

Marathon

Kayo Dot

And so ten centuries solemnly collide
Love failed and I have
Lost my NameSecrecy hoards the treasure
Coveted most by me
As rainwater collects in barrels
Sleep covers Abuse with Time
Too many dream-haunted hours
Leaves me with seasons swelling and growing
And without welcome, fading
Something makes sense in ripples
Grief is the corpse from which worms feed
Alas, I am not this stricken man
Suspended by sunlight, shadows break
Their silent vigil
As rainwater collects in barrels
Lucifer rose up to kiss the analgesic dawn
While below, Something roll'd the stone away
Something makes sense in ripples
Gradually, I saw Abuse is a Name
And ghosts will seem forever
Less fantastic

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