

As Satellites Go By

Lamb

Every soul a brightness
And the darkest night
Every life a lightness
Space and time in flight
Being still in motion
Clouds go rushing by
A drop becomes an ocean
When the river's dry

Could it be we're stars' reflections
Tiny sparks in one great velvet sky
Perfect in our imperfection
As satellites go by

Firey constellations
Burning to the death
Tender our connections
In a single breath

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What are we anyway
But thousand year old carbon?
Bodies from the dust
Of souls that went before us.
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