

Emma Pollock

"Dark Skies"

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The light we see is from times unknown
But in the place, the troubles we are shown
We are the root, we are the branch
We are the product of a million chances
Don't you love, the way they dance
Above you in dark skies

It'll trip the sounds up in your mouth
So that the words they don't come out right
We could be anywhere in this kind of dark
Oh let's be anyone, oh let's be anyone
And they gave us a stage
To write our own page of history

And yet you still call this design now
From the only one who knows
I'll think I'll give the emperor back his clothes

In a valley in Glenhead, are all reflecting, the stars
over head
Like black glass, the water holds her eye
Not a movement, not a sign of pitching
leave me suspended like this, while the world does its
bitching

I like to keep my fairy tales on shelves
My Goldilocks doesn't need explaining
Why can't it be just as simple as it looks
Don't need a sermon to balance these books
They're in love from the ground
As the light it dumbfounds us

And yet you still call this design now
From the only one who knows
I'll think I'll give the emperor back his clothes.

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