

Celebration Guns

Stars

So tomorrow there will be another number
For the one who had a name
A desert wind and a perverse desire to win
History buried in shame

Are those beating drums
Celebration guns
The thunder and the laughter
The last thing they remember

And then the next day
How will you know your enemy
By their colour or your fear
One by one you can cage them
In your freedom
Make them all disappear

Goodnight, sleep light, stranger