

An Eclipsing

Stavesacre

these lights...this city
under their waves my mind begins to drift away
such malice...beneath beauty
would send anyone looking for a safer place
like home...am i alone
if i break is there somewhere i can be whole again
is there a safe haven
somewhere to heal from the assisted self-inflicted pain
from my failures
because something's dying
down inside of me
can't shake this...this feeling
sickle stares that believe they reach the heart of me
an insistence and persistance
of sifting through until they find the deepest darkest deeds
in this home...sweet home
i sleep with one eye open and hide from the day
inspected...dissected
laid open for the triggermen to fire away
at my failures
something's dying
down inside of me
is this feeling
is this real
well, it must be something
from nothing...nothing comes
i've seen in dark places
small flames cutting through where there were none before
so simple...so precious
but still small, still open, still vulnerable
and this home...away from home
this shelter from the everpresent enemy
has kept score...and closed doors
brightest fires kept inside close and comfortable
from the failure
but the fire is dying
down inside of me
with all my failures
something's dying
down inside of me