

Tad Morose, The Vacant Lot

Underneath lie
barely seen and rarely touched
All things untold
Stone upon stone
So foul, so cold
A shadow of old

Into the night
Driven by what none can see
Scarcely bound but hardly free

A shadow of old
I know your secret
A story untold
I'm legion returning
A gathering rot
We find you wherever
The vacant lot

A stray dog sends shivers down your spine
The remnant wall stand ever the same
Hair of the dog won't help you at all
The street's all deserted
We'll swallow you whole

Our minds intermingle, a raven so black
A spiralling stairway keep calling you back
Tentacles, tentacles tighten their grip
Downwards in circles
The deadliest trip

We mould you impassive
All tainted and sore
Abiding our master
keep calling you
Tentacles, tentacles tighten their grip
Downwards in circles
The deadliest trip