

## Trampled By Turtles

### "Father, Son & Holy Ghost"

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[Mrs. Cozier]

You were the dream that survived  
Lost in the darkness of eternity  
You were the hope kept alive  
Embraced by tomorrows that we all could never quite  
see

You had a beauty denied  
You were the moment

But here in this night  
Where your dream carries on  
Never quite there but it's never quite gone  
You are the star that is wished upon  
Forever

You were the one that believed  
Long past when belief was a memory  
The child time would never concede  
Faith and tomorrow and all of the things that might be

You had a beauty denied  
A glittering moment  
But here in this night  
Where your dream carries on  
Never quite there but it's never quite gone  
You are the star that is wished upon  
Forever

[Then in a sudden, unexpected,  
Visceral voice, she raged against all those citizens  
Of apathy and willful ignorance who lived behind the  
sacrifices of others.]

We thought evil dead  
Killed by our own sword  
But evil is patient  
'Til the future grows bored

Do you believe in night

Does it hold you close  
When you're at your last card  
Pray hard, Father, Son & Holy Ghost  
Still the night rolls on  
Brings you to your knees  
When you look back that far  
Each scar, suddenly just starts to bleed

The night it keeps burning  
While twisting and turning  
It's way to tomorrow  
It's joys and it's sorrows

Our secrets beneath her  
We drive each stake deeper  
Then offer to barter  
But each deal is harder

The cloaks we keep changing  
While gliding through weddings  
Of nights to their morning  
Of dreams to their dawning

While reaching for moments  
The world has forbidden  
The kindness inside them  
So carefully hidden

The pages keep turning  
But no-one is learning  
They feed them to pyres  
To stoke up their fires

Of ignorance, apathy  
Forbidding charity  
The flames they grow higher  
Could such be desired

And christ and Confucius  
Are all their words useless  
We quote them in fractions  
But not in our actions

Aurelius, and Hugo  
Auden and Gibran  
The words they have written  
Seem so quickly gone

For somewhere there's dirt  
That was once reddish mud  
From soaking up liquid

That was a man's blood

But both earth and god  
They have deemed to forgive  
So each year in the spring  
New flowers do live

And of all the authors  
Your favorite was Wilde  
With each timeless story  
All penned with such style

Of fairytale kingdoms  
Where ogres save children  
And no gardens have walls  
So all children might use them

And since that's the ending  
You valued the most  
You cling to that card

Father, Son & Holy Ghost

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Father, Son & Holy...

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