

The Soviet

mewithoutYou

God is love and love is real, but the dead are dancing with the
dead,
And whatever's charming disappears while all things lovely only
hurt my head
As I gather stones from fields like pearls of water on my fingers' ends
(And I carefully wrap them up in boxes... safe from windows...)
From things that break!!

As the night-
time shined like day it saw my sorry face and hair a mess
But it liked me best that way... besides, how else could I confess?
When I looked down like if to pray,
Well, I was looking down her dress... good God!
Please, catch for us the foxes in the vineyard... the little foxes.

So turn your ears, you musicians, to silence
Because they only come out when it's quiet,
Their tails brushing over your eyelids...
Oh, wake up, sleepers, and rise from the dead!
Or the fur that they shed that's gonna lay on your bed
In a delicate orange-
ish cinnamon red... ah, but I don't need this!
I don't need this!
For I have my loves... I don't need this.