

## Den Mother

Foxing

You watched a lukewarm ocean from an archipelago  
I fell asleep to the sounds of the cape  
As water rushed my nose

And I swore by my own soul that god would right our wrongs  
And then you faked a smile and whispered to me  
"Je te fais confiance  
So don't go home tired and alone."

If nothing becomes  
At least soft light lay on us