

In The Gray

Hot Water Music

I'm suspended now, hanging in the aiay of a weather beaten town
December rolls around, lays a blanket of herself on the ground
where comfort lives in sound,
like a gun laying cold on the ground with no way to spell it ou
t.

there's still much to say of a gun left down.

Most of me is elsewhere wondering shall we hear a song or shall
we live one soaked to the hone.

I'm suspended now, hanging in the gray of a weather heavy cloud
, soften my face

and bow to bid toy farewells to the ground for now part of me i
s sinking and pondering,

hope is a gracious term, aligned with the faith that reason has
a course to take,

may it be the just one until then I will drown, anti to down wi
thout a fit.

How glorious is it?

Bound in sound, even and weightless and free from wrist to wris
t