“The Shadows Hold”
-Fictional poem by

A proletarian soul standing in the dim corner
All the order of his life gone and he was left a loner
The synthetic substance hiding in the warmth of his dappled pockets
The picture of his deceased mother guarded in a locket
Waiting for his customers, waiting for death
The shadows hold deliberately taking away health

As a child, living a vital life with both parents
All ended with his father’s clients in the basement
A bang and a clank
And his soundless heart’s pang
Waited for his customers, awaited for death
The shadow’s hold took away his father’s breath.

In the dim corner of intercepting crime stood a youngling
In his adolescence and around his neck a bling
The shadow overwhelming him
The trials of others running thin
Temptation and ignorance
All his thoughts and guidance
Went with his parents all in an instance
Waiting for his customers, waiting for death
The shadow’s hold deliberately taking away health

The rebellion and willpower of one wasn’t enough
The intense voice of others turned into a muff
The street’s shadow overwhelming all
Taking away life without even a call
Waited for their customers, waited for destruction
The shadow’s hold amused at deaths affirmation

A proletarian soul standing in the dim corner
One eight of the brown substance costing $40 dollars
Waiting for the customers, waiting for the caller
“Out on the main streets, completing your mission.
You hid there last time, you know we’re gunna find you.”
Waited for his customers, waited for death
The shadows took away his breath

Lyrics by Two Door Cinema Club - Undercover Martyn