

## Firehouse "Killerwood"

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Kind of hard feeling,  
Like when someone complains on clothes,  
Or something else that is stuck in the throat  
Hard and lonely,  
I never understood  
Come home again

Come home,  
I never understood  
The aching in my throat is still as hard as before

I did not know or understand  
I'm older now but just as young  
I'm the same person

Selfish,  
The selfishness that crawls upon you when you least  
expect  
Like a spider in your bed  
That you have layed into pieces,  
But still not

It doesn't die,  
No it's still there

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