

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