

400 Winters

Bark Psychosis

Loose rein
Let us rest
Where words speak
Nor confess
Always beside, always besides
For one another winding
West

We seak and grow apart
Blood disappears where deeds begin
You never stop nor start
Turn out the silent glare
Turn down the silent stare

400 Winters
Never count
Sleep never rusts
A final sign of things to come you cannot lay your hand upon

It's one year more