

## A Map of All Our Failures

### My Dying Bride

I'm unaware of a response  
From my errant dark red soul  
Too deep to be spoken aloud  
I bury a word right in my heart

Frost etched the tall windows  
I have been cold for a long time  
Borne upon winters shoulders

There are wolves here, many of them  
I am staggered at their hatred of me

I lie in complete fear  
I call the moths to tend me  
I forget the form of my sins

And drained of motion, the air itself avoids me  
And void of notion, unable to perceive  
Mouth barely open, almost fearing to breathe  
And there is no other sound at all

Just there, to the left, his shadow rose  
I always knew he was coming  
Takes the vacant chair beside me  
With golden hands he moved the hair from my face