

# Sophie Hunger, Monday's Ghost

In your distant Zitilites  
I tried to read your time at night  
I tried to find your roof your floor  
The corners of your mind, the four

The red flags on your dear faade  
Wouldn't break the secret to my guards  
Told me not with which wind to come  
Refused to tell how and when

And I'll return down to the mines  
Where you are safe from me  
And I will stop to burn your house  
and keep you safe from me

How could I so clearly find  
And have no chance to read your signs  
Bring me back to your front door  
And let me pretend that I was waited for

I wish that you would search the mines  
And keep them safe from me  
I wish that you would stop the fire  
And keep it safe from me