

Daybreak and a Candle End

Deep Blue Something

Bask within our sedentary sins
Twitch beneath the pricks and jabs of conscience
Enter me and the sun
A rusted shard to draw the blood
The Muse, a whore at work again
Fade the slightest sight, pine-needles dampen
A broken blade, a stolen face,
The epitaph - "Believe in Shame."
Well I've been dead before
- Back before I was born
Then entered Light, surcease of Nothing
But merely given time
One lowly blip of life
Spinning to the void again
From the start know we are lost
A splintered two, the both of us
Helpless to believe in nothing