

In the crisp seclusion
Timid impulses hidden and turned
Dormant possibilities
Compromised and shadowed and turned away

In this suspension
This pre-pubescent age
The very real question of what will remain at the thaw
I don't know

Somewhere in the middle
I stood standing
I didn't know it but I'd never understand it, no
There's no explanation
There's no answer
Lines crooked like the center of your hands and oh

I see it now
It's brighter when the lights are out

Behind the closed door
It's turning off and on
The light from below blinks true
It blinks true
And what does it say to you?

I see that raw spark sinking
The faded blinking and the big man winking at you