

The Birth Of The True

Aztec Camera

I feel the magic that our time has traced
And make a point of it in every place.
But every place deserves a curse or two,
For making me so far away from you.

I saw some pictures of the world at war,
I couldn't suss what all the fuss was for.
I wear a picture of you wearing black,
And kissing me behind the butler's back.

Sometimes I get down,
But it's not you that gets me down,
It's just that sense of the impossible,
Gratuitously handed down.

But oh no, not you, don't wipe your eyes over lies,
Just let them shine their blue,
On every whisper that welcomes the inconceivable
And the birth of the true.

I'd sack the world and make a second start,
I'd sack my head until I'd found my heart,
I'd fill the distance with a red parade,
And burn the banks down while the bugles played.

Sometimes I get down,
But it's not you that gets me down,
It's just that sense of the impossible,
Gratuitously handed down.

But oh no, not you, don't wipe your eyes over lies,
Just let them shine their blue,
On every whisper that welcomes the inconceivable
And the birth of the true.