

After The Burial

"Cry Blue Murder"

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lately the lamps have faded
they're not interested in the cold front
that's related
and each word is spoken
it's precise and unbroken
amiss the small talk of their libido

and when the day is done
and the weeks become one

i cry blue murder
i try to take it further

to all and sundry
please answer my call
of philanthropy
and courtesy

there are two sides to every story
and my sides close to the wind
an error of always
its coming from within
the other half is always beleived
and without the seed it cannot be conceived

the silent voices speak
unspeakable terms

on the condition of
what willpower is left
repetitive nature
for some that never learns
how to act on these terms

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