

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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