

Ben Arthur, Tonight

A wreath of powder, a wraith of bone
Slowed skin and hair
A pile of shadows and broken glass
A shimmer borne on the air

If I don't want to go tonight
If I pulled the curtain and dim the lights
If I turned the TV down low
Do I have to go?

A wreath of powder, a wraith of smoke
Topaz, beryl and pearl
Like the voices downstairs back home
A dull thick swirl