

A Hole in the World

Thursday

In this blackout, inertia will hold our thoughts...
And the exit sign offers no light to see by.
Can we cast our shadows alone in the dark?
I can't see... without you.

When the world is crashing down,
Part with it, start again.
When the world is crashing down,
These notes will fold themselves.

Standing at the margin's edge...
to see where the daybreak ends.
You can find compassion here,
But the page turns too fast.

We fell in this hole that opened up...
Giving up on hope,
Living without love.
We still type black lines...
When the world is crashing down,
These notes will fold themselves.

Adjust the aperture to focus on the negative.
Like phosphors in the darkroom ignite,
Like dodging faces in the corner of the print,
Frame by frame, this hole is opening up... and we fall in.

There is no such thing as whole.
There is a hole in the world.