

## **While Eagles Dare**

### **"Bayonettes and bedsheets"**

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Tracing your words with my fingertips  
Terribly awake in these small dark lonely sacred hours  
That blinding L.C.D. reminding me constantly  
With every minute I stare pass  
Trying to remember a home that I don't (not really)  
This tape rolls on and the names of these songs  
escape me  
I'll never know why they remind me of you  
Everything reminds me of you  
Tears only roll with the music  
Hands soaked with saline don't do much for this  
headache  
Wish I could find the words to say  
As this of letters and fanzines helps pass the time away  
Why do I waste this time  
As glass in my eyes  
Works its way to the  
Back of my neck  
I'll find solace  
Scratching the parchment with this pen

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