

# The Trip

Rebeka

bless the joy  
I'm a widow  
I'm still open  
how can it be  
that once we were unbroken?  
how do you know  
that all is gone when words are unspoken?  
without a tree a picture breaths  
and I might open  
even in the doors  
even it's not home  
I know that I'll be near you  
I still love you  
in your corridors  
in a pinch of hope  
I know that I'll be good 'cause  
I'm in love with you  
why am I crying?  
your lips not mine  
I heard that you are fine  
I rise again  
to fall with grace  
a bloody 'backspace'  
(sometimes I'm so alone I cannot bear the dawn)  
I miss your voice  
I've felt the void  
no one is like you  
(I know I'm not alone I'm gonna thank you for it)  
a wound denied  
returns  
as a barbarian  
(even I'm so alone I'm gonna sing it for you)  
even in the doors  
even it's not home  
I know that I'll be near you  
I still love you  
in your corridors  
in a spark of joy  
I know that I'll be good 'cause  
I'm in love with you  
in your corridors  
in your favourite song  
in a spark of joy  
in a pinch of hope and  
in my favourite song and  
even it's not home and