

Tear Garden, Castaway

Raised by wolves abandoned
Forced to stalk you
Haunt your neighborhood.

But full moon shocked
They raised their rifles
Whites of eyes - I'm stronger.

Slipped through cracks across your wall
I scrape the sand now from your soles
And eat your heart out
And it's cold

See me. You won't see me at your door.

Heard me howling with regret
There is no pleasure - can't forget
The faces or the fear
The fires

(Backwards): You won't see me at your door