

set against these hardest hours
anger paled, for in this fear
the theft of privacy
we all see it break sometimes,
see it tear us apart
that which left behind
screams out loud this night
so much is asked in silence
expect not and you'll find
thousand miles
from the nearest truth
rotating, entangled
- I continue not to heal

another no-night
waits its turn
so I call upon
my freecard
to postpone

if time was one with many faces
which one would call to me?
where all our paths in one now end
that with the power to gather the mislead
now will lead them all astray
so push it ever further
to unsuspecting dark
build that second layer
for the hours to take fast

a rest from the giving
like a heart between beats
greater than the need
for community
the need for the right solitude
come to know

that an outrage is inevitable
through many try
an escape is unsuccessful
in the midst of a nerve-night
the victim of soulkill
true self is mere torture
death rides these nerves