

## **Nightpaper**

### letters

waft into the empty breeze  
solitude takes a soldier down  
mercenaries love the bleed  
of the ink that runs red into  
blood into words into  
fights into love into  
eyes into you into  
me into food into  
fire into fear into  
natural protection  
feelings of affection

and they'll all go down  
people will go down  
and they'll find the news waiting  
and they'll see what monsters they can be

and they'll fight and they'll fight  
and they'll steal and they'll grab  
and they'll kill and they'll punch  
and they'll nap and they'll feel  
and they'll find their way into  
god's natural protection  
the chair of ultimate affection  
the final hour of their strife  
the last bit of fame of their life

all to do with the paper  
none to do with their world