Out of Line

Gesaffelstein

The sky at dusk is warm and distant
Carrying the day
Leading the light to a better place
The horizon sets down with inky fatigue
And the clouds are showing off.
Tonight we are hundred leagues
Below.
Just you and me.
Tonight
Up there sunken love in a bleach blonde submarine
Justices way of letting you know
No matter where you going
No matter what's in your bag,
Your never as big as the things you are can't touch.
It can be a frightful
And kick at you,
Never mind
Love is air beneath the water.
The pressure start
They'll keep on turning with or without an audience.
Everchanging, ever stir.
Belong after you gone.

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