

## Pale New Dawn

Jets to Brazil

sickly surrender to cola remember machines  
shaky somnambulist shiver out all your screams  
go to the room with the chair and wait for your life  
scared that the voices i hear may never be mine

seven december a paper back letter recalls  
you knew such happiness crashing her loveliness one wedded fall  
cutting through gray where you're holding the pages amazed  
cutting the picture to ribbons in winter parades

pale new dawn put something on  
you're thinking faster than i run  
now the more i get connected  
the less i know who i am  
and it feels like i'm the only one

the month has gone rabbits the winter is taking my life  
am i a passenger passing through scenes in someone else's life  
cold will outlast me apartments are castles in space  
warm with the void holding court in a four poster grave

pale new dawn put something on  
i hate the shape of things to come  
now the more we get connected  
the less i know who you are  
i dont' think you thought that far

they gave you a food stamp  
for the air sucking wound in your chest  
all the best. all the best.

strange pale fighter you only grow lighter in time  
willfully silent declaring yourself with your cold scribbled rhyme  
making her find you beneath all the skin of your mind  
she's digging towards nothing a hollowed out center in time

pale new dawn put someone on  
i hate the shape of all you want  
now the more you get connected  
the less i get who you are  
but i don't want to think that hard

it's a lonely way to live  
when you take what you give (and you don't give in)  
in a nation of promises  
your anonymous promises