

# Nothing At All

Anne Clark

All this tenderness has come to nothing  
All that we require is being rearranged  
I've no wish to look to the future  
For my expectations will no doubt be changed  
Just rolling along on the rest of the waves  
My statements and strategies are quickly dismissed  
Poisoned pens in invisible paper  
Steel knuckles concealed by velvet fists  
What is the chance of us living  
Some of our simplest dreams  
Are all the structures we build here  
Really as frail as they seem  
The dying are the lovers of this modern world  
The power and the glory survives  
With radio active bargaining  
And the valueless of our lives  
My turn to crumble  
My turn to fall  
From so very humble  
To nothing at all

This is where silence runs its course  
And sadness wipes its eyes upon us  
We fall from a structure build on troubled minds  
My world becomes iron and grows as cold as Winter  
Soldiers in uniforms of nudity march over open hearts  
Sweetly and sickly scented by roses  
And your world is crushing you like those flowers  
By scripts written into your skin with the in of thorns  
Ashen faces sink into silence  
All lonesome trends brush shoulders  
All of last nights degradation  
Builds foundations on us both