

# 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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