

AND FEAR SHALL BE NO MORE

It is within your laughter and your chat an eye casts itself, deep. My squint now a long of penetration into a deeper thing. The invisible hum and buzz a welcome friend, to I, to you, yet you shall not know, unless you join me so. You delicate thing, you that caught the rat, then through love, let him go.

Leave thy revolving door, stop thy hamsters run, for nothing in truth could ever be such fun.

Lay thy love upon the floor, stretch thy tears and hurt some more.

Kill thy mind of all things sweet, let thy sorrow kiss thy feet.

For the tears are dead upon the air, the hurt you feel it know no care, accept its love for loves remorse,
which claims it time in times own course.

...and when the morning trembles you awake, and when the warmth of day does break, the moon shall
hide its sleepy head, the stars will yawn and fall quite dead...

.. tis then your tears shall be no more, and your one time troubles, silent on a forgotten floor.

...and that which you once called fear, shall be no more..