

## Conversion

**Madder Mortem**

When your hands speak, my body converted to ears  
When you grasp for air, all my words undone

This is it

When your longing grows, I shall encircle you  
Where the nights are old  
Where the morning will not come  
Hot breath on naked skin  
Unconscious, mouth to mouth  
I rest in confidence

When all time has gone and the mountains turned to dust  
In the darkest of night, there is peace, my love, for us