

Thousand Foot Krutch

"Dying Boy"

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Today a child was born
From a womb of confusion
And in a fit of unknowing will
Was given to despair
A knock on the door
A skip of her heart
In a fit of uneasiness
Was hoisted in the air
And seven days float on
Written word becoming apt
A hidden looking glass
Begging you to go away
Roll the tongue, another year
Customary closing on
This January is long enough
It was too late yesterday
Did I speak to soon?
Caterpillar crawl down deep
Stupid boy are you
I know to take but not to keep
The chrysalis has broken through
In my stomach scratch a wall
Dying boy are you
Left alone to cry and crawl
Withered boy are you
Skin is thin and wanting leave
A filthy boy are you
Ever more than you perceive

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