Beneath The Southern Cross

RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra

Oh
To be
Not anyone
Gone
This maze of being
Skin
Oh
To cry
Not any cry
So mournful that
The dove just laughs
The steadfast gaspsOh
To owe
Not anyone
Nothing
To be
Not here
But here
Forsaking
Equatorial bliss
Who walked through
The callow mist
Dressed in scraps
Who walked
The curve of the world
Whose bone scraped
Whose flesh unfurled
Who grieves not
Anyone gone
To greet lame
The inspired sky
Amazed to stumble
Where gods get lost
Beneath
The southern cross

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