

## **Monks of Doom**

### **"The Evidence You Hide"**

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Lost in a paperback rain  
Picking through books that you won't read again  
Keeping your promises vague  
Lost in the crowd in the circus parade

Keeping your polaroids dry  
Delirious fevers burn night after night  
The cryptic malaise that you're in  
The art that may come of it I'd recommend

To focus attention on books you might write  
Ripped off from diaries, kept out of sight  
The evidence you hide  
Keeping your bed warm at night  
It's not an illusion it glows very bright  
With the young coal the fire is fed  
Who you keep with you is best left unsaid

On finding particular friends  
Remember that all moral fiber will bend  
To put them in letters you burn as you write  
Seen in reflections and not with your eyes  
Cultivating lies

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