

Zao

"Quiet Passenger Pt. 2"

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In the attics and crawlspaces of my mind, there are
stowaways and quiet passengers.
They've been there since I was a child, whispering
softly amongst themselves.
I wear this crown of hate.
Feel the blood run down my face.
I know all your pain.
Waiting on unforeseeable events.
Puppeteering from beneath my skin.
Suffocating invisible boxes.
Pools of blood up to their knees.
I wear this crown of hate.
Feel the blood run down my face.
I know all your pain.
My crown weighs me to the ground while the medicine
keeps me calm, keeps me calm.
Descendant of sickness, descendant of hate.
Descendant of sickness, descendant of hate.

The world caved in on my friend today.
And with his shaking hands he closed his eyes and he
walked away.
Without a reason or goodbye.
The foundation quakes.
The rafters shake.
Climbing slow into the sky.
He removed his crown before he drifted down and fell
ever so asleep.
She found his shell in the morning.
Her heart leap sad and fast.
He is here yet he has gone away, in numb silence from
the past.

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