

# More Scrapes

## Arthur Beatrice

Breaking the calm  
And wandering on  
The spoiled rumor  
Of healthy hands that steal  
Held in wages  
You see it come  
Ruthlessly rejoice  
The old and rotting  
The creaking part that feels  
So how can we feel  
As we used to?  
In straining just to feel as we should do  
Safety is the most unsettling  
Just waking up at night  
And feeling old  
Keeping comfortable  
And severing the other me in sight  
For giving up  
Man becomes a portrait of  
Becoming polite  
And ever kneeling  
So old and tired  
Believing you need it  
So how can we feel as we used?  
In straining just to feel as we should do  
I've been to better places  
I've seen another in you  
You've never known the sickness  
To bear the bursting bad news  
I've been to better places  
I've seen another in you  
You've never known the sickness  
To bear the bursting bad news  
Safety is the most unsettling  
Just waking up at night  
And feeling old  
Keeping comfortable  
And severing the other me in sight  
For giving up

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