

Robes Of Bible Black

Howe Gelb

Keep little the promise
but less the lie
from down this mud here
to way up sky
let light and love
be keep to the test
and short supply
never enter the nest
now sleep with eyes rolled back
so tongue might taste
the sweet dream water
and not the waste
when time to turn
come time awake
back from luck
to the same mistake

faint heart will rise
from track to trail
when the storm will ease
and clear skies prevail
it'll find the one
with the heartless wail
it'll slide back in
where love grew stale
wearing the robes
of bible black
torn to shreds now
from self attack
lingering long
when it's time to turn back
burying faint heart
by the railroad track