

## Swanlike

Dark Suns

I will celebrate myself again  
Naked dying, proud of what I am  
I dream and invite my fading soul  
Observing human sphere at all atone

Swanlike I turn away from your despair  
Can't you see there's no beg for pardon  
Swanlike I turn away from your despair  
A noble heart forever dying

Under a fading lamp half dressed my brain  
Idling on some compulsive remain  
I towel my shaven jaw and stare  
Riveted by a dark exhausted flair

Swanlike I turn away from your despair  
Naked dying, proud of what I am  
Swanlike I turn away from your despair  
Idling on some compulsive remain

I look into my glass and view my wasting skin  
And say "would God it came to pass"  
My heard has shrunk as thin  
For then I undistrest by hearts grown cold to me  
Could lonely wait my endless rest with equanimity

For the time being I return  
Now plainly in the mirror of my soul  
I read that I have looked my last on youth  
And little more for they are not made whole  
That reach the age of fallen Christ

A silent flight takes me away  
From this ignorant world  
A final cry deep in that night  
Swanlike I turn away

My inspiration  
Burning flames; glistening sounds  
Sapphire-dark and marrow-deep, silence around us

Under a fading moon  
Will you ever be swanlike