

# A Place For Grief

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Walls bleed, pictures bend their fractured frames  
Features on canvas torn  
Burning mirror breaking down to sand  
Free from jails of form

The black water future I see  
So hard to drain  
The small child in everyone is forced to bleed  
To live life again

The light ever closer we believe  
Is only a place for grief

Every life's so small  
We call it precious  
And every soul is so loved  
Above

Days glide through a skin of open pores  
Stretched on bended frames  
Years long on sanded banks around your shores  
Counting every grain

Words form poisoned worlds I never see  
So hard to hear  
Ring the bell of truth in every dream  
No life, no fear

Every night brings disasters to our rooms  
A lifetime inside you