

# The Alabanda Breviary

Rome

To the end of the night  
In hopes to find that warming glow  
I kept heading for the lights  
And anything they would show  
Gun and bullet, pen and ink  
I guess I wanted to know  
Just how much of a stink  
On can kick up at one throw  
And I saw them...

All the roads we dream and never go  
All the wounds we bear and never show  
Grief has come to me now  
And I smile all the while  
Now that I ran out on you  
I ran out on words  
And of time

Do not scorn me with a love so bitter  
Do not weep when I fall  
Did you fine men ever consider  
That a dream was the cause of it all?  
Gun and bullet, pen and ink  
I guess I wanted to know  
Just how much of a stink  
On can kick up at one throw  
And I saw them...