

Closure

East West

We should of known it'd be like this,
An upward struggle of falling down,
We've taken comfort in loathing,
It's where we used play anyway.
What you can see is only half of who you are,
What you can say is only half of what you mean,
The days just seem to be longer,
There's no more strength in these broken hands,
Our faces sunken with hunger,
Turning upward we fall to our knees.