

### One Last Secret

Concrete chalkboard and gasoline candles  
Fire and the preserved bones of old dead things  
The world is grey  
And hard  
But walking is smoother in flat grid-stained lines  
Or so I'm told  
Where I am trees still crack the pavement sometimes

There are things that I've heard whispered  
From my own lips  
Hidden in quiet, or in noise  
Sharp broken explanations pressed from one soul to another  
Then locked up again  
Dangerous and expensive  
But intoxicating  
Liquor cabinet record of day-to-day trials

I once read a story in english class  
About a king who gave away everything he had  
In an endless quest for happiness  
Only when his head was bare and his shoes were worn  
When he was a king no more  
Did he find happiness  
But maybe it was just a dream I don't remember

Iron and gas can  
Call it sacrifice  
Money in this world can give you anything  
But if I were to give all my secrets away for luck  
I'd benefit on two counts  
Once you'd look at me  
And we'd see each other through clear eyes  
I cut my thumb and set the promise down in concrete