

**Strings
Speak
Mountains**

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**Holy Tracts
For Sorrows Love**

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Album Companion

Your Spirit Still Clings To The Bed

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Your spirit still clings to the bed
Your beauty wains in my head
Losing focus, rushing towards the end
Steeped in sorrow until the minds rend

Screeching repeats in my thoughts
Shaking, wishing for it to stop
Sometimes I still think I can smell your perfume on the pillow
When my thoughts drift back to the days spent with you

I still cling to you unconsciously
I wake with the weight of your head on my chest
I remember you smile was warm, then your lips went blue
Don't worry my love, I'll be with you soon

I've thought with guilt and remorse
That I could stop screaming myself hoarse
I've thought about digging up your grave because I miss you
To let my light grow as my lips turn blue

Bricks To The Horizon

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The sun is a privilege we can't afford
Grime and scaffolding blotting our windows
Washed out neon, worn down asphalt
Discordant droning for anhedonic nights

Life is something we pay to enjoy
But I can't stand another day
Trapped in the electric din
With the sky a perk
Where we were suffocated by mortar
And left in un-insulated sheds
Made to love what we had
Under a guise of peace
Forgetting contempt and complacency
Starved to live with what was advertised as free
In a smog covered gloom, worn on sunday drives
As we remember what can be beheld by eyes

Dim blurring of sirens
Solemn sung bells on holy days
A garden or a room as complete solace isn't natural
Neither is any of this

Notes

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This album was released on March 1st, 2020. The companion comprises two poems. One accompanies the loose concept (Your Spirit Still Clings To The Bed). The other accompanies a single song of the same name (Bricks To The Horizon).

**Everything Is Right
All Is Wrong**