

Aaron "The Lame Souls"

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The roads of youth are fading out of sight,
I'll just have to remember what I'm not,
Never let me doubt that I won't be trapped,
The horses in my head, never will be tamed.

The city eats you when you fall,
But there you'll find poetry?
That reaches only the lame souls,
Who falls on the road to be free.

Before being a number, I'm a soul,
Who tries to grip freedom off the hole,
I hope I'll grow wise, I'm still jeopardized,
By all the smashing lights, blinding my lone eyes.

The city eats you when you fall,
But I've find the poetry?
That reaches only the lame souls,
Who falls on the road to be free.

You try to walk with pride but time is on your back,
No matter what you try, Lights will turn into dark,
The storm comes real fast, We should take the risk,
Before wearing masks, To explore our dreams.

The city eats you when you fall,
But there you find poetry,
That reaches only the lame souls,
Who falls on the road to be free...

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