

# Anacrusis, Grateful

I sense the tension  
A thickness in the air  
The filthy air of our morality  
Misplaced affection  
In lost and lonely stares  
Where urge ignores morality

I sense confusion  
Suspicion in the air  
Untreated wounds of some dishonesty  
Seeking comfort  
The strength of friendly ties  
Only truth can heal insecurity

But I'm grateful to be far from harm  
Safe within peaceful arms  
Grateful knowing safety's warmth  
And I'm grateful not to have to face  
These days alone

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