

## Nether Novas

### Dark Tranquillity

what late forgotten nights to emptiness has given  
and now november morning will be taken asunder  
the shovel stained with dirt in the hours of belonging  
dug into the undiscovered of a life, a pest, a plague

falling back into the arms - no never  
admitting to a life alone - no  
claiming there are sparks inside - no  
outside looking back - no  
so the lie never stopped

cling to the wave it cried and onward to the night  
expecting not and nothing in the presence of a lie  
the deeper that it dug the more now had to go  
surrender was a fact and the room was decoreated  
- the lie never stopped  
what late forgotten nights to emptiness has given

the strangers may they come in ignorance's disguise  
so into the dark walking to leave the last of times  
kneedeep in desperation to fill the gap behind

boldly thread the night forever  
november thought are right - oh never  
taken from the fall - no

frightened by the key but the trail behind the house  
felt compelling and new - the lie never stopped  
found at loss for words, now words aren't enough

someone told, a vacancy was open  
someone laughed, the silence here was broken  
dug up to make room  
the room which you furnaced and graced  
there is no vacancy  
the least can fill the fountain  
the most will flood the mold