

# One Pleasant And Punctual

## Final Appointment

### *Verse 1*

Curtains barely moving,  
Window cracked for air,  
Heat still on the pillow,  
Perfume in the chair.  
Skin still holding warmth  
From a borrowed kind of night,

Shadows on the ceiling,  
Fading with the light.  
Money on the dresser,  
Folded clean and straight,  
Every edge aligned,  
Every crease deliberate.  
Silence in the doorway,  
Breathing slowing down,  
Nothing here is broken,  
Nothing out of bounds.

### *Verse 2*

Heartbeat steady now,  
Counting back from ten,  
Breath returns to rhythm,  
Settles in again.  
Fingers trace the collar,  
Straighten out the line,  
Every motion practiced,  
Measured out in time.  
Right on the line,  
Arrive and retreat,  
Leave the room lighter,  
Still steady on my feet.  
No promises carried,  
No edges to trace,

Every exchanged moment,  
Left in its place.

### *Verse 3*

Footsteps down the hallway,  
Echo in the stair,  
City breathing low,  
Cold against the air.  
Windows full of strangers,  
Neon in their eyes,  
Moments like currency,  
Spent and set aside.  
He doesn't carry faces,  
He carries seconds clean,  
Minutes folded neatly,  
Between what's heard and seen.

### *Verse 4*

Hands that learned precision,  
Years before tonight,  
Small turns keep you living,  
Keep the balance right.  
Shoulders ease their tension,  
Jaw unclenches slow,  
Never force the movement,  
Let the pressure go.  
Every room a mirror,  
Every night a role,  
Care without attachment,  
Control without control.

### *Verse 5*

Right on the line,  
Never too close,  
Hold the moment steady,  
Then release the hold.  
No words in the morning,  
No names to replace,  
Every door closes,  
Softly in place.

*Verse 6*

There was a time he lingered,  
Stayed beyond the frame,  
Let conversations wander,  
Past the given name.  
There was a time he softened,  
Let the silence grow,  
Before he learned that distance  
Is the safer way to go.  
Precision keeps you breathing,  
When closeness pulls too long,  
Tension in the margins,  
Where nothing settles wrong.

*Outro*

Pleasant and punctual,  
That's what they see,  
Arrive without trembling,  
Leave quietly.  
Everything in order,  
Nothing displaced.

# Pressed Caller

## *Verse 1*

Cold water on my wrists,  
Clears what lingers slow.  
Steam across the mirror,  
Lets the outline go.  
Tie laid out in patience,  
Silk against my palm,  
Button after button,  
Restores the calm.  
Shoes aligned beneath the chair,  
Polished without stain,  
I build the frame around me,  
Until I feel contained.

## *Verse 2*

Chin level,  
Shoulders square,  
I know the posture,  
I wear.  
Habit isn't comfort,  
It's control,  
Every measured movement,  
Keeps me whole.  
Pressed caller,  
Lines precise,  
Every entrance,  
Calculated twice.  
Hold steady,  
Hold the frame,  
Walk in quiet,  
Leave the same.

## *Verse 3*

No tremor,  
No display,  
Everything aligned,  
For the day.  
Breath settles into pattern,  
Even and contained,  
I've learned what lingers,  
And what must be restrained.  
Precision isn't coldness,  
It's how I survive,  
Distance in the margins,  
Keeps the pulse alive.

## *Verse 4*

There was a time I lingered,  
Stayed beyond the line,  
Let conversation soften,  
Blur the edge of time.  
Now I leave before the moment,  
Turns into a claim,  
Care without attachment,  
Control without a name.

## *Verse 5*

Jaw tightens,  
Release slow,  
Never let,  
The pressure show.  
Balance in the posture,  
Balance in the spine,  
Every small adjustment,  
Brings me back in line.

## *Verse 6*

Pressed caller,  
Poised and clean,  
Every second,  
Sharp between.  
Hold distance,  
Hold control,  
Keep the edges,  
Whole.  
No excess,  
No sway,  
Everything prepared,  
For what may come today.

## *Verse 7*

I don't need the morning,  
To tell me where to stand,  
I know the weight of silence,  
Before it leaves my hand.  
Some doors open softly,  
Some carry command,  
Some calls don't ring aloud,  
You just understand.

## *Verse 8*

Tick beneath the breathing,  
Steady in my ear,  
Not louder,  
Just near.  
Knock against the doorframe,

Measured, once, then twice,  
Envelope on the threshold,  
Red wax pressed in ice.  
I look but don't reach,  
Let the air adjust,  
Some summons change the current,  
Before you break the crust.

*Outro*

Pressed caller,  
Still intact,  
Everything aligned.

# Heart Shaped Seal

## *Verse 1*

Envelope on the table,  
Red against the grain,  
Wax pressed in a quiet heart,  
Sealed without a name.  
Light across the surface,  
Edges clean and still,  
Weight without a warning,  
Waiting for my will.

## *Verse 2*

I don't rush the moment,  
Let it sit in place,  
Some ink carries gravity,  
Before it shows its face.  
Thumb along the border,  
Feel the hardened line,  
Power doesn't knock twice,  
When it chooses mine.

## *Verse 3*

I know the tone of silence,  
Before it's read aloud,  
Soft words often carry,  
More than what is proud.  
Nothing in my posture,  
Nothing in my breath,  
Everything aligned,  
Until the seal is split.

## *Verse 4*

Ink laid out in patience,  
Measured, calm, precise,  
Language dressed in courtesy,  
Authority in disguise.  
No demand is written,  
No threat impressed,  
But I know the weight,  
Between request and request.

## *Verse 5*

The crown before comfort,  
The order before me,  
I stand where I'm needed,

Not where I would be.  
No tremor in posture,  
No shift in tone,  
Power doesn't shout,  
It's simply known.

## *Verse 6*

I move the hours quietly,  
Shift the names in line,  
Not out of devotion,  
But understanding time.  
Some calls are softer,  
Some carry flame,  
A heart-shaped seal,  
But never the same.

## *Verse 7*

Breath steady,  
Pulse intact,  
Nothing in the surface,  
That suggests impact.  
Thoughts align faster,  
But I don't show strain,  
Discipline in marble,  
Running through the vein.

## *Verse 8*

The crown before comfort,  
The frame before choice,  
Some hierarchies whisper,  
Some never raise voice.  
Everything in order,  
Nothing concealed,  
Power dressed in velvet,  
Heart-shaped seal.

# Adjusting The Dial

## *Verse 1*

Screen light in the morning,  
Two names got to set clean.  
Need to move to later days,  
Another time for weight to lean.  
    Alright...  
The shift is for tomorrow.  
That makes three in a day,  
Going to be tight, but manageable.  
I'll need to make up space somewhere.

## *Verse 2*

Need to find what days are  
    negotiable.  
She prefers the later light.  
Can't stack them too close.  
    Need to watch the time,  
    Keep the space loose.  
Don't want to make it feel rushed.  
    It needs to feel natural.  
Something light, not rude,  
    No facts, but factual.

## *Verse 3*

"Something's come up."  
    No—  
    Maybe softer.  
"Minor adjustment."  
    That's better.  
    Keep it simple.  
    Can't say why.  
    Sent.

## *Verse 4*

Friday's going to be long.  
    But that's fine.  
    I've carried worse.  
    Keep that in mind.  
Just don't let it sound like  
    rearranging.  
Keep it close, not distant.  
    Nothing's lost.  
    Only shifted.

## *Chorus*

Nothing changes, only the hour.  
The hands move quiet, the moment is  
    yours.  
Nothing underneath it breaks,  
    Nothing pulled away.  
    Just a turn of the dial,  
    A slight tuning of the day.

## *Verse 5*

Second message.  
She will read between the lines.  
    Maybe I should let her.  
    No names or details.  
    No prioritizing,  
Just professional to the letter.  
    Just three tomorrow—  
    Need to pace it clean.

## *Verse 6*

The time to borrow.  
Keep an even spacing,  
    And a steady tone.  
Keep a smooth pacing.  
    Need a day in silence.  
Don't let it wear on the voice.  
"Looking forward as always."  
    That should be enough.  
    Sent.

## *Verse 7*

It's just hours.  
Just placement.  
Disrupted flow.  
Slight adjustment.  
    Time will bend  
If I hold it steady.  
Ticks still waiting,  
Tocks are ready.

## *Chorus*

That's three in one day—  
    Should be manageable.  
    All part of the job,  
    Some time is negotiable.  
I'll need to recover it later.  
    Need to rewind the clock.  
Got to keep the frame intact.  
Ticks to keep up with the tock.

*Outro*

Nothing changes, only the hour.  
The hands move quiet, the moment is  
yours.

The line stays even,  
The weight stays clean.

Nothing changes,  
Only the dial between.  
Time is still ticking,  
Tocks always clicking.

# Midway Grin

## *Intro*

Lanterns flicker in the wind,  
Loose boards creak beneath the step,  
Distant games shutting down for the  
night,

Music somewhere crooked in the  
dark.

I should keep moving.  
Still a long way to go.  
Then a voice from the shadows.

## *Verse 1 - Cat Singing*

Soft little clock with a cottontail  
stride,

Running the hours with nowhere to  
hide,

Ticking and turning wherever you  
tread,

Chasing the seconds that dance in  
your head.

Little white runner with dust on his  
shoes,

Counting the minutes he cannot  
refuse,

Always in motion, forever in flight,  
Racing the edges of morning and  
night.

## *Rabbit - Spoken*

Cat...

Not tonight.

I've got places to be.

## *Verse 2 - Cat Singing*

Something is shifting beneath all  
the noise,

Hidden in riddles and half-broken  
toys,

Pages are turning where stories once  
slept,

Footsteps returning where none  
should have stepped.

Pieces are sliding across the old  
board,

Paths that were sealed are beginning  
to warp,

Questions are waking in corners and

seams,

Ink in the margins rewriting the  
dreams.

## *Rabbit - Spoken*

I noticed something.

Doesn't mean I have time to chase it.  
Somebody has to keep things moving.

## *Pre-Chorus - Cat*

Clockwork runner with velvet  
control,

Balancing order wherever you  
stroll,

Watching the seconds align in a row,  
Never once stopping to see what they  
show.

## *Rabbit - Spoken*

It's not blindness.

It's responsibility.

## *Chorus - Cat*

Look at the sky while the lanterns  
still glow,

Look at the cracks where the  
wildflowers grow,

Worlds keep unfolding wherever you  
roam,

But none of them matter if you don't  
look home.

Clocks keep their rhythm, but  
riddles remain,

Truth likes to hide where the  
curious stray.

Run if you must, little keeper of  
time,

But something is changing beneath  
every chime.

## *Rabbit - Spoken*

I can't slow down now.

There's too much depending on the  
hour.

## *Verse 3 - Cat*

Once there was laughter that  
followed your feet,

Games in the dust of the midway  
street,

You were the one with the curious  
eyes,  
Dragging the daylight out under the  
skies.  
Now you keep racing wherever you're  
led,  
Chasing the ticking that hums in  
your head,  
Still you remember the games that we  
played,  
Still there's a question that never  
quite fades.

***Rabbit - Spoken***

Maybe.  
But tonight I've got somewhere to be.

***Bridge - Cat***

Running and rushing wherever you  
roam,  
Clock in your pocket, but nowhere  
called home,  
Still there are secrets that hide in  
the blue,  
Waiting for someone who knows how  
to view.

***Rabbit - Spoken - walking away***

I really don't have time for this  
tonight.

***Cat***

Hey... Cottontail.  
Why is a raven like a writing desk?

***Rabbit***

Because we're all ink in the mess...  
Stripes.

***Cat***

Just don't forget to look up.

# Market Stadic

## *Verse 1*

Lantern light along the stalls,  
Fabric breathing through the walls,  
Coins and chatter down the lane,  
Same old market, same old game.  
Nothing really looks that new,  
Just a louder point of view,  
Dust and laughter in the air,  
Funny what I start to hear.

## *Verse 2*

Children gathered at a stand,  
Rings and bottles close at hand,  
Wooden posts and painted glass,  
Same small game from years long past.  
That booth stood here way back then,  
Thought I'd beat the house and win,  
Stayed there nearly half a day,  
Can't be doing that today.

## *Spoken*

Keep moving.

## *Verse 3*

Candy carts with voices raised,  
Prices shifting through the haze,  
Tweedle goods, if I had to guess,  
Always draw a louder mess.  
Strange I never saw that flow,  
All the traffic to and fro,  
Maybe I just kept my pace,  
Never stopped to read the place.

## *Spoken*

Focus.

## *Verse 4*

Lantern glass in puddles bend,  
Shaking lights that twist and send,  
Tiny signals down the street,  
Like a code beneath my feet.  
Used to chase those flickers down,  
Thought they mapped the hidden  
town,  
Cat believed them more than most,  
Truth is... maybe I came close.

## *Verse 5*

Market humming under tone,  
Little signals overgrown,  
Static living in the wire,  
Soft and crooked through the choir,  
Noise between the ordered lines,  
Buzzing through the ticking signs,  
Bits of wonder drifting near,  
Things I almost never hear.

## *Rabbit - Internal*

Stay on schedule.  
Stay aware.

## *Verse 6*

Dice roll softly on a crate,  
Cards move quicker than they state,  
Someone trading shadow deals,  
Same old market spinning wheels.  
Faces different, rhythm same,  
Still the pulse beneath the game,  
Every corner breathing slow,  
Like a current underneath the flow.  
Funny what you start to see,  
When the world looks back at me.

## *Spoken*

"Don't forget to look up."  
Right.

## *Verse 7*

As if I ever stopped the view,  
Just learned what I should walk  
through,  
Someone has to hold the frame,  
Keep the hours lined the same,  
Someone keeps the gears aligned,  
So the rest can wander blind,  
That's the work.  
That's the time.

## *Spoken*

Wait...

That resonance again,  
Long neck strings and desert bend,  
Slow vibration in the air,  
Something old and patient there,  
Haven't heard that sound in years,  
Still it rings so crystal clear.  
Of course.

*Spoken*  
Just one moment.  
Then I keep moving.

## Murmur Of Morpheus

*Verse 1*  
Strings breathing slow in the air,  
Lantern shadows bending near,  
Dust and silence drifting wide,  
Market fading to the side.  
Children quiet on the ground,  
Older eyes just listening to sound,  
Circles drawn in patient tone,  
Notes that hum like weathered stone.

*Caterpillar*  
There's a step that walks again,  
Where the road once held its end,  
There's a page beneath the page,  
Turning slowly out of age,  
There's a piece upon the board,  
Moving where it can't be stored,  
There's a thread inside the seam,  
Pulling softly through the dream.

*Rabbit*  
What are you talking about?

*Caterpillar*  
There's a door beneath the door,  
Opening like once before,  
There's a name beneath the name,  
Quiet ember under flame,  
There's a clock beneath the chime,  
Ticking backward through its time,  
There's a path beneath the sand,  
Leading back to borrowed land.

*Rabbit*  
You mean something is coming?

*Caterpillar*  
Stories never truly sleep,

Roots remember buried deep,  
What was written once in ink,  
Finds its way back to the brink,  
Winds return the seeds they throw,  
Rivers learn the way they flow,  
Every ending left alone,  
Waits until it finds its home.

*Rabbit*  
I don't have time for riddles  
tonight.

*Caterpillar*  
Little runner keeping time,  
Holding order in the chime,  
Still the world begins to lean,  
Where the unseen slips between,  
Every watch will feel the strain,  
When the board resets its game,  
Every step will feel the bend,  
When the path becomes a friend.

*Rabbit*  
Just tell me what it means.

*Bridge - Caterpillar slows slightly*  
Some arrivals wear no name,  
Some return without a claim,  
Some begin where others end,  
Some awaken what you mend,  
Truth is softer than it seems,  
Drifting through the quiet seams,  
Just a moment in the air,  
Just a traveler passing there,  
Just a step upon the line,  
Just a shift inside the time.

*Instrumental continues...*

*Rabbit - quietly*  
Right.  
I really do have to keep moving.

# Between Tick And Tock

## *Verse 1*

Steps stay even,  
Breath in line,  
If I keep it steady,  
This should hold in time.  
Something flickers  
Just beneath,  
Like a shape I almost reach.  
Lantern light pulls out too far,  
Edges don't sit where they are.

## *Verse 2*

If I only keep my pace,  
Maybe it will fall in place.  
Used to follow things like that,  
Let the lines go loose and slack.  
...no.  
If I keep it tight, it stays.

## *Verse 3*

Something shifting,  
Hard to name,  
Feels familiar,  
Not the same.  
If I only stay in frame,  
Maybe nothing really changed.  
If I only hold it still,  
Keep it turning by my will.

## *Verse 4*

Keep the hours where they lie,  
Keep the measure clean and dry.  
If I only keep it wound,  
Nothing drifts too far around.  
Everything will stay in place,  
If I keep a steady pace.

## *Verse 5*

Shadows bending like before,  
Like they're leading into more.  
If I only let it breathe—  
No.  
That's not what I need.

## *Verse 6*

If I only keep control,  
Keep it centered, keep it whole,  
tick...  
Stay aligned.  
tick...  
I'm trying.  
tick... tick...  
Don't wander.  
I'm not—  
...just—  
tick—  
Correct.

## *Verse 7*

If I only hold it tight,  
This will settle. This is right.  
Everything pulls just a bit,  
Edges slip and don't quite fit,  
Like it used to feel back then.  
I remember—  
No.

## *Outro*

Nothing moves. I hold it still.  
Everything aligns by will.  
Keep the hours where they lie.  
Keep the measure clean and dry.  
No deviation. No delay.  
Keep it forward. Keep the way.  
Everything returns to form,  
Even through the subtle storm.  
Steps stay even,  
Breath in line,  
Tick beneath,  
Holding time.  
That was then.  
This is time.  
...keep moving.

# Mask of Profession

## *Verse 1*

Steps stay measured,  
Breath in line,  
Everything in order,  
Everything in time.  
Air feels heavier,  
Sound runs thin,  
Like the space prepares,  
Before I step in.

## *Verse 2*

Doors close softer,  
Voices fade,  
Conversations ending,  
Before they're made.  
Footsteps echo,  
Hold too long,  
Like the halls remember,  
Something wrong.

## *Verse 3*

Posture sharper,  
Lines too clean,  
Eyes stay forward,  
Rarely seen.  
Hands are steady,  
Still too still,  
Like restraint is something,  
They all feel.

## *Verse 4*

Nothing broken,  
Nothing clear,  
Still something resting,  
Underneath the air.

## *Chorus*

Keep it even,  
Keep it right,  
Hold the shape,  
Hold it tight.  
Everything in place and time,  
Every step falls into line.

Keep it steady, keep it clean,  
Keep the space in between.

## *Verse 5*

No disruption, no display,  
Keep it forward, keep the way.  
All that matters here tonight,  
Is to keep it all aligned.

## *Spoken*

...right.

## *Verse 6*

Shoulders set,  
Spine aligned,  
Hands adjust,  
Every line.  
Tie sits even,  
Collar straight,  
No expression,  
No mistake.

## *Outro*

Hold the frame.  
Everything in place and time,  
Every step falls into line.  
No deviation, no delay,  
Keep it forward, keep the way.  
Steps stay measured,  
Breath in line,  
Hand to door...  
...on time.

# Her Presence

Every moment held in frame,  
Nothing shifts, nothing strains.

## *Intro*

Door opens slow,  
Air shifts weight,  
Sound pulls back,  
Room recalibrates.

## *Verse 1 - Rabbit*

Step in measured,  
Breath aligned,  
Every motion,  
Set in time.  
Posture steady,  
Shoulders square,  
Nothing wasted,  
Nothing spare.

## *Dialogue - Red Queen & Rabbit*

### **Red Queen:**

You arrive on time.  
As expected.

### **Rabbit:**

Always.

### **Red Queen:**

The night proceeds  
Without delay,  
Everything held  
In quiet display.  
No disruption,  
No excess,  
Only order,  
Nothing less.

## *Verse 2 - Rabbit*

Hold the line,  
Stay composed,  
Nothing seen,  
Nothing exposed.  
Everything in place tonight,  
Everything aligned just right.  
No deviation, no display,  
Only what must stay.  
Keep it steady, keep it clean,  
Hold the space in between.

## *Dialogue - Tension*

### **Rabbit:**

Something settles  
Just beneath.  
Nothing out of place.

### **Red Queen:**

You notice things.  
Only what is required.

### **Red Queen:**

And beyond that?

### **Rabbit:**

Irrelevant.

## *Chorus*

Everything in place tonight,  
Everything aligned just right.  
No deviation, no delay,  
Keep it forward, keep the way.  
All is measured, all contained,  
Nothing lost and nothing gained.  
Every line remains the same,  
Held within the perfect frame.

## *Outro*

Step in line,  
Stay in frame,  
Everything remains the same...  
...until it doesn't.

# A Moment, If You Please

## *Intro*

She needs a moment,  
That's all she said,  
Nothing unusual,  
Nothing misread.  
Movement softens,  
Space pulls wide,  
The room adjusts  
To her absence inside.  
Everything settles  
Back into view...  
...as it's supposed to do.

## *Verse 1*

No, not at all,  
It's been a lovely evening,  
Everything flowing,  
Just as it's needing.  
Of course I remember  
You favor the later light,  
It gives the moment  
A softer night.  
Yes, I can move that,  
There's always a way,  
Time isn't fixed,  
It can bend to the day.

## *Background Voices*

"...lower quarter..."  
"...movement confirmed..."

## *Verse 2*

No inconvenience,  
Not in the least,  
I make sure each moment  
Feels like a feast.  
Spacing is everything,  
That's what I find,  
Too close together  
Disrupts the design.  
But handled correctly,  
It all falls in place,  
Every interaction  
Given its space.

## *Internal Layer – Background Voices*

"...minor inconvenience..."

"...slight interference..."

## *Pre-Chorus*

Just one second—  
(no pause in delivery)  
Yes, I'm still with you,  
Everything measured,  
Everything true.  
No need to worry,  
Nothing has changed,  
Everything here  
Remains arranged.

## *Chorus*

Nothing changes, only the hour,  
Everything held within its power.  
Every detail placed with care,  
Every moment fully there.  
No disruption, no delay,  
Only what must stay.

## *Verse 3*

No, not at all,  
Everything's fine,  
Just a small shift  
In the structure of time.  
"...containment..."  
"...failing..."  
No—  
that won't affect you,  
Everything stays aligned.

## *Verse 4*

Some things move  
Beneath the floor,  
Patterns I hadn't  
Noticed before.  
But that's not relevant,  
Not for tonight,  
Everything here  
Is set exactly right.

## *Bridge*

"...if she returns—" *(he almost pauses)*  
Of course,  
Yes, I understand,

We can adjust that,  
I'll manage the plan.  
No, no concern,  
Everything holds,  
Nothing slips through,  
Nothing unfolds.

*Pre-Intro*

Nothing spills,  
Nothing shows,  
Everything stays  
Exactly composed.  
No deviation,  
No excess,  
Only precision,  
Only finesse.

*Outro*

She needed a moment,  
That's all—  
And everything here...  
...still holds.

# That Will Be All

## *Intro*

The air shifts back,  
Before she speaks,  
Like the room remembers  
What it keeps.  
I don't move,  
I don't need to,  
I can feel her there.

## *Verse 1*

She moves like nothing follows near,  
Like space itself just clears.  
Every line exactly placed,  
Every step already traced.  
There's a calm in how she moves,  
Nothing forced, nothing to prove.  
Everything around her slows,  
More than anyone else knows.

## *Verse 2*

I've seen it every time before,  
Still it settles something more.  
Not a thing I need to name,  
Still it never feels the same.  
Not for me to question why,  
Not for me to hold too tight,  
Just a presence, steady, low,  
Something I've come to know.

## *Verse 3 - Red Queen*

You've done well this evening here,  
Every detail kept sincere.  
I know time has stretched its frame,  
Longer than we thought it came.  
There are matters I must tend,  
Things that cannot wait or bend,  
So I'll ask you, just for now—  
Step away, I trust you'll allow.  
You've been steady... more than most,  
That's not something I'll ignore.

## *Verse 4 - Rabbit*

Of course, I understand the shift,  
Time is something I can lift.  
We can place it where it fits,  
Nothing breaks, it only shifts.  
No concern, it's all the same,

We can choose another frame.  
Whenever you decide is right,  
I'll be ready any night.

## *Bridge - Dialogue*

**Red Queen:**

You understand.

**Rabbit:**

I do.

**Red Queen:**

That will be all...  
...for tonight.

**Rabbit:**

...goodnight.

## *Outro*

Steps fall back  
Into their place,  
Same quiet rhythm,  
Same steady pace.  
Nothing broken,  
Nothing shown...  
Still... I don't leave alone.  
Something lingers,  
Faint, but known.  
I'll sort it out  
When I'm alone—  
When it's quiet,  
When it slows.

# Hound Tracks

## *Intro*

Steps hit gravel, same old line,  
Night air cool, sits just right.  
Nothing moving out of place,  
Same slow rhythm, same set pace.

## *Verse 1*

Gate light hums, fades behind,  
Dust kicks soft in measured time.  
Everything where it should be,  
Nothing pulling out of me.

## *Shift*

Then the hinges move too clean,  
Not a sound, not a thing.  
No one calls it,  
No one turns,  
Still... everybody learns.

## *Verse 2*

I don't need to see it twice,  
Shape like that don't ask for eyes.  
Heavy step, steady ground,  
You just know when he's around.

## *Chorus*

Even the air knows when he shows,  
Like it tightens in your throat.  
Conversations cut off slow,  
Like they heard it down below.  
Everybody feels that weight,  
Like it's already too late.  
No one says it, no one proves,  
But they know when the Hound moves.

## *Verse 3*

Heard it once, not said direct,  
Kind of thing you don't forget.  
Not a story told out loud,  
Just a shift inside a crowd.  
Something older than a name,  
Something you don't try to place,  
You just carry it along,  
Like a line inside a song.

## *Verse 4*

Not for me, I tell myself,  
Still it lands like something else.  
Back of neck goes cold and still,  
Like a thought you never will  
Let yourself say all the way.

## *Bridge*

No one steps into his path,  
No one tests, no one asks.  
Lines just open, space gives way,  
Like the world knows not to stay.  
He don't hurry, doesn't need,  
Everything adjusts to speed  
That he sets.

## *Final Chorus*

Even the air shifts when he's near,  
Like it settles into fear.  
Like the night pulls something  
close,  
No one wants but everyone knows.  
Everybody feels that move,  
Like it's already been approved.  
No one stops it, no one proves  
What it means when the Hound moves.

## *Outro*

Steps stay steady, same as planned,  
Hands still clean, time in hand...  
I don't—

# New Piece

## **Intro**

Something shifts,  
But not like before—  
Not weight,  
Not silence,  
Something... pulls.

## **Verse 1**

She moves like time forgot its place,  
Like seconds slow to match her pace.  
No effort in the way she steps,  
No hesitation left.  
Like everything around her bends,  
Without being asked to.

## **Verse 2**

I've watched the way the world aligns,  
The way it holds, the way it binds.  
I know how moments fall in line,  
And how they settle into time.  
But this—  
Doesn't follow anything I know.

## **Pre-Chorus**

There's no reason I should stay,  
No reason I should hesitate,  
Still I don't step away.

## **Chorus**

I don't know what she's doing,  
But I can't look away.  
Like the rhythm lost its meaning  
When she stepped into the frame.  
Everything I've kept in place  
Starts to rearrange.  
I don't know what she's doing,  
But I won't look away.

## **Verse 3**

There's something in the way she turns,  
Like direction doesn't need to learn  
Where it's going,

Where it's been—  
Still it lands exactly in  
The place it's meant to be.

## **Verse 4**

I don't step closer,  
I don't speak,  
I don't disturb  
What I can't keep.  
Just watch it hold,  
Just watch it stay,  
Like it might slip  
If I move that way.

## **Bridge**

Everything slows,  
Just enough  
That I almost forget  
Where I was going,  
What I was holding,  
What I was keeping.

## **Soft Break**

And I should move...  
I know I should.

## **Final Chorus**

I don't know what she's doing,  
But I can't look away.  
Like the world forgot its edges  
When she stepped into the space.  
Everything I've held in line  
Doesn't stay the same.  
I don't know what she's doing,  
But I won't look away.

## **Outro**

She doesn't see me,  
Doesn't need to—  
Still...  
Something in me  
Shifted.  
Not enough to break,  
Just enough  
To stay.