Consonants

Hot Cross

Dancing crazed and forgotten; six halls one heart.
One million ways to hold onto silhouttes. Ignored by tattered lips, broken calls.
It's like you've run out on yourself.
Split between death, good fortune and a staggering breath.
A broken key for a faulty lock.
A fevered pray for a dying flock.Like consonants without vowels.
Jagged tongue wag, incessant stones passed- other hours merely forgotten.
It is with a dream and a heart that we proceed.
Not a thought to leave not another lifetime we need.
And though we may look behind; this visions seductive glance, we will pick up our pride and loosen our impenetrable stance.

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