# Little Victories

## The Horrors

I press your hand in mine however cautiously
I keep a smile right to myself
And I lapse into the grasp of an overriding obsession
And I get sick as I watch my interests fall into suspensionThis winter, so cold, creeping around your arm
Stealth soldiers, creeping around your palm
And it's harder, hard to understand
Little victories won creeping around your handThe sickness has taken hold through violent, blurted syllables
Escape my mouth under my breath
The voice of pricking dread is whispering insistent in my ears
My paranoia has galvanized by your gaze, so austereThis winter, so cold, creeping around your arm
Stealth soldiers, creeping around your palm
I know it's harder, hard to understand
Little victories won creeping around your handI pinned your crest to my chest
Hoping it might start to look rightThere was hushed talk of young boy's corpse
Lying face down in the river, his hands used to move like mine
I can't stand myself this morning, I am practically that boy
No strength to endure, ghostly insecure, pallid through lack of choiceThis winter, so cold, creeping around your arm
Stealth soldiers, creeping around your palm
I know it's harder, hard to understand
Little victories won creeping around your hand
Creeping around your hands

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