

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