

## Doubts

Cloakroom

Doubts

I've had my doubts

I was carrying a fire but now that's going out

Doubts

Words

I have no words

For how cold it can get in this old universe

Words

And I worm my way around it

'Til I can't bear to see anymore

And it feels like we've been here

Pay

I have not the pay

To put you under my wing for to whisk your way

Pay

Spell

I know not the spell

To recite in the mirror for to redeem myself

Spell

There's just no good way around it

Maybe I should cherish the gift

Maybe I should smash the mirror to bits