

Christiansen

"Vox Humana / Vox Celeste"

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The critics sit back and burn the souls
The classic dies they won't let go
LBJ's lonely inked face on a set of presidential
matchbooks
On the wood of our leader's desk
Am I an intercom for faith?
On a Japanese estate
If it's less than a license plate
There's a chance I'll resonate
Memories fade where do they go?
I'm not talking but I'm listening
Plus the means are awful bold
I'm not waiting but I'm hoping
For something to playpen
Solitude is a symphony for me
Took the long road home last night
Silhouette on an open mic
Watching fingers move in flight
No need for sleep
We say good-bye
Everything's so clear
A painful endurance
Whispers in those ears
A secret's safe journey
After all those years
Intimate planning
Voices cease the tears

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