

Hunger Of The Young

Attack In Black

Please pay us mind
with some smoke across the sky
and a flower left to honour life
maybe happiness is wealthy if you spell it right
a bird kissed the treetops at night

trying hard to put a page
all the words that are defined
by everything we never said
and the broken things in all our lives

an end of summer street to take a breath from shade to sun
looking for something to love
while somewhere someone's making
something bound to come undone
to feed the hunger of the young