

Blue Pedal

Kitchens Of Distinction

All that was gold has lost its shine.
All that was sure has become obscured.

Yes there was autumn,
Burnished and sleek.
Fit for smiling, winged gliding.

And now it's tarnished silver,
Fading metal rusting hearts.

Press the cooling pedal of blue freeze.
As she must sleep again,
She must sleep again.
Turn the collapsing wheel of green.

Between deaths we are butter,
Soft believing melting butter,
Well fed and well spread.
Good fed on these deaths of our kind,
Of our kind.

Spiraling outer and outer
Beyond what is there,
Behind the realm of senses.

Beyond love, beyond our hopeless humanness
Lies the other side of the bleeding rainbow
Where bones are collected
And we have come selected
To recover from this polluted mist.

Between births we're tearing,
Hard gurgling, snarling,
Fear, lean and wary, alert untrusty.

Still fed on these deaths of our kind
Where bones are collected
And we have come selected
To recover from this polluted mist.
Outer and outer and outer and outer and outer.