

## Quarantined

### The Getaway Plan

This rope, it burns.  
So untie me.  
The deduction of laughter.  
Thought I was clean.  
And quarantined.  
Obviously they found me.

This Rope It Burns.  
So Untie Me.  
Think I could be any cleaner?  
Call Me Crazy...

If you'd just shine.  
Your brightest light.  
Then you could flee (from the streets)

I've tried screaming.  
And tuning out.  
I hope they leave soon.

This is my last request.  
Please just love me.  
We can run.

This rope it still hangs here.  
The sun slips down on me.