

Translucent Carriages

Pearls Before Swine

The translucent carriages
Drawing morning in
Dawn inside their pockets
Like a whisper on the wind

The soft touch of your words
Has been betrayed like love grown old
Or the silhouettes of children
Crying somewhere in the cold

The ancient night is coming back
The light is fading out
The tree is hid in shadow
In a fog of useless doubt

Go away go away
The imperative is drawn
All your symbols are shattered
All your sacred words are gone

The caravans are leaving
For the dawn of nothing
Lepers carry roses
To Jerusalem

In peace
Sons bury their fathers
In war
Fathers bury their sons

Love is silent
At the edge of the universe
Waiting
To come in

Jesus raised the dead
But who
Will raise the living

Every time I see you passing by
I have to wonder why