Aftermath

Don Mclean

Windows in a silent room, sunlight burns the walls to black
Angles and dimensions melt while colors drip and pillows crack
Reflections of my memories like pictures pasted on a sheet
The ribbon film of separate frames lying curled up at my feet

The film is just a snake design and the photographs are fading fast
These are not memories of mine I have no future, no past

I've seen a thousand afternoons dissolve into the night
Like sugar crystals on a spoon they disappear from sight

Gray days from the crispest morning to the warmest afternoon in this room

And I like to draw the face I saw so long ago
My image in the mirror tells the jagged lines which way to go

The black and white description of the sole survivor of the Holocaust
All the rest were lost

Do you see this paper face? It has no color or no mood
My eyes are ageless, as am I. I need no sleep, I need no food
I am a king, but like a child the other children laugh at me
Tongues of fire, wagging wild they dance around me merrily

I'll kill them all and if I fail I'll kill whoever I can find
Then they'll beg me to be kind

My eyes have seen far more than eyes can ever tell
This planet plunged through mushroom fires of earthly hell

I know that my sweet Jesus said that he'd return
But Babylon has fallen and the cities burn

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