Spanish Quartet

Waxwing

How the god is mixed in
The evil it does blend
In this drink that we all taste.
And when the bottle is gone
I hope I can look upon
All that I've done with a smile
And bright and overflowing eyes,
Reflecting upon all they've seen
With the same glow as the
Child born March 8th 1977.
Please make my arrow shoot straight
I'm tired of all the shots that missed
It's one thing that I won't miss
Betrayal in a kiss.
When I finally hit my target
There were four hands that held the bow
And I realized I am not alone
I am not the only archer
Not alone with crooked arrows
Not alone with these crooked arrows.

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