

Maudlin Of The Well **"Geography"**

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Listening reveals his wounds
Voiceless, he kneels to you
Like a glinting dagger, one quick look
And he spills you
Sheets surrender you
And I expect trauma

Breath is real, anger's real
Sleep on your birthday and cry
Cry, my baby
Let me wash you
I have no ears for my lady...

Listen to me
You're called a silhouette
You're playful with a sin
But you see me

Speak, or stop, or kiss me
Your art is like your grin
It delivers me

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