

# Lagwagon, Narrow Straits

i want to mute the scene  
stop the clocks, turn them off  
and feel your silence  
shut their mouths, block my ears  
and i wanna hear  
of some way or down and out  
and all else is separation  
my watches when you heave  
for the last  
in a conscious moment  
i could live in uncertain regret  
here in the past  
my choose blanks memories and more  
you clearly made me think that i had something to live for  
buried in the dirt  
so I will dig and pull the fleet  
for once I believe  
and may you pray for me  
our worlds ran parallel  
an indefinite promise to meet  
divided  
and a colored frustration  
as i enter the vault you breach  
unsubsidied  
hit firm