

# Waiting to Fall

Madder Mortem

A slate of darkness waits to fall  
Cold tar pervades through crumbling walls  
At the core, a black hole dwells  
It will devour the moment I could win  
From within the venom wells  
A poison string of words to break the skin

Deep down something hides, softer and kinder  
A ghost from long ago when nothing was broken  
But it stays buried  
The cease-fire was over  
Before the war began

Each fragile grain of joy will fail  
What's left is weak and small and pale  
A thousand vicious voices joined  
To gleefully point out where I went wrong  
That anyone I ever loved  
Was laughing at my fervour all along

And from the ruins a creature emerges  
A crippled, lonely thing, bewildered and broken  
It lifts its scrawny head to plead for a way out  
Sit back and watch it run

Will there be a time where I'll be whole again?  
Give me an hour's worth of shelter from the storm  
I'm waiting to fall