

When Death Does Us Apart

Druhá tráva

When horses fly away to the night, to the peaks of Jericho
When our hug disappears to the fog on the shore
When the lips of yours are doublelocked
As if I kissed one of the troyan gates
I'm just a pariah without name
Undrunk, unloved and full of hates

When shots of firearms do subside on the streets by the bay
When death does us apart by the blue waterway
When the smell of booze clears this nest of doves
And your rosy cushion does the same
Then it's the end of song, end of love
End of war, end of shame