Midday Moon

Cardiant

A sliver of chalk across the blue
Lord knows I don't know what the hell's the use of the midday moon
You came to my arms too goddamn soon
Lord knows I don't know what to do with you and the midday moonThis is just to say
They've taken everything away
Every step we made fit into six trucks
Pick-ups drawing dust above the drivewayThe muddy cavalcade came at half past eight
Collecting everything in that grassy bank
And every trace of you was taken too
And what was once a womb is just a hollow roomIt was a windy day
That kind that makes me hate L.A.
'Cause God gave them a perfect sun
And they think gangs and smog were hardly a fair tradeThey don't breathe or flinch
Or even blink at how the green will shift
When the wind parades across the meager ridge
And kicks the weeds a bit to make seem as if the lea is a sea of wavesThey say you can't cheat death
Maybe it's just a shortness of breath
Or no pains in your chest
A disease we agree that we ain't cured yetForgive me dear
I never thought that we'd end up here
From ["sweet dreams"] whispered in your ear
Before a long night's sleep so cold and clearA sliver of chalk across the blue
Lord knows I don't know what the hell's the use of the midday moon
You came to my arms too goddamn soon
Lord knows I don't know what to do with you and the midday moonI've been told that when we die we pass onto the other side
there's no bright light, no bright light.
Death is just a pasture gate that opens by lifting a plank
To just more life, just more lifeI met an old man, sun-tanned, provided by Jesus
And the light that passed through stain glassed pieces
He clutched a rosary flat to his chest
And confessed he wasn't ready for deathI seen an iron eyed firefly, femme fatale
Too vain to explain how her hair fell out
Lusting for the next thing to erase her shame
She doesn't want to live forever, but she's scared to fade awayThis is how they came to me, one at a time
Pilgrims to my building on the cemetery ground
All they wanted was an answer and I could never let 'em down
I couldn't promise them forever but I could buy a lot of timeYou Jeanvieve, you were the straw
Whispering your wishes in cotton Quebeois

I wonder if the Maker ever felt he botched the flock
But never had the mettle to make the world stop
Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop[I wonder if the maker ever felt he botched the flockBut never had the mettle to make the world stop]
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