

Crawling Home

The Bled

I just can't leave this alone; meat for the wolves pulling flesh from the bone.

This is blood that I draw from a stone.

And a scar to remind me of where I was born.

This is what it takes to forgive myself for you.

Don't ask me what I am becoming.

Something that you cannot comprehend.

Completely unacceptable results.

Damaged and desperate.

I am crawling home.

And it feels like something is wrong

When I'm not tethered to this hotel bed

I do what I can to make sense of this mess that I made for myself, in my head.

One day at a time.

When I leave there will be no goodbyes, no explanations.

This is just something I need to do for now.

When I die there will be no funeral, make no arrangements.

What happens on the road will kill us all.

Don't ask me what I am becoming, something that you cannot comprehend.

Completely unacceptable results.

Damaged and desperate,

I am crawling home.

Show me if this is where I belong.