The Routes We Wander

The Falcon

Tonight the captains dreams are bad.
Searching for a dim and distant shore.
Amidst the sluts, the drifters and the thieves,
he doesn't dream of landing anymore.
Drowning in these tumblers, stumbles through these doors,
swinging out to cold cement from sticky, hard tile floors.
These are the routes we wander girl, every goddamn day,
so swallow hard and wipe them dreams away.Come to life again.The smoke and the cold killed the men and the dogs.
Last glimpse of sun and all winter it's gone.
Chained at the ankles, cuffed at the wrists.
Stuffed into mail sacks and tossed into drifts.The lunar eye is burning, boring through me digging deep into my chest,
into my head, into my dreams, into my sleep.These dreams these days don't give me no peace.

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