

set against these hardest hours  
anger paled, for in this fear  
the theft of privacy  
we all see it break sometimes,  
see it tear us apart  
that which left behind  
screams out loud this night  
so much is asked in silence  
expect not and you'll find  
thousand miles  
from the nearest truth  
rotating, entangled  
- I continue not to heal

another no-night  
waits its turn  
so I call upon  
my freecard  
to postpone

if time was one with many faces  
which one would call to me?  
where all our paths in one now end  
that with the power to gather the mislead  
now will lead them all astray  
so push it ever further  
to unsuspecting dark  
build that second layer  
for the hours to take fast

a rest from the giving  
like a heart between beats  
greater than the need  
for community  
the need for the right solitude  
come to know

that an outrage is inevitable  
through many try  
an escape is unsuccessful  
in the midst of a nerve-night  
the victim of soulkill  
true self is mere torture  
death rides these nerves