

It's dark at 4 pm in Leeds  
The steeples pierce the skylight till the last of it bleeds  
The absent sound of another day as it recedes  
Into the shadows  
Until it's nothing

Fax papers slipped under the hotel room door  
Like food for the prisoner or the prospect to the whore  
Well fed and halfway drunk I ache myself for more  
Until I'm shadows of myself  
Until I'm nothing

Sixteen black churches burning on the tv  
All the way from Texas to Tennessee  
And a politician locks my eye and says to me  
There is no crisis here  
There's no conspiracy

I crave inertia every move made so I can stop  
Whatever this madness is in me spinning like a top  
On a bed of anxiety over a deep dark drop  
Down into nothingness  
Into without-you-ness

Was it ever so the evil creep like ivy  
A toe hold on the stronger half of nature's dichotomy  
I'm beating back a path through nothing more than pure insisten  
ce  
Until here becomes  
The distance

Hold my head love I'm sick tonight  
Find the open hole and press your fingers there with all your m  
ight  
Before the last ounce of my spirit bleeds  
Onto the pristine sheets  
Of the hotel bed in Leeds