

Attack In Black, Hunger Of The Young

please pay us mind
with some smoke across the sky
and a flower left to honour life
maybe happiness is wealthy if you spell it right
a bird kissed to the treetops at night

trying hard to put to page
all the words that are defined
by everything we never said
and the broken things in all our lives

an end of summer street
to take a breath from shade to sun
looking for something to love
while somewhere someone's making
something bound to come undone
to feed the hunger of the young