

Within Hours

Dappled Cities

Time is on our side, sleep is slow
And underfoot is only the world
That chimes cued by man-time but we have a soul
So we don't need a face, we just need a home

No eyes to see the smile above the chin
And no nose to smell the breath within
And no ears beneath the receding hairline

Climb with all your ropes tied in a bow
And curdled down to the white bone
Which fray and whip till they sing and slip in the line
We don't need a face, we just need a home

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