

## Night Channels

Foxing

We danced naked outside of your bathroom  
Until our bare feet sweat tracks in the tile  
As you came you moaned about loving them  
Such convenience in regret after the fact  
While our hitch breaths trip on false moves  
We both know we'll be right here again  
So by now I know where the door is  
I'll wait outside until you call me back in

Future love, don't fall apart  
Future love, don't fall apart

We purged on the milk of new treason  
As we clung to our warp weighted loom  
By the time we were done we were woven in  
Such constriction from a self made trap  
And on these antlers dry-rot cracks through  
I left myself too open for you  
So by now I know what decay is  
And I'll lay on waves until the night channels end

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