

## Marcus Foster "Fourteen Times"

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Fourteen times I call your name  
Fourteen times I get the same  
A silent chill an empty room  
And four dogs barking at the moon.  
I go out to the ancient street  
And spill my way through scattered light  
The world is shaken at my feet  
It takes me down into the night  
I've seen a thousand suns set into the ground  
Like a thousand born into a single sound  
There are fourteen ways of tearing up the past  
And there are fourteen ways of trying to make it last  
Fourteen blades of melting grass  
Fourteen shades tied to the mast  
Fourteen tears strapped to the eye  
Fourteen fears must wave goodbye  
Fourteen bells must tole the day  
When fourteen dreams don't fade away  
There are fourteen nettles in the kiss  
Fourteen feelings feel like this  
Seen a thousand suns set into the ground  
Like a thousand born into a single sound  
There are fourteen ways of tearing up the past  
There are fourteen ways of trying to make it last.  
Before the dream between the fall  
I wade into the twisted sand  
While lovers stand against the wall  
With frozen eyes and slight of hand.

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