

# Beyond the Visible Spectrum

## Thursday

When I first saw you  
there were guns in the river  
Black birds of warning  
Circling high above the marquee where  
The blue notes of lovers  
Mixed with the loneliness of others  
Turned our breath into snowflakes  
As we whispered in the gutters We try to find the life at rainbow's end  
It finds the end of us instead and everyone we love When I come back now,  
There are ads in the shadows  
Diamonds in the skyline  
You can't afford to look up at them  
Or catch your reflection in someone else's mirror  
Your voice is a music and I'm drowning in a silent land. So if I dive over the railing, will I float up on all the  
shining waves of glass?

Lyrics provided by

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