

## Clandestine Time

Protomartyr

Clandestine time  
The small, unseen things  
That do the job  
While the minutes tick by idly

Abridged from life  
Folded into abstraction  
And on the clock

The proof we are here  
Is the dust that they're breathing  
The proof we're apart  
Is the fact they're still living

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They don't see us