

## Honest Hour

Assembly of Dust

In the hour before the devil finds I've died  
I'll move slow as my ending descends from the pines  
Because I couldn't stop for death  
She kindly stopped for me and she stole my breath (Emily Dickinson)

If I'm bound or gagged  
If I'm lost or loosin'  
I might want to leave from here  
Until then I'll still be cruisin'  
High above the atmosphere

Well I walked through that hour in a drawn out sleepless bliss  
Blinking possibilites shuttered and ceased to exist  
Like a prisoner of my personality  
My time had come and my body was set free

I went easy from my body but harder from my ways  
I lived tall in this life but I was naked at the end of my born  
days  
When desperation rang long through me  
Horses whispered in the distance and my body was set free