The Well

Minimal Compact

Sitting down by the fire
staring out through the flames
heart's a slave of desire
inside of the well
mother weeps father's crying
brothers planning the sale
while they try to deny it
Josef dreams in the well
sitting down by the fire
drawn like moth to a flame
heart's a burn of desire
inside of the well
beaten slave will be master
day and night ring the bells
till there's no more but laughter
echoing from the well

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