Sparks Against The Sun

Thursday

On and off, the cylinders burn
With the fading heart of youth
And the sun slips below the treelike
Just out of view
Back and forth across the sky
The stars are hanging from a wire
(Machine guns still firing in the corners of our eye)
But in the light of the day we'll disappear
Just like the little sparks against the sun
No one remembers where they begin
or where we end
In and out, the days escape the damages of dawn
Still our dreams lie in broken pieces

Rustin on the lawn
But in the light of the day we'll disappear
Just like the little sparks against the sun
No one remembers where they begin
or where we end
The first step's got me lying on the floor
By the second step, I hear a knocking at the door
Three: I put my life in your hands
By the fourth step how much light is left?
Five six seven-I can see my dark and the harm
I've done, I've left
Eight, nine ten- I'll take it back again
Eleven twelve: I'm putting out fires in hell...

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