

Down a spiraled stairway  
Like a blackened memory  
The wrap of the old wound  
Like a figure was drawn  
Keeping your ghost from the garden  
But is it red rot or deadened skin?  
Spiraling further in  
Spiraling further in

Burn a candle to my skin  
Turn the handle, let me in  
I can not be your guardian anymore  
Burn a candle to my skin  
Turn the handle, let me in  
I can not be your medicine anymore, anymore

I am the moment in time  
When your eyes start to wander  
And your head starts to spin  
In the simplest task

Decided what you would wear  
Found your faults in a straight line  
Had to remember to stop  
Wringing out the same cloth

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