Wayfarer

Kayo Dot

Sing to me a romance, sire
That splendid trod the starry roads.
All ye dust-strewn travellers, hasten
To the hearthside!
What seest thou, wayfarer,
Upon thy journey to a citrine sun?Caves of candlelight with amethyst imbued,
Opal skulls of opal creatures decorating tombs!
Woods of columned water supporting ceilings breathing blue,
Seascapes fill'd with poison, lonely, waiting for the few
Final scarlet denizens to march into the scorching fumes!Stalks of lapis lazuli groaning against a tired breeze,
Sparkling in the quaint moonlight, and owls' eyes in sapphire trees,
Hooting to one year of moons that hang on petals in the air!
Growing ghosts in silver pots upon a silent windowsill,
Built into the side of nothing built into a nothing hill!A cage that housed a nightingale was hung upon a shepherd's crook;
He lightly stepp'd across the tide, his statuary effervescing.
Boughs dipped their lovely heads into the lake of one-thousand tiers
To admire an Absinthe floodgate, and a piquant gallery.Morning, and the dreamers fade
Like lovers' gazes past their hour.
Cannot sunrise wait forever
For its time?Farewell, starry wayfarer,
I'll bless your name when I dream of you.

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