

Birthplace And Burial Site

As Hope Dies

Half drowned in these holes
We've dug for ourselves
How far have these days taken us
We rest on the backs
Of treaded paths
And encircle the ghost
Of used we used
There's death
In these cluthed hands
These words our bricks
And so we build our fortresses
The past into our chests
Let me become whole this time
And carry warmth
Instead carry ice in my ribs
Or bury me now to prove
I neve set foot from this grave