

Drained

Kitchie Nadal

And when she woke, she shook the dreams that bound her tightly to her bed.

She cleaned it all, tidied up and cut the cobwebs inside her head.

Clinging on to frays of comfort what has she thrown away?
Two lives incinerated, drained. Nothing left to give now.

And when she walked, she came upon a tree where their lips first kissed.

A thunderbolt and then the sound frightened the birds from their nest.

Clinging on to frays of comfort what has she thrown away?
Two lives incinerated, drained. Nothing left to give now.

Clinging on to frays of comfort what has she thrown away?
Two lives incinerated, drained.

Clinging on to frays of comfort what has she thrown away?
Two lives incinerated, drained.

Now she found a place to rest where the shadows run deep.
Lying there, barefoot, dirty and singing off to sleep.