

Editors, When Anger Shows

It creeps all over you like a dull ache
Think of all the things your hands could make
It pulls you to the ground like soaking wet gloves
The change in your face when anger shows

In that moment you realise
That something you thought would always be there will die
Like everything else

These thoughts I must not think of
Dreams I cant make sense of
I need you to tell me its ok
These thoughts I must not think of
Dreams I cant make sense of
I need you to tell me its ok

You are a sleeping lion in your bed
I will not wake you
You're the moment
Love has passed
We all must learn to hate you
You're a memory from before
Please don't let me forget you
You're the wolves at my door

In that moment you realise
That something you thought would always be there will die
Like everything else

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How can you know what things are worth
If your hands wont move to do a days work?
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How can you know...

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