

## Wearing a Tie

The Early November

I fell down thirty feet of stairs,  
Landed in a hole buried under cloak.  
And as I grow I tried to let this go,  
But I cannot hide under half-shut eyes.

And I feel it calling me again,  
In winter ice I stand.  
And I feel it calling me again,  
So what will it take  
To make this finally the end?

Carving snow, I found myself a glove.  
So I took it home and my body, mind and soul.  
We're draped in robes like soft and flowing tones  
Through a combo and it's quarter cranked again

And this time I follow my own lines.

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In winter ice I stand.  
I feel it calling me again,  
So what will it take  
To make this finally the end?

It's the breaking point, the crossed out, the fine  
lines we hide, the lies  
Medicine, and crooked ties define why I'm not who you  
thought you liked

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