

## Shane Barnard "Numb"

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i can smell the smoke in my room  
i feel the heat on my face but i don't  
know where it's coming from  
my Best Friend looks at me and says  
stop, drop, and roll  
i search my skin for flames  
this stuff i s getting old

wake up now  
lift up your eyes  
feel my pain  
realize and recognize  
i call your name  
time has come  
you are numb

the hunter coats his knife with  
blood one winter's night  
licks the blade that takes his life  
masked by the elements  
his senses unaware  
an eternal mistake  
that left him lying there

but he did not know  
the future his actions foretold  
and he did not feel,  
the blood that made him real

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