Ravens and Wolves

Tired Pony

I remember every detail of it
The smells of the orange grove
Your dress, and the way it hung upon you
That look that was in your eyes
At that time in the day, the sun was weary
And that weariness bled to us
With your hands you could steady any vessel
And those hands wiped the blood from meWe are not the lions of the daylight, daylight
We are more like wolves in dead of night, night
We are more the raven in the schoolyard, schoolyard
Than all the larks about to sing, singI remember calm before this chaos
The sound as the coffee boiled
And the clear cup I watched the sugar melt in
In this stillness, a nagging thoughtWe are not the lions of the daylight, daylight
We are more like wolves in dead of night, night
We are more the raven in the schoolyard, schoolyard
Than all the larks about to sing, sing

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