

Skycamefalling

"The Widdershins Jig"

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A wise man's son and Wednesday's child in each other
found a friend,
And searched together for the treasure hiding at the
rainbow's end.

To wise man's son and Wednesday's child all is white
that is not black,

They dance in symbiotic deadlock--one step forward
two steps back,

Playing karmic snakes and ladders (all your sins will
find you out),

When all your gains are lost in vain on cosmic wings
and roundabouts.

At the roadside manhood's flower--blighted by a
wayward youth,

Has cast it's seed on well-worn pathways--borne on
winds of whispered truth.

We march to drums of our own choosing--each of them
keeps different time,

As you are free to live your own life so I am free to live
mine.

Now wise man's son and Wednesday's child can
recognise their own mistakes,

And to these ends they make amends for every
promise that they break.

Both wise man's son and Wednesday's child view the
world in red and green,

Await the day when they die laughing--thinking of the
sights they've seen.

I tell you now if they were given chance to live their
lives again--

Wise man's son and Wednesday's child would make
the same mistakes as then.

At the roadside manhood's flower--blighted by a
wayward youth,

Has cast it's seed on well-worn pathways--borne on
winds of whispered truth.

We march to drums of our own choosing--each of them
keeps different time,

As you are free to live your own life so I am free to live
mine.

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