

Landing On Ice

Will Haven

lone astronaut from 30 years of sleep awoke
to hale bop cult you're crowned
it's taking time to slow down this clock

no one comes close to you

a look around
at loss of loved ones
faces frozen in time
poison of their persuasion
will stalk on...

you recognize you're landing on
ice far from the dream
ice for nothing

to a wasted generation
rise accept your lovers arms
try crawling out through the ice berg
of our subtle differences
you get no one...

no one comes close to you

from unbitten lips and heart of gold
the chariot controls