

Stripping Cane

Jeffrey Foucault

There's no more room for angels
To dance or even stand
Upon this pin entangled
Bleeding sugar from our hands
Bleeding ashes from our feet
Won't you help me count my sheep
Won't you help me count my sheep tonight

You make your heart a decoration
It's like a broken violin
So carefully made empty
Taking only silence in
Taking saccharine to kill your pain
Won't you help me stripping cane
Won't you help me stripping cane tonight

Stripping cane for something sweet
Stripping cane a man complete is born
His heart a thing to hold both dark and light
Stripping cane no tongue can tell
The silent ring of this empty bell
Won't you tell me fare thee well
Fare thee well tonight

I've got nowhere to go now
I'm like a bird in an eclipse
And the grammar of our bodies
Breathing poems to our lips
Breathing verses out of rhyme
Won't you help me killing time
Won't you help me killing time tonight

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Won't you help me count my sheep
Won't you help me count my sheep tonight
Won't you help me count my sheep tonight
Won't you help me