

# As Hope Dies, In The Presence Of That Evening

And in the presence of that evening  
charged with meaning and with stars  
I opened for the first time to the tender indifference of the world  
as if my great anger had purged me of all evil  
emptied me of everything of hope in finding it so like me  
beyond control and ability so fraternal and in the presence of that evening  
charged with meaning and with stars I opened for the first time  
to the tender indifference of the world  
I withheld beauty so that all would be complete  
so that I could whisper a new song and feel less alone  
I gave up my insides and the only things left for me to hope  
for there will be many smiling people  
looking on the day of my execution  
and that they would welcome me with  
cries of hate as if my great anger had purged me of all evil  
emptied me of everything of hope welcome me with cries of hate