

Austin Lucas "Resting Place"

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Said, Are you listening
To dying swallows?
Don't they strike you bitter cold?
I will come, shut them out
And shine a light inside this hole

Although my western hands
Seem uncertain
They mean to find a way
Rest once more
Shut your door
See my body to it's rightful place
My body in it's resting place

It was honest Abraham
And this cracked, red pavement
He did taught me to come home
Are you here, boy
To sell oats
Or drink yourself into a corpse?
Oh must I long remain
In wretched slumber
'Fore I taste your lips once more?
How much time must I waste
Before my body's in it's rightful place?
Before my body's in it's resting place?
Before my body's in it's resting place?

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