

Pax Cecilia

"The Tomb Song"

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Some requiem must be composed
For spirits still weighted to this world.

A man makes love to sorrow
When the sacred jaws of restlessness
Bring him only burden
When his truths are moths in mist

They whisper "oh! apotheosis. oh holy bulb of light."
He learns that it is shadow, not just darkness
That gives form to night.

But before we're gone we will put some definition to
freedom, to the divine
Our throats, our strings all wild in vibration
And with that sound we will bring the air to flames!

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