

Sketch For Dawn

The Durutti Column

A brightness falling through the air
Into the grass where we lie
A lark spirals upwards in perfect pitch
Soaring into exquisite tension
In the dawn
In the dawn
In the dawn
Dreams burnt away
By the first cigarette of the day
Instincts move us into
The rhythms of love
Soaring into
Exquisite tension
Making gentle pornography together
A brightness falling through the air
Into the grass where we lie
A lark spirals upwards in perfect pitch
Soaring into
Exquisite tension