

New York Room

"I Still Hear Your Name"

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in the thaw of coldest winter
rage the storms of my black spring
grows the thorns in my black garden
haunts me with your suffering

in the cold of deepest water
I'll place the candles on your alter
I'll drown my body beneath the waves
and swim to you into this grave

in the chains of cruelest silence
screams the pain of oldest violence
silencing the broken dream
muffling the dying scream

in the smoke of burning embers
rise the days that I remember
float the ways that came before
and brings me back to you once more

I still hear your name
(like an open grave)

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