

You, A Phantom Still

Dark Suns

Will you ever see this blood
Of children sticking in your mud?
Observing their world going insane
Once lost but they'll be strong
Again
Take the letters down
From your old bookshelf
Lurking photographs
All the desperate notes
Peel your own image from the mirror
Sit down by my side
Tell me what I've done
Try to change your mind
Once you've been my one
See with what simplicity we could love
Wallow in memories
We stood by a pond that winter day
And a few leaves lay on the sod
They had fallen from an ash
There was no sound, just you
Just you and me talking
And then four words
Played between us, still whispering
Let us be one
Were I alone,
The world itself would be a desert to me
Thorns devour
And beasts annoy
And my guilt terrify me
The earth a wilderness
And me in solitude

Her:
You are alone

But most upon melancholy
Because void of you
Will you ever see this blood
Of children sticking in your mud?
Observing the dark league of the sun
Once loved but now you're gone away

Life and love must be more than this

We stood by a pond that winter day
And a few leaves lay on the sod
They had fallen from an ash
There was no sound, just you
Just you and me dreaming
And then four words
Played between us, whispering
Let us be one
I don't know how the things
Could end the way they did

Her:
I am alone,

And now the world itself is a desert to me
Thorns devour
And beasts annoy
And your guilt is justified
I'm a human wilderness in solitude
A subject unto storms
Because void of you
Help me

(...and I step into my heart and meet
The demon singing small
Who would like to shout and whistle
In the streets and squelch the passers
Flat against the wall...
'cause I'm balancing above an ocean
Of expectations, fears and human stiffness
You don't feel the yearning of speech,
Those patterns of my dreams,
The unseen genius of the wood or
The urgency of courageous reason
Will you ever feel?
Will I ever break the spell?
Am I alone?
I don't know... ...to seem the stranger
Falls my lot, escapist of your day,
Shadow of the saddest truth:
Your life is an almighty lie!

Love, a subject of
The mere diurnal grind
Lying upon the ground
Feeding upon roots
Love, a subject of
Our deepest fear
All things desolate
Like a tragic mask)