

Murphy Peter

"Cascade"

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We have no image
We're just called the good friends
We call the madmen back
As they fly to the ant hills
We never know, we never know
We sleep in satin nights
Throwing energy like bluebirds
In twilight
We call to stillness
As we kiss the water king's hand
We hear the one same name
As the darker the land gets
We never know, we never know
We're fueling for the light
Cascading like the rain
In twilight
Waiting for you, you look so close, we walk
a thousand stairs
Aching for your hand, our love a distant
voice, we have no image - we are light
We are not asking

No favors from the dead

We wash with moonlit hands

On the shores of our island

We never know, we never know

We sleep in satin nights

Throwing energy in silver curves

In twilight

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