

Graham Coxon

"A Place For Grief"

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Walls bleed pictures bend their fractured frames
Features on canvas torn
Burning mirror breaking down to sand
Free from jails of form

The black water future I see
So hard to drain
The small child in everyone is forced to bleed
To live life again

The light ever closer we believe
Is only a place for grief
Every life's so small we call it precious
And every soul is so loved above
Days glide through a skin of open pores
Stretched on bended frames
Years long on sanded banks around your shores
Counting every grain

Words form poisoned worlds I never see
So hard to hear
Ring the bell of truth in every dream
No life, no fear
Every night brings disasters to our rooms
A life time inside you

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