

I force more rest on restless wings,
And beg thoughts not to go there;
I haven't left my nest in months,
"You have once again flown nowhere."

I can feel my solace sap my will,
But can't change or wash my hair,
I hate myself, him deathly still,
"You have once again flown nowhere."

All I need to do is pop the door,
And feel my wings catch the air,
But a couple feet is just too far,
"You have once again flown nowhere."

The windowlight has turned to dusk,
And again laid my walls bare,
And in my room, an empty husk,
Who has once again flown nowhere.