

Wire "A Public Place"

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In this public place
Pigeons move busily
Through the contents
Of a man's life
In this public place
His last mortal remains
Reflect a private lake
In this public place
Lies fly in formation
Candid fiction spreads its wings
It's deceptive at this angle
Does truth dance?
Does truth sing?
The private hedge pissers
In anxious alleys
The village boy-wide-men
With a game on their hands
Wait for the sign
That will take them to Heaven
Wait for the sign
Only they understand
In this public place
A carved tree
Burst through an atheist's heart
And broken promises
Drifted into the shape of footprints
In this public place
Lies fly in-formation
Candid fiction spreads its wings

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