

Sun-Less

Funeral for a Friend

Broken hands, so sans soleil
It lights my way through these
empty streets at night.
Dragging heels, the cold air stabs me
like a needle running with this thread
Scissors cut me dead and gone
living like the blade I carry
I never thought of you
living all alone,
scissors cut me dead I never felt
like anyone could ever be
so far from home
The day begins
when the music ends its days
like these that I
wish I were somewhere else.
And I can't forget my own name
replace it with a voice
that carries on.