

# After The Fall, Cry Blue Murder

lately the lamps have faded  
they're not interested in the cold front  
that's related  
and each word is spoken  
it's precise and unbroken  
amiss the small talk of their libido  
and when the day is done  
and the weeks become one  
i cry blue murder  
i try to take it further  
to all and sundry  
please answer my call  
of philanthropy  
and courtesy  
there are two sides to every story  
and my sides close to the wind  
an error of always  
its coming from within  
the other half is always beleived  
and without the seed it cannot be conceived  
the silent voices speak  
unspeakable terms  
on the condition of  
what willpower is left  
repetitive nature  
for some that never learns  
how to act on these terms