

Attack In Black, Northern Towns

Make it so the handsome
Way of what never was
Turns to overcast what has become
Do away with that which makes
A moment so decreet
We hesitate ashamed to
Really laugh or really weep.

Maybe man is worth the weight
Of what his eyes have seen
Maybe there's a branch of wonder
Left here to believe
There are places with horizons
Above a level ground
A man's as much as the love he leaves
Behind in northern towns.

Make it so what makes us mindful
Without reprimand
Fall behind the eyes
Of every man
If the story of our lives becomes
our sufferings penned and left
Begin to recount every time
You ever really wept.