Bleeding

Jim Wilson

Deep inside the darkest night
Is drinking in the light
From pinholes pricked
Holy needles knicked
In a canopy of white
I'm alone, I'm alone and I'm beating my soul
To make it bleed a drop of hope
Then I'll drink it up in a golden cup
And let it grow inside
And I fear that you've gone away
But you must be somewhere near
The fire fades, so the deepest shades
Slowly trickle down the wall
In a room I hide, will I come outside
And have some kind of fall
All my words, all my words
They have lost all their worth
Nothing's good enough for anyone
And the look on my face
Leaves a subtle trace of the change
That is to come

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