

Crossin Dixon

"Four Walls"

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I pull the punch when I hit the walls
No one pulls shit when I fall
I'm isolated in a century of despair
Man's love's reflecting my walls are bare

My 4 walls
What a man needs when a man bleeds
Isolated
I am condemned

My life is drugged with sadness
I praise my sleep
It free's me from madness
In solitude my walls are bleeding sorrow
I have no future
No tomorrow

My hate explodes
Only my 4 walls know
There's no pity
Only peeling white snow
Headaches
Heartaches
It only gets worse
Inside my 4 walls
I am cursed

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