Zen Archer

Ishivu

Pretty bird with feathers falling
Pretty as a lady calling
For her pink and midnight lover
As she stares into the water
And a yellow moon is rising
And there can't be no disguising
That the pretty bird is dying
With a silver arrow lying at its side
Rivers of blood
Oceans of tears
Life without death
And death without reason
To the whole United Nations
To your greatest expectations
To the moment that you realize
As a dark figure slips from out of the shadow
Pretty bird closes its eyes
Pretty bird dies
Another pretty thing dead
On the end of the shaft of the Zen Archer

A man in parts forgotten
With an outlook that is rotten
And an attitude to match it
Finds relief inside a hatchet
And he halved someone in Boulder
Justifiability is in the hands of the beholder
And you just don't know
What people will do next
Mountains of pain
Valleys of love
Death without life
And life without meaning
To the promise kept and broken
To the love that's never spoken
Just as surely as I'm in your ears
A dark figure slips from out of the shadow
Pretty bird closes its eyes
Pretty bird dies

Another pretty thing dead
On the end of the shaft of the Zen Archer

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