

what late forgotten nights to emptiness has given
and now november morning will be taken asunder
the shovel stained with dirt in the hours of belonging
dug into the undiscovered of a life, a pest, a plague

falling back into the arms - no never
admitting to a life alone - no
claiming there are sparks inside - no
outside looking back - no
so the lie never stopped

cling to the wave it cried and onward to the night
expecting not and nothing in the presence of a lie
the deeper that it dug the more now had to go
surrender was a fact and the room was decoreated
- the lie never stopped
what late forgotten nights to emptiness has given

the strangers may they come in ignorance's disguise
so into the dark walking to leave the last of times
kneedeep in desperation to fill the gap behind

boldly thread the night forever
november thought are right - oh never
taken from the fall - no

frightened by the key but the trail behind the house
felt compelling and new - the lie never stopped
found at loss for words, now words aren't enough

someone told, a vacancy was open
someone laughed, the silence here was broken
dug up to make room
the room which you furnaced and graced
there is no vacancy
the least can fill the fountain
the most will flood the mold