

# 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