

## Soft Spoken Words

**Trixie Whitley**

He shadows the steps  
of my darkest times  
As I seek escape  
from a crumbling spine  
Try to find shelter  
found in the wildest nights  
I run for miles  
we lose our grace

When your soft spoken words  
sound like machines in my ears

Danced like a lone dog  
at the masquerade  
And you embraced  
these fractured heart lines  
But oh the times,  
the times that I grow numb  
Blind to the masterpiece  
of our love

When your soft spoken words  
sound like machines in my ears