

Dust and a Shadow

Shriekback

Like the falling leaves and the shifting past
Sometimes the treasured things are not the things that last.
And we know where we stand - between fear and desire:
With one fist raised in anger with one foot in the fire.

We are dust and a shadow under the naked light
We are dust and a shadow - wishing that everything stood still
tonight.
We are dust and a shadow - the dream of history.
We are the hungry ghosts crying "Remember me, Remember me".

All the Pride and Shame. All the bone and glass.
These kind of fragile things were never gonna last.
Oh pretty little Boy, and you my millionaire -
When the time comes you go alone. Leave the light on at the top
of the stairs...

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