

# King Sleepy

Laika

Wind blown  
A lazy sway  
Creeping like fire  
From a slow spark

Birds without wings  
Out of the dust of dreams  
Head out to sea  
Seeking the stars

Nothing can wake  
Nothing will break  
His host  
Of teasing fancies

With aches and fears  
Sighs and tears  
We roll like water  
Caught in a stream

A pilot on the wing  
A weary thing  
Feeding my soul  
And reading my mind  
We can be hurt  
A piece at a time  
As the curtains of night  
Draw back with the light