

Caesura

After The Sirens

My fingers are white like whispers
and the lips that consume them are flames
for lack of better things to set on fire. My knees are red like rumors
from this gossip with the floor.
I haven't moved in half an hour. Spirit come down,
show us your power!
Spirit come down,
show us your love! I'd tell You but I'm too afraid
that this night will break into day
and I'll be here without a word in reply.
And I'd listen but I'm too ashamed
for I know that the answer's the same
as the last time I refused to get up and try. My eyes are as blank as bandages
that cover the blood on my hands,
that strangle themselves in despair. My heart is as gold as a grave
that reshuffles its tenants each day
and You treat me like treasure when I throw you away. Turn these silences into
"Father, Father."

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