

Baron Lesh "On The Wire"

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Oh God, take the sun from the sky
It's burning me scorching me up
Oh God, can't you hear my cry? Water. A poor little cup.
It's laughing I hear the cursed sun
I see it swell and swell
It's fearous as one hundred hells, Oh God will it
Ever have done, It's searing the flesh from my bones
it's beating me with hammers red.
See it's the size of the sky
And the sky is a torrent of fire
Drone in me as I lie
Here on the wire

Stained here an now of night I dream
A night that will bring me peace
Coolness in a stary gleam
The stillness of deaths release
Again... the guns over my head
Again... yellow red and red
And then it starts to dawn
Again I have not gone
I hear but I can not see
Someone else is caught like me
Thundering now in my ear
He pulls the trigger of his fear
The man whom I heard is dead
A bullet hole in his head

Under a stouping sky
A see thing of sulfurous fire
Scorching me up as I lie
Here on the wire

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