

## A Flock Of Seagulls "God"

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Silence shattered like ice, incipit rage in myriad voices  
of the wind  
All light now absent as the banshees howl  
No solace in the maelstrom.

Even the sun's afraid to rise around here

It's ice cold as far as the eye can see  
Relentless winter restraining the new mourning rays.

Frozen in thought whilst seeking oblivion.

Got scalded by summer, given the cold shoulder by  
winter  
We'd watched the world go by...  
Shifting slowly from here to there, going in the  
direction of everywhere, but arriving neither here nor  
there  
Now there's a taste of blood in all the throats around  
here.

Asked for a shot of winter in my holocaust, it caught my  
throat afire on the way down  
Wrought iron gateways pleading, under-used ovens  
awaiting further problems  
Countless eyes closing, rhyme boring reason.

It wasn't very sunny that weekend, sitting and watching  
this world stumbling to it's end.

All rain all everywhere

Shining wet skies' tears.

Sun hides in fear just around the corner from here  
Just around the corner, see? Over there!

God's... eyes... closed

