

Howards Alias "Exile"

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Believe it, you went and threw it all away,
I gave my life, not an inch.
Exile, only made worse by the
Tiresome hours wasted away inside this cage.

Innocence, a word that shouldn't be used for such
murky waters,
And yet, somehow fitting, finds it's way
Into my thoughts.
Into my thoughts, into my thoughts.

Social well-being is a state-of-mind,
It seems, vagrancy is all I have.
Exile, only made worse by the
Tiresome hours wasted away inside this cage.

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