## New York Room "Cuts Through The Skin"

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am I flesh
and am I bone
or am I made
of only sorrow
ashes in the dust
so long alone
exiled in my cage
like water in a stone
cuts through the skin
down to the bone
all of my days they are trances
all of my nights are but dreams
all that you see and believe
all that you whisper I scream
the fires glow
burning cold
too hot to hold
still I cant let go
the darkness grows
swelling slow

showing me the way

taking me home

cuts through the skin

down to the bone

all of my days they are trances

all of my nights are but dreams

all that you see and believe

all that you whisper I scream

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