

The things I recall; you killing me twice. You embalmed
my will to speak, all that's unsaid. Destroy the love and
love my own death. My roadway, in ruins. You gave me
something for which I never asked. How can I blame you?
Surrounded by my needs, scared, alone. Free in a cage,
I'm home. How can I blame you? They'll have to drag me
kicking and screaming to get me out of here. This is my
tomb, these walls, this space. You embalmed my will to
speak, all that's unsaid. Destroy the love. And when
you'll ache, I'll ache with you. If you fall, I'll reach
the ground beneath you. If you stop breathing, I'll rest
mine too. When tomorrow comes and brings hope for change,
I'll be there, but will you?