

## Hot Cross "Finger Redux"

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Sifting through 3 years  
8 months and a handful of dust like shadows  
falling through a matrix of "wish I had's"  
And it's much harder to see how much space was taken  
when your chest pounds with the footsteps of those  
you've forsaken  
it's a shame isn't it  
The way these hours spin out of control  
and how the tighter your grip on the why  
and the how insures a faster demise to a here and a  
now

There's no strength in numbers is the one thing I've  
found  
and you can't trust your balance  
until you've walked with your feet on the ground

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