

# Anne Clark, Our Darkness

Through these city nightmares you'd walk with me  
And we'd talk of it with idealistic assurance  
That it wouldn't tear us apart  
We'd keep our heads above the blackened water  
But there's no room for ideals in this mechanical place  
And you're gone now

Through a grimy window that I can't keep clean  
Through billowing smoke that's swallowed the sun  
You're nowhere to be seen

Do you think our desires still burn  
I guess it was desires that tore us apart  
There has to be passion  
A passion for living, surviving  
And that means detachment  
Everybody has a weapon to fight you with  
To beat you with when you are down  
There were too many defences between us

Doubting all the time  
Fearing all the time  
Doubting all the time  
Fearing all the time  
That like these urban nightmares  
We'd blacken each other skies

When we passed the subways we tried to ignore our fate there  
Of written threats on endless walls  
Unjustified crimes carried in stifled calls  
Would you walk with me now through this pouring rain  
It used to mingle with our tears then dry the hopes that we left behind  
It rains even harder now