

Nothing At All

Anne Clark

All this tenderness has come to nothing
All that we require is being rearranged
I've no wish to look to the future
For my expectations will no doubt be changed
Just rolling along on the rest of the waves
My statements and strategies are quickly dismissed
Poisoned pens in invisible paper
Steel knuckles concealed by velvet fists
What is the chance of us living
Some of our simplest dreams
Are all the structures we build here
Really as frail as they seem
The dying are the lovers of this modern world
The power and the glory survives
With radio active bargaining
And the valueless of our lives
My turn to crumble
My turn to fall
From so very humble
To nothing at all

This is where silence runs its course
And sadness wipes its eyes upon us
We fall from a structure build on troubled minds
My world becomes iron and grows an cold as Winter
Soldiers in uniforms of nudity march over open hearts
Sweetly and sickly scented by roses
And your world id crushing you like those flowers
By scripts written into your skin with the in of thorns
Ashen faces sink into silence
All lonesome trends brush shoulders
All of last nights degradation
Builds foundations on us both