

## Morse Code

Men I Trust

Morse code

Night loots us of our time  
Hints of defeat through me  
Yielding to one final pun,  
And shared flashing glaze

But our will stays cloaked  
As we take a step back  
Our hearts talking low  
A fading Morse code

Quick! Says a darting bird  
Fierce is nature's way  
Trophies bared up high  
Strong men do have firm grips

And though I seize the high-prized advise  
Distracted by labor and wraiths  
Can't set my mind with it  
Keeping me away from heap

And our will stays cloaked  
As we take a step back  
Hearts talking low  
A fading Morse code