

The Last Days of December

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What shall we tell them?
A honeymoon brief as a walk in the park
What shall we tell them when they ask?
And they'll ask

Could you not see another way out?

Was the place without sun?
Was it furnished in black?
With the ache of the gas-oven
There at your path

A death-angel paces in boredom and waits
It shrieks from dark corners undermining your faith

What shall we tell them when they ask?
And they will ask

Could you not see another way out?

Where were the cape and the coast-line?
The wonder-kid's sunshine?

Your sanity shattered
In climbing the walls
Wet towels at the floor-lines
Stuffed under the doors

And the beating of powder-black wings left you blind
The last days of December are the loneliest kind

In the exit you made
There was no pause for thought
'Cause the lies that I told
Were the lies that you bought

There was no place to find you
No you to be found

In the margins of books you were reading
There were stages to grieving that won't let you down

Where was the coast-line?
The wonder-kid's sunshine?

Under northern skies
Anonymous and free
Your night-fisherman pushes
A boat out to sea

You'll surely meet shores
Though his faith is unsound

There are stages to grieving that won't let you down