

## **Will Haven**

# **"Dressed In Night Clothes"**

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gone is the sun eclipsed in the sky  
where will I run when it's time to hide  
left barren from the loss of the seed our existence  
as we know it declines in the shadow of the moon  
I recede - recede to the dark side  
on the outskirts of my soul I just hope I can make it  
back and land on some, some sort of plain  
and resurrect the balance before I travel  
the layers are slowly stripped away by celestial  
heavens and all is glorious  
it doesn't seem real that a little act of nature  
can make everything descend from a peak of bliss  
like a roller coaster ride through the bowels infested  
with a parasite feeding off your soul, feeding off your  
will  
he desecrates  
till you resemble a bitter shell of a man  
fasting in contempt of yourself  
till you resemble a bitter shell of a man  
festering in contempt... contempt of yourself  
climb back into the womb and start a new  
back into the womb and start a new

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