

## The Provenance "Listening"

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That night it surfaced again, she'd felt closing in  
Like a hand of steel, bending the carefree neck  
Tightening so hard until she brake,  
Free from fever,  
Free from everything, at least for now...

The morning brike, sunbeams shattered her fear  
A new day dawning, but still the same  
Pounding headaches, the returning of fever  
Not having the strength to fight it off  
Her esteem for darkness tore her deep down  
As nighttime advanced, on the sl, stressful

She's out cold, blank features, no movement  
-Come get me, I'm dying, please help me!  
Her eyes shine, they blind me, can't help her  
I listen, her heart stops, and I die with her

I'm shivering, feverish, broken down  
By constant grief  
At nighttime I meander, blaming myself  
She became that hand of steel bending the carefree  
neck  
Tightening so hard

I'm out cold, blanck features, no movement  
My eyes shine, I'm blinding, can't save me  
Don't want to, let me go, sleep away...

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