

Cymbals Eat Guitars "Definite Darkness"

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Bring me to the world of guilt and sorrow for the races
tonight
Where the boats go cutting through
Undulating mirror images of incandescent spires
The roads there are parabolas with nameless water
towers near the exits
You could turn it all on end still wouldn't be taller
Than the biotic arch at the crown of creation
There are people who put dirty hypodermic needles
Between the seat cushions in the movie theaters
We all have the same dream the night that we contract
it

So maybe I've been sleeping less at your place
Since that man's last panicked screams startled us
awake
We were paralyzed as the cop cars arrived
Casting slow-spinning mobiles on your ceiling three
colors
We watched the frozen moon
In daylight I stare past your eyes' lenses
Windows framing solar wind rustling ivy on painted
pink buildings

But I've been hearing the soft step of the gray-eyed
governess
But I know you know the physical form of the moaning
alarms
Coming from the air force base
A skinless and sinewy leviathan all terrible contraction
and release
Debasement ringed in banner plane exhaust and
scattering V's of geese

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