

Busy Is Bold

31Knots

Stepping out on every limb
Just to have it break again

Was it the weight you had gained
From the beast of the burden you ate?
Say something more

Or maybe your nerves saw how high
You had climbed causing your legs
To shake the branch to break
Your one mistake

Misery loves company
And company loves agony
And agony loves misery
Together we fear everything
But no more

Labour is a lover never clever or conceded
Never preaching or pretending to be anything
But busy and busy is bold
And bold is a plank that you must walk