

## Intro: The Looming of Dust in the Dark (& the Illumination)

Woods of Ypres

Sunlight shines  
On the clothes that lay on a chair  
A desk covered in clutter  
The floor covered in hair

It shines on a figure, so thin and frail  
It shines on his skin, so sick and pale  
It shines on the wall, where for so long  
I have stared  
Breaking the spell of authentic despair

As my eyes come into focus  
I turn to face to face the room  
The movement from the sheets creates a breeze  
Sweeps the dust from it's place

It so quietly swarms  
And hangs in the air  
It shines in the light  
And makes me aware

Death is looming in here  
And it's getting to you  
Under dust, over time  
It has been burying you

It now stirs up the room  
As it enters my sight  
Rising up from the dark  
From the surface it lies

As if hinting to me  
To choose day over night  
To leave all of this dark  
And seek the warmth of the light

Outside this room where my life wastes away  
Her priorities lie  
In collecting corks from bottles she plans to make into things