

M. Shepard

Thursday

The stage is set to rip the wings from a butterfly

(The stage is set)

The stage is set don't forget to breathe

(Between the lines)

If the whole world dies, then it's safe to take the stage

These graves will stretch like landing strips

Hospitals, all dead museums

We won't have to be afraid anymore

The crowd is growing silent with the gathering storm

When the curtain falls and you're caught on the other side

Just trying to keep up the act

We'll lie in the back of black cars with the windows rolled up

Joining the procession of emptiness

If we say these words it will be too late to take them back

So we hold our breath and fold our hands

Like paper airplanes

(And we're going to crash)

We don't have to be alone

(We don't have to be alone)

Ever again

There's a riot in the theater, someone's standing in the aisles

(Yelling that the nurerders)

Are everywhere and they're lining up

(Carving the 'm' in your side)

Stand alone

(This time)

When the curtain falls and you're caught on the other side

Just trying to keep up the act

We'll lie in the back of black cars with the windows rolled up

Joining the procession of emptiness

The stage is set to rip the wings from the butterfly

Pull the curtain back

Kill all the houselights
Pin the dress of lotus flowers
The silk is spinning round and around with the ceiling fan
I'm disappearing into the spotlight
I'm on display with the butterfly with smiles

With smiles like picket fences you tie us all up and leave us outside
"That voice is silent now, the boat has sunk"
We're on our own but we're not going to run

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