

What did we ever get from just tinkering?
We were not artists playing with paints
We were shadow-boxers & I kept missing
I kept missing you because I misunderstood you
I mistook you for me
I thought I was circling us, getting better but maybe I just looked like a Vulture.

New shadows start to give us shade & discernment starts to seep
How did we let it in? Hearses do not have sunroofs & the casket's is no flyleaf
We will not tinker with it anymore!
We will not make it pretty.
I will not say a peep!
I will not, I will not
I will still think to when we dug in in that dug out on the bright side of night
if Hearses have moonroofs.