

# Annuals, Wake

Alone, I'll sit with your worry stone  
The grass still feathered with snow  
I'll ache my chest with your spirit's weight  
Travail  
And now, with frost in your eyes, you still feel fine  
You swear you don't mind the itch all the time  
From dawn until dusk, I sleep on the cusp  
I rot in the vines  
I wait for the day I've sung all my songs away  
The day I lift my spirit's weight  
The day I've sung all my songs away  
The day I drown in my own wake  
Alone, you clutch to your worry stone  
The pass has filled up with snow  
You ache your chest with my spirit's weight  
Travail, travail  
And now, with nothing but pride, you still keep dry  
You shut both your eyes to remember your mind  
From dawn until dusk, I sift through the dust  
I tumble through time  
I wait for the day I've set all my bones to fray  
The day I lift my spirit's weight  
The day I've sung all my songs away  
The day I drown in my own wake