The Vacant Lot

Tad Morose

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 freeA shadow of old A story untold A gathering rot The vacant lotA stray dog send shivers down your spine The remnant wall stand ever the same Hair of the dog won't help you at allThe 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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