

## Peter Kingsbery

### "Finest Hour"

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The scent of night on your fingertips  
Touch of velvet on your rose petal lips  
Scream of lives my senses afraid  
The music spoke what our words could not say

Don't break, in the finest hour  
Don't break, in the finest hour

A Darklit drive on the plains of awry  
Smooth and fruit from a sane god's eye  
Secret longing passion, passing as we bathe  
In the rule of silent wanderlust haze

Don't break, in the finest hour  
Don't break, in the finest hour

Den of midnight, blood on the wire  
We watch as sadness, fuels the moral pyre  
The sea of gloom, wades out of the room  
Dining on hope, we both licked the spoon

Don't break, in the finest hour  
Don't break, in the finest hour

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