The Hidden Ache

Illdisposed

Bitter modern child, with your dreams tugged around you
The dreams so cold, they are mine
With the prospects they haunt you
My ache is hidden
In read lights I see you, and your hateAbout time you found me
Your hand in mine
In dark rooms we're hurting
Through hidden timesAll hail to the forgotten past
They took me equally with kings
So you're learning, soon becoming my pupil
In the darkness I'll teach you
I'll make you manIn moistful mornings through the only path
Stating I never want your wings
Never argue, never compromise
Wide from mine the hidden ache

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