

My Cabal

School of Seven Bells

My cabal, he sleeps outside
pulling the shadows over the moonlight
My cabal, won't you come inside
Forget the darkness if just for one night

Possibilities
baited with personal inconvenience
Every time he feels
that baited resistance tugging at his sleeve
he struggles to find who
he struggles to see why
He's weary with a weight
so often confused with authority,
but who's?

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I want to know why
paper is so different
And what happens once these
promises incubated hit the air
I want to know why the
air becomes so thick and impenetrable
and why another set of rules apply, why?

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