

## David Sylvian "Five Lines"

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Five lines  
Five lines  
With which he marked time  
Five lines flared from the ovens  
He pulled the ribbons from their hair  
With melodies beaten from the sheets of his mother  
Songs for the end of time

Five lines  
Return the birds to their singing  
The sun fell, should we leave it to the foxes?  
The sun fell from the sky  
Leave it to its wits and its devices  
The sun fell from the sky in the form of a stag  
Buried deep in the forest

And that's where he felled it  
A blow to the head  
That left it unconscious  
Nothing further was said

We'll set a place for him  
We'll set a place then

For he had tried  
Blood, bone, feathers to the sky  
Even in flight  
Nothing could have spared him  
Five lines  
Five lines flared from the oven  
Five lines with which he marked out time

Leave him for the foxes  
Leave him for the foxes

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