

## After The Sirens "Caesura"

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My fingers are white like whispers  
And the lips that consume them are flames  
For lack of better things to set on fire.

My knees are red like rumors  
From this gossip with the floor.  
I haven't moved in half an hour.

Spirit come down,  
Show us your power!  
Spirit come down,  
Show us your love!

I'd tell You but I'm too afraid  
That this night will break into day  
And I'll be here without a word in reply.

And I'd listen but I'm too ashamed  
For I know that the answer's the same  
As the last time I refused to get up and try.

My eyes are as blank as bandages  
That cover the blood on my hands,  
That strangle themselves in despair.

My heart is as gold as a grave  
That reshuffles it's tenants each day  
And You treat me like treasure when I throw you away.

Turn these silences into  
"Father, Father."

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