

New England Twilight "Magenta"

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Maybe at sea
way out on the
ocean
i could finally corner
you
and look you in the eye
and
ask you all the questions
and you
could tell me who you are
and why
you have been following me my
entire life

So this is what
this comes to
None of it is
common or sublime
It may be at
that point
That I could face
death without resistance

So
this is what this comes to.
None
of it is common and sublime
It
may be at that point
That I could
face death without
resistance
My fingers should
not sweat at such a vague
threat.
You know who you
are
Hold it in
Just hold them
back
Pretend that there's no
tapestry imprinted in these

tongue-tied fingertips
That tells
a solemn story
and accepts no
end

Secret decision
Say you
don't know my mission
Say this
all has a point
This all has a
point

Secret
distraction
Faulty sense of
direction
Tell me your mortality
has got the best of your thoughts
again

Fatal decision
Keep my
provision
Tell me you can't draw
my lines anymore
You placed a
blade through my head slicing down
though my heart
And still you use
no sleight of
hand

Again

Will I continue
to ignore
The cries of the
darkness in your
Submission

Tell me you
don't know what I am saying again

Tell me I lost all sense of
provision again.
Of a truth
this is insanity
Of a truth this
is immortality

And why are you
destroying me so
Is the host not
enough for you?
Why do you insist
on killing me?

I do not insist
on submission from you

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