

Madder Mortem

"Quietude"

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Your quietude fills the air and there's a mindful,
restlessness that was beside me
Frail, thin thoughts that won't let go
And their trailings poison everything
And I swear I will never huddle at your feet
Too lost and too scarred to belong
Too tired and alone to go on
But then the dreams behind your eyes unfold and
make you shine
And though my heart's so weary of stolen love
It always finds me
That witch's brew of fortitude and kindness
The faint, tranquil glow that shimmers where you go
Oh, I know, it makes no sense
But every time it brings that feeling back again
The light, and the love, and the hope
The haste of it all as it grows
The darkness of my light is sowing in my smile

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