Tara MacLean, Calls To Nothing (Living Room Mi

Calls to nothing
There are no ears
Where echos would answer
I, naked and slipping.

Skin is pale and worthy
Wall, embracing the moon
That table fits that corner
I, naked alone.

The veil betrays the breathing
And eyes to the sky.
Whose bride am i?

That's a trick answer
I am my own
Here in this mistaken laughter
I, naked and slipping.

The veil betrays the breathing
And eyes to the sky.
Whose bride am i?

Calls to nothing
There are no ears
I gave myself away
I, naked alone.