

Of the Room

Dredg

White cloth, black napkins, wood chairs, surround me
Wood tables, foggy signs, in front with no lies
Night falls beneath candle light
Cast shadows, incense fragrance
From the corner of the room
Cloudy senses, stale light below, beneath
Night falls beneath candle light
White squalls beneath winter skies
Night falls beneath winter skies
White squalls beneath winter skies
A faceless crowd of elderly beings
Roses sprouting, yellow glow
With sound conscience into the night, beneath
Night falls beneath candle light
White squalls beneath winter skies

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