

Lyric: I thought if I could touch this place and feel it, this brokenness inside me might start healing
From 'The House That Built Me' written by Tom Douglas and Allen Shamblin

In the Woods

These woods, darker than I remember but framing the site where we camped,

Have brought me back.

For years, the dark wood-framed photograph on the piano

Was just a moment,

One of many along our together path,

Held tight,

Family captured with chubby smile, but then

Something seismic shifted

Everything.

I thought if I could touch this place

And feel it

The brokenness inside me might start healing.

So travelling solo, I have returned here

To bring picture to life again.

We stood here once, his frightened eyes looking up to me,

For behind that oak, he'd know monsters hid

Til hand in hand we'd circle it round and laugh.

But no mum could dissolve away with warmth

The monsters that, years later, crushed him.

Now I gaze upon the grassy blades

Tickled, they whisper chuckling echoes

But as I bend with hand reached to sense the memory

They silence.

At home still the tortured soul cares no more

For childhood fun and leafy glades

But, head in hands, he tries to

block it all,

Retreating into the darkness.