

# Dawn In Breaking

## The Angels

Remember looking at the haunted race  
Bowed down to the storm?  
Remember searching for a familiar face  
With no one there to mourn?  
Staring eyes, silent screens  
Plastic tubes to carry fading dreams  
Preacher servant in the hall  
Warm blood on the palace wall  
Those who dine alone in hell-  
Wearing grief in their lapel  
Drop small change in wishing well  
The haunted tears that never fell  
Someone's draggin' a ball and chain  
Looking for you in the pouring rain  
While those who care give silent prayer  
For lovers going home  
If there was a brickwork surrounding the New York dream  
If there were secrets locked in steel  
If there was a button you could press on the luck machine  
If there was a place for wounds to heal  
If you were born in the barbwire of your mother's womb  
If you were hungry before you died  
If you say you left your bath all clean and white  
You know I'd know you lied  
Remember the poet who said it first?  
He was speaking of you and your difficult birth  
And how you care and say your prayers  
For lovers going home  
Drinking from an empty cup, waiting for a rock to grow  
Whispered sounds that can't be heard, and no one knows  
Children who don't mind the rain  
Yet have no wish to die  
Whatever you are, were or could have been  
You'd feel better if you could cry  
Dawn is breaking in the graveyard  
People massing in the streets  
Trampled heads beneath their feet  
Children playing with the dead  
Silver spoon stained with red  
Watching through a widows veil  
As Caesar desecrates the Holy Grail  
You sit all alone in your front row seat  
You look so small and frail  
Y'r the mud on the feet of the men you damned  
Y'r darkness came too soon  
You should be selling two-bit watches and girly photographs  
A masterpiece in ruin  
Y'r a pantomime of old world courtesy  
You should have a degree for harlotry  
You should be incarcerated in an apartment tower  
With no technology!  
Did you ever listen to the pole opposed to you?  
Did you ever stop to ask?  
Did you ever smile and hide your wasted face?  
Did you ever lift your mask?  
Did you ever walk with your feet on fire?  
Dis you ever take your place in line?

Did you know you look like you belong  
Where wrong is right and right is wrong?  
Did you really think that you'll be left  
Where war is life and life is death?