

Morningside

"The Outcome (admit One)"

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The ace of hearts here that is in the end
I see the sky by eyes who has been killed
And all these stars a wave of someone's hand
Scattered in whirlpools of fields

They are so close it seems a hand to stretch
Water is black and cold the sleeves are white
Heavenly wanderer will point the only way
Will tell me true words from another side

Don't I sink like swimmer losing ways
In the ocean of these senseless days
It seems to me that someone spoke but when
Something wicked this way comes again

The whitish ligature of misty sadness spreads
Melancholy will spill the ice of lake
I can't forget the honey of rye breads
And salty sorrow of your Easter cake

And once again at last to hear stay
Before i force landscapes to disappear
Heavenly wanderer will point the lonely way
So do not cry I'm coming sky is near

Somewhere in the clouds the dust with your trace is
lost
Lightnings stomps the sparks from hot earth creeps for
the host

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