

Crows Counting

"Lightning"

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Its crazy but often clear often clear..

We shimmer and disappear

In color in black and white black and white..

We slowly fade out of site

but these days were lit by lightning thin lines of light

Its crazy but somehow clear somehow clear

we ride in silence out of fear

We've spoken seem come alive come alive

we prefer the silence of the blind

But these days were lit by lightning

thin lines of light

these days

were lit by lines

of sharp

white

shock

white

ice

hard

cold

white

light

were crazy but often kind often kind

we rage in violence blind

Together and then alone then alone

we race in small circles home

but these days

were lit by lightning

Thin lines of light

These days

were lit by lines of sharp

white

light

these days

Were lit by lightning

Thin lines of light..... These days.. were lit by light

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