

Project October

"Sunday Morning Yellow Sky"

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When the darkness falls like a curtain
and the night ahead is long and uncertain
Dream beyond the loss and the hope of redemption
At the broken heart of the city, where the hollow light of
day never
reaches in
A man can break down and fall into pieces
He will fall asleep like a baby, and the unforgiving arms
of the cradle
rock
As hard as the face of the city pavement
Hide your eyes
He can see the face of a lover in the lonely face of the
angel above him
Carved into the stone that is changing around him
He can feel her breathing inside him and the
unforgiving visions deny
him
Life can only be what a man can make it
Hide your eyes
Sunday morning, yellow sky, the sun is floating
diamond high
Hours passing, a baby cries in the arms of someone
you imagine

Close your eyes, this is your lullaby
He can feel his skin like a prison
Like a dying cage he struggles to live inside
He tries to call out but nobody hears him
At the ragged edge of the silence
In the calm that only comes with the violent sleep
Inside the heart and the hope of redemption
Hide your eyes
In the arms of someone you imagine
Close your eyes, this is your lullaby
(Down, down, down, would the fall never come to an
end?
Wonder how many miles I've fallen?
Must be somewhere near the center of the earth.
Wonder if I shall fall right through the earth?
How funny it will seem to come out among the people
who walk with their heads downwards
Down, down, down, would the fall never come to an
end?)
--from Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

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