

Level "What Free Is"

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The sky is grey, doming my head.
A beauty here to see and mourn.
"Son," you say, "soon you will see
the pressure in your heart to lie."
I know this empty feeling.
I don't know what full is.
I know that I am weakening.
I don't know what strength is.
And if you have the answers for me,

would you treat me fair?
I know what you are stealing.
I don't know what free is.
The blood I drain, scolding my skin.
Your cry I feel again once more.
Now I say, "I know you see the pressure in my heart to
die."

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