Dark Skies

Emma Pollock

The light we see is from times unknown
Put in their place the troubles we are shown
We are the root, we are the branch
We are the product of a million chancesDon't you love the way they dance above you in Dark Skies?They'll trip the sounds up in your mouth
So that the words they don't come out right
We could be anywhere in this kind of dark
Oh let's be anyone. Oh let's be anyone.
And they gave us a stage
To write our own page of historyAnd yet you still call this design now
From the only one who knows
I think I'll give the emperor back his clothesEnoch, Neldricken, Valley and Glenhead
Are all reflecting the stars overhead
Like black glass the water holds our eye
Not a movement not a sign of a pitchingLeave me suspended like this
While the world does its bitchingI like to keep my fairytales on shelves
My Goldilocks doesn't need explaining
Why can't it be just as simple as it looks?
Don't need a sermon to balance these books
Staring up from the ground as the light it dumbfounds usAnd yet you still call this design now
From the only one who knows
I'll think I'll give the emperor back his clothes
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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