## Dirge "Elysian Magnetic Fields"

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The lighthouse shrinks like lace Twisting shades in velvet breath Evening wound, sundown grin Silken sobs, satin screams

Night embrace As wax and clay paint your face I behold starving quicksands As you slip through my hands

Magnetic fields call through This growing sleep Where i can't trail you Where i can't beseech

Would i wait until
The bells of morning
Which reveal
The angels of spring
Slumbering birds
Passing over
Cracking domes
And abandoned homes
But do sleepwalkers know
Where they flow
Is there a smile, somehow
But do we know

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