

The Honest Hour

Assembly of Dust

In the hour before the devil finds I've died
I'll move slow as my ending descends from the pines
Because I couldn't stop for death
She kindly stopped for me and she stole my breath (Emily Dickinson)
If I'm bound or gagged
If I'm lost or loosin'
I might want to leave from here
Until then I'll still be cruisin'
High above the atmosphere Well I walked through that hour in a drawn out sleepless bliss
Blinking possibilites shuttered and ceased to exist
Like a prisoner of my personality
My time had come and my body was set free I went easy from my body but harder from my ways
I lived tall in this life but I was naked at the end of my born days
When desperation rang long through me
Horses whispered in the distance and my body was set free

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