

93 Current

"A Song For Douglas After He's Dead"

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He crouches on the floor, there's a mask on the wall.
And he leafs, through the pages of a book.
But wait as he may in the shadow of other leaves.
His heart, in embraces to times long since scorched.

The horizon folds over, with a purpose sun rise.
And the wind, carry smoke, from a earth that is
burning.
The smoke clogs in his hair, and he's covered with
patterns.
And a decent, of life trees, on his camouflaged soul.
With a winter of memories, carved ponder bone white.
Beyond his skulls for, a scorpion lies.
In the crunch of the snow, as his darkness increases.
A twilight of ice, encircles his teeth.

This is a song for Douglas, after he's dead.
This is a song for Douglas, his mercury dances.

There's a swastika carved, in the palm of his hand.
There's a crooked cross, that is caught in his eyes.
There waits a falling sun, in his mind.
There's the honor, of violence, on his lips.
His father waits for him, at the towers of silence.
Where they worship the fires, so long ago cringed.
But the two will oh trees, with el has inverted.
The fork of life snapped.
They are father and son.
So mingling dust, as if life itself, had been mostly
illusion.
But parchly real.
And parchly pain.

And over some wall, if you look through rebels.
Amongst ruins of churches, where life conquers death.
Thou empires can not last, where blood and concepts.
The folted and failed.
A cloud still sow his teeth.
As the world disappears.

This is a song for Douglas, after he's dead.
This is a song for my Douglas, his mercury dances.

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