

The Axe That Chopped The Cherry Tree "The Black Box"

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Passengers, patient passengers waiting for those
tones and lights.
Let's get our hulking dreams off the ground.

Why do we only say our goodbyes when headed off so
high?
Why do we only speak apologies, when clouds crash
down on blankets of sea?

Seats locked, tray tables up; wouldn't want to spill
anything on that
Dress to impress; let's get there
Get where?

With eyes open, eyes closed.
Windows open windows closed.

Camera shakes, hands held; eyes closed

Oh Light, our golden bright, we need You now.
Oh Light our golden bright, don't ask why just now
[I never thought I'd need such a blinding light
I need the stars and shapes of the simple night.
Forgot the warmth of Your sudden hand,
Feeling the shakes and swells, I understand.]

With hearts open and eyes closed.

No not yet, not until we've kept and killed our promises.
No not yet not until I've kept my word!
No not yet, not until set to rest every promise.
No not yet, not until I've said my apologies.

The wing shakes,
Bright tones.
Little lights telling us everything will be ok,
Bright white canvases of wishes and wants dripping
down the ailes towards decay.
Children screaming.
'Honey please sit still for just right now! '
I can't feel my wrists
We're going down.

A mask falls, a simple speech over the radio:
'Put your masks on, ' he says.
'Put your masks on, ' he says, 'it'll help you breathe! '
'Put your masks on, ' he says, 'but this things going
down! '

Put your masks on; this things going down.
Oh, my God.
The sunset is crashing down.
I'm sorry.
I'm not done.
Oh, my God.

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