

Fitz. **"Caves"**

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A boy walks down a city road
Passed strangers and riverboats
He boards a train, to anywhere
He leaves his mother and his home
He left with pictures in his head
Memories enough to breathe life to the dead
He asks me where I am going to
But I don't even know where I have come from yet

In the first degree above
I am here for the escape
Swallows nest in other caves
Rested far away from all of us

Bruised and beaten in the fog
Throughout the forest fall the driftwood logs
and I take rest upon the waterfall
As the river flows slowly on
I left with pictures in my head
Memories enough to breathe life to the dead
I know exactly where I'm going to
And how I want my life to end

In the first degree above
I am here for the escape
Swallows nest in other caves
Rested far away from all of us

A man walks down a city road
Passed strangers and riverboats
And through an open door
He makes his home

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