

Grateful

Anacrusis

I sense the tension
A thickness in the air
The filthy air of our morality
Misplaced affection
In lost and lonely stares
Where urge ignores morality

I sense confusion
Suspicion in the air
Untreated wounds of some dishonesty
Seeking comfort
The strength of friendly ties
Only truth can heal insecurity

But I'm grateful to be far from harm
Safe within peaceful arms
Grateful knowing safety's warmth
And I'm grateful not to have to face
These days alone

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