

## **Apples & Eve**

### **"L'homme"**

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At night you dream of what broken hands may make,  
Come sunrise youâ€™ve forgotten to create.  
Only life can help mend your broken bones  
For stones were thrown when battles took place.

You fought with your sticks,  
Memories without faith.  
From roots of sacred trees.  
Ideas waver in the southern breeze.  
The paper shackles you down.

Dionysus sat with jewels at his feet,  
Silver thread in his hair  
On a throne of brittle bones  
Unbeknown to the wandering spirits of the dark.

Thy Kingdom come,  
Thy will be done  
Eyes, Scratched with desire  
Saw only one

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