

22 Jacks "Walking Home"

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a gift of serenity
a change of identity
hit so hard hit so fast
came from somewhere above me
an existence stuck behind
over and over and over again
different stories
but the same old lines

the streets are empty
and I'm walking home
the city sleeps lost
souls moves alone

and I need some words
to fill up the end
over and over and over again

my fingertips are bleeding
scratching through these walls
some kind of dark feeling
still stopping from the fall
an existence to some
from 4 to 3 to only one
my finger tips are bleeding

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