

## The Vacant Lot

Tad Morose

Underneath lie barely seen and rarely touched  
All things untold  
Stone upon stone  
So foul, so cold  
A shadow of old  
Into the night  
Driven by what none can see  
Scarcely bound but hardly free

A shadow of old  
A story untold  
A gathering rot  
The vacant lot

A stray dog send shivers down your spine  
The remnant wall stand ever the same  
Hair of the dog won't help you at all

The street's all deserted  
We'll swallow you whole  
Our minds intermingle a raven so black  
A spiralling stairway keep calling you back  
Tentacles, tentacles tighten their grip  
Downwards in circles the deadliest trip  
We mould you impassive all tainted and sore  
Abiding our master keep calling you  
Tentacles, tentacles tighten their grip  
Downwards in circles the deadliest trip