

Bridge and Tunnel, The Rules Of Childrens Game

The lines I've drawn are weak and shaky,
like the hand that draws them.
The redemption I ask for is fleeting,
like the appeals I'm making.
Drag these answers like chains, drag these
nights into days, and pry my pretext off this page.
The ink on my fingers will speak to
every lost hope, every last defeat.
Sweet dreams lay beneath hours of desperate
thoughts and moving feet,
so second chances please knock harder,
and dreams of trespass please last longer.