

# Things That Make The Morning Call

The Little Flames

Fragile you,  
Blind and grey,  
Showed up once  
Then hid away.

Saw the sun,  
Saw the sky,  
And how the sunlight  
Burned your eyes.

Fled from the day,  
Hiding away.

Dig so deep,  
Bury all  
The things that make  
The morning call.

All the same  
Day will break,  
And you deny  
The sky you crave.

Your walls are so high  
To block out the sky