

## Sinith Hall "The Writer"

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These words escape the pain  
which everyone has to forget their shame  
no glory still no pride  
I'll see this out tonight

a void in his sight  
with peace among them in these horrid cries  
once he repents he will sleep at night  
but not until they come will he open his eyes

the writer trembles  
the words slip away

a prayer for all hope  
but still nothing has changed

now that they have seen  
what it has always meant to be  
mourning the sunrise  
isolation set free

lets draw a line and forget this state  
we could suppress what released this day  
a sudden shift and now its all changed  
well we've found it

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