

## King Crimson

### "The ConstruKction Of Light"

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Pain day sky beauty die black joy  
love empty day life die pain passion  
joy black day hate beauty die life  
joy ache empty day pain die love  
passion joy black light

And if God is dead what am I,  
a fleck of dirt on the wing of a fly  
hurtling to earth  
through a hole in the sky

And if Warhol's a genius, what am I,  
a speck of lint on the penis of an alien  
buried in gelatin  
beneath the sands of Venus

Time sun hurt trust peace dark rage  
sad white rain sun anger hurt soft  
trust night rage rain white hope dark  
sacred sun time trust hurt rage anger  
rain white light

And if a bird can speak, who once was a dinosaur,  
and a dog can dream; should it be implausible  
that a man might supervise  
the construction of light  
the construction of light

Pain day sky beauty black die joy  
love empty time sun hurt trust peace  
dark rage sad white rain hate anger  
hope sacred passion life night ache soft light

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