

# Sun Cycle

## Blue Cheer

The lady folded  
Her silver hair  
Behind her back

With the strings of a veilAnd cut me a pack, of a famous sword  
Sharp to east  
Her magnitude

That made the table in an infinite tangleAnd then the darkness came  
All wrapped on velvet feet  
And here through the window

I saw a quickening eyeReflecting time in the blowing night  
And pulled the shade  
To a clear green game

And from the visions, riding heavy seaAnd from the visions, riding heavy sea  
That cast the ships  
Into a sink as man

And burn the ringing, don't wanna carry insideThen the morning roars  
Lapping up the winds  
From the tainted table

That was serving timeIt's silver spoon that was breathing stars  
Images flown  
Like the birds of high  
Wings in the sun, oh, what a blessed sight

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