

## Dead Air

## Daylight Dies

Indifference  
The stale sound of apathy  
Twelve months  
And we thin to nothing

We choke  
On bitter words  
We would never say  
This span of autumns  
Brought no change

Apparitions  
Hollow voice  
Ghost of us  
Twelve months and  
How frail this autumn leaves

I choke  
On bitter words  
I would never say  
This span of autumns  
Never changed