is not where I end
You can claw your way up or just dig your way down

Fear the dust, fear the heat
This is where it went down
Feel the ghosts drag your feet

Where the dogs and the train and your past all converged and to
ok flight

Oh they carry us, terrified, into the night
I will drink too much coffee and hold my fears tight
If they're gone then hell, who am I?

Write it down, burn it up
If the past is a minefield how do we look up
Just enough just to try to learn trust?