# Drought

## 18 Wheeler

Summer move forward and stitch me the fabric of fall
Wrap life in the brilliance of death to humble us all
How sweet is the day, I'm craving a darkness
As I sit tucked away with my back to wallAnd the taste of dried up hopes in my mouth
And the landscape of merry and desperate drought
How much longer, dear angels? Let winter light come
And spread your white sheets over my empty houseSummer move forward and leave your heat anchored in dust
Forgotten him, cheated him, painted illusions of lust
Now language escape, fugitive of forgiveness
Leaving as trace only circles of rustAnd the taste of dried up hopes in my mouth
And the landscape of merry and desperate drought
How much longer, dear angels? Come break me with ice
Let the water of calm trickle over my doubtsCome let me drown, angels, no fire, no salt on the plow
Carry me down, bury me downAnd the taste of dried up hopes in my mouth
And the landscape of merry and desperate drought
Once I knew myself and with knowing came love
I would know love again if I had faith enoughToo far is next spring and her jubilant shout
So angels, inside is the only way out

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