

## Zero Tolerance Drum Policy

**None More Black**

Blindfolded and back to the door. I'm sitting silent with these  
open arms ready to strangle me. Cut the air out entirely.  
Everytime I see your face, the space between always tends to su  
ffocate you and me. Maybe we can start with the  
weather...just maybe. Then say what we have to say, whenever...  
or maybe not. Thought you should know it's not OK with me.  
The way you walked away. Colder shoulders chill to the bone. Th  
e way you left me feeling disowned. I want you to know I  
wouldn't have given up. Hark. Hark. A knock at the door. Who go  
es there? Someone from before I was unstable. Let me bring  
that to the table.