

A Place For Grief

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Walls bleed, pictures bend their fractured frames
Features on canvas torn
Burning mirror breaking down to sand
Free from jails of form

The black water future I see
So hard to drain
The small child in everyone is forced to bleed
To live life again

The light ever closer we believe
Is only a place for grief

Every life's so small
We call it precious
And every soul is so loved
Above

Days glide through a skin of open pores
Stretched on bended frames
Years long on sanded banks around your shores
Counting every grain

Words form poisoned worlds I never see
So hard to hear
Ring the bell of truth in every dream
No life, no fear

Every night brings disasters to our rooms
A lifetime inside you