

# Skepticism, Antimony

Cold creeps in and I start to feel  
Each bone of each of my fingers  
Darkness like a cloak on my shoulders  
Silence almost close enough to touch  
I play my part

Footsteps echo in the corridor  
In the dust is left a trail  
The light pale but not the mind  
I play my part

Not once will I ask for more  
Not once will I ask for less  
Belittle the hardness of others  
Glorify the part of mine  
I play my part

The cold not better than the warm  
The light as welcome as the dark  
The sour as sweet as delight  
I play my part