

Five Lines

David Sylvian

Five lines
Five lines
With which he marked time
Five lines flared from the ovens
He pulled the ribbons from their hair
With melodies beaten from the sheets of his mother
Songs for the end of time

Five lines
Return the birds to their singing
The sun fell, should we leave it to the foxes?
The sun fell from the sky
Leave it to its wits and its devices
The sun fell from the sky in the form of a stag
Buried deep in the forest

And that's where he felled it
A blow to the head
That left it unconscious
Nothing further was said

We'll set a place for him
We'll set a place then

For he had tried
Blood, bone, feathers to the sky
Even in flight
Nothing could have spared him
Five lines
Five lines flared from the oven
Five lines with which he marked out time

Leave him for the foxes
Leave him for the foxes