

Stephanie Dosen, A Lily For The Spectre

I'm waiting
I haven't seen the ghost
And am I really here at all?
I'm silent, I'm the moon
One eye open
I'm waiting, waiting

I swallowed a knife
I hold it in
And every single time I breathe
I cut a bit of me
And it leaves my heart open

I feel you
My spectre yet unseen
Did you get the lilies I sent?
Did the violin that played
Make it's way through the gauzy curtain?

Come find the place where the curtain is thin
Wink at the watchman
And he'll let you in