

Bonn Smith

"The Cell"

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Surrounded by darkness, without a trace
Please let some light in
I want to see numbers carved in the walls of this place
I miss my reflection
I miss the sounds
Of the voices that fill silence in the background
And I...
Need to leave this cell
And I...
Might find a lil heaven, in hell

If Iâ€™d have know there was a human race
I wouldâ€™ve tried, wouldâ€™ve trained, would've
fought
To lead the chase
How does one arrive in my fate
Lying here, dying here, an enemy of my own state
And I...
Need to leave this cell
And I...
Might find a little heaven in hell

Growing up, beg for food, tell my sister â€“ itâ€™s no
use
Another night, its fight or flight, as I sing you the blues
With the rain, a lullaby for you

Tomorrow, they say, brings hope and for that I pray
Askin all the gods and the angels put your arrows away
My whistle comes off as haunting down here
(repeat)

And I, oh I
Need to leave this cell
And I, oh I
I might find a little heaven

Might find a little heaven
Might find a little heaven
Heaven in my hell
(repeat)

Oh please let some light in
I miss my reflection
I miss the sounds
Of the voices that fill the silence
In the background

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