

# 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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