

## No Ground

Eleven

Above, slowly in the mist of light  
You rise slowly for the kiss of sight  
Showing me how it's done  
Secrets you told no none  
Am I an illusion slave after my life's begun  
No time in this round  
Your design leaves no ground  
Obey no one but the knot inside  
The squeeze ache of it is there to guide  
Are you mistrusting me?  
Giving me what I need  
Quieting the flame by pain  
Blurring the lines I read  
No time in this round  
Your design leaves no ground