

P.S.

The Working Title

We all went home
To search ourselves
There's no one left
To feed us now
We all want more
Then what we have
Just pick me up
And let me down

State your reason for cushioning your fall
I call it treason please share with me your thoughts

I've learned to find my place to hide
My circus of rust and lies
We take it down these holy ties
Just run away and follow blind

Do you enter lives
Without knocking or warning
Do you count the lives
And pace the night til' morning