H Soft Escape

The Age of Rockets

We are the nothing waiting in bad dreams
We are the first cracks in the ice
We are the hour hand, forever love's bitch and
We are the tears in those who have come before
And you whisper, and you whisper this could be the endThe soft escape of closing eyelids
The haunt of long nights still to come
First blinding light then only darkness
The cracks in pavement spell your name
Electric whir of closing sirens
Each word hangs rigid in the air
First scattered mass then constellation
We held your hand as you learnedYou learned, you learned
Ba-ba-ba-ba-da-da
Ba-ba-ba-ba-da-da
Ba-ba-ba-ba-da-da
Ba-ba-ba-ba-da-da...

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