

Little Victories

The Horrors

I press your hand in mine however cautiously,
I keep a smile right to myself
And I lapse into the grasp of an overriding obsession
And I get sick as I watch my interests fall into suspension

This winter
So cold, Creeping down your arm
Stealth soldiers, Creeping around your palm
It's so hard, hard to understand
Little victories won creeping around your hand

The sickness has taken hold through violent, blurted syllables
Escape my mouth under my breath
The voice of pricking dread is whispering insistent in my ear
My paranoia galvanised by your gaze, so austere

This winter
So cold, Creeping down your arm
Stealth soldiers, Creeping around your palm
I know it's hard, hard to understand
Little victories won creeping around your hand

I pinned your crest to my chest, hoping it might start to look right
There was hushed talk of young boy's corpse lying face down in some river
His hands used to move like mine
I can't stand myself this morning, I am practically that boy
No strength to endure, Ghostly insecure, Pallid through lack of choice

This winter
So cold, Creeping down your arm
Stealth soldiers, Creeping around your palm
I know it's hard, hard to understand
Little victories won creeping around your hand
Creeping around your hand