

# The Fall, Mark'll Sink Us

The ward was arraigned with spats of blood.  
The victim, castigate, and yet, part of us.  
The thoughts in eyes as seen under a hood  
Burned in my own eyes and in my blood!  
Mark'll sink us.

A message mesmerized, on all English breath,  
the crux pretty grasped, but mostly misunderstood.  
Mark'll sink us.

I am desolate. I live the black and blue of the night.  
Friend depression comes now and again once in a blue moon.  
It points backwards thus:  
Mark'll sink us.