

Mark'll Sink Us

The Fall

The ward was arraigned with spats of blood.
The victim, castigate, and yet, part of us.
The thoughts in eyes as seen under a hood
Burned in my own eyes and in my blood!
Mark'll sink us.
A message mesmerized, on all English breath,
the crux pretty grasped, but mostly misunderstood.
Mark'll sink us.
I am desolate. I live the black and blue of the night.
Friend depression comes now and again once in a blue moon.
It points backwards thus:
Mark'll sink us.