Four Walls

Charlotte Martin

So far from you; other side of the wall There's a bottomless cry that is spinning Interdimensional, hidden inside Of these lights which I seem to be missing

Marching ahead to silent beats Bumping into these dead machines You can hear everything with me You can win everyone but me

Gonna feel my way around you And then you're gonna get down on your knees And grow accustomed to the darkness And see what you're supposed to see Head up straight I know what I'm doing Head up straight I know what I'm doing I don't

Don't think I'll talk Yeah I don't think I'll breathe And I don't think I'll think What you're thinking

All that I know of us is what was there In the longest of stares we were sinking Ashes to beauty; rust in lust Passion attempts; misguided trust Smoking your bag of trickery Getting to love the little beast

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In this wading pool In this waiting room I elevate us down

In a neglected olive tree Here is the part you reach for me Say that you have no need of this Say it again Say it again Say it again Again again again

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