

Tad Morose

"The Vacant Lot"

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Underneath lie barely seen and rarely touched
All things untold
Stone upon stone
So foul, so cold
A shadow of old
Into the night
Driven by what none can see
Scarcely bound but hardly free

A shadow of old
A story untold
A gathering rot
The vacant lot

A stray dog send shivers down your spine
The remnant wall stand ever the same
Hair of the dog won't help you at all
The street's all deserted
We'll swallow you whole
Our minds intermingle a raven so black
A spiralling stairway keep calling you back
Tentacles, tentacles tighten their grip
Downwards in circles the deadliest trip
We mould you impassive all tainted and sore
Abiding our master keep calling you
Tentacles, tentacles tighten their grip
Downwards in circles the deadliest trip

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