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## **Insignificant grandeur**

Behind the window beside the door.  
Inside the house without a floor.  
A waiting figure with darkened eyes,  
expecting no truth, but only lies.

The figure's gaze is inescapable,  
barbed-wire covers it's mouth.  
The stitches ache, he's vulnerable,  
he can't and won't tell you what it's really all about.

Don't enter expecting cheers of joy,  
he'll never cry for you, smile or act as though he's coy.  
Not begging to be saved, not asking this of thee,  
he'll admit he's depraved, but this you can plainly see

If then by accidental miss,  
eyes meet and gaze escape to bind.  
Remember this and only this,  
darkness wait in the expected blind.

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