

Silent Thunder

Christian Death

My bed is the garden where voices all meet
Hands skim through the water beneath my pillow
Stones like rain wash away the hours
The hands on my clock, sex, wilted flowers

Silent Thunder pries me to sleep
Falling the edge so steep

And if my eyes shy from the morning
My lips will taste of unripened fruit
Words without a language call from the past
The future was the day before the last

Silent Thunder pries me to sleep
Falling the edge so steep