

## Johnny Whitney

### "Blinding Rage"

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We've been lost at sea for 20 days now  
Light brights up the night, my starving guts growl  
I'm stranded on a ship of glass  
Which day will be my last?  
I toss and turn in my bed  
An angel was lowered down from the clouds  
With pink wings and legs like a grasshopper;  
Sixteen eyes in her head, trembling, screaming in a  
dead language  
The captain locked the angel in a cage  
Then lightning crushed his skull with blinding rage

One by one the crew fell sick with illness  
While the angel was locked in imprisonment  
My skin turned translucent  
Everyone could see my organs trembling like the gears  
of a clock  
The first mate whose guts where stung with hunger  
Tried one night to kill the strange angel  
He turned into a hawk, with wings that peeled right off  
We could not stand the sight of his crippled state  
So we threw him overboard with blinding rage

I can't sleep to save my life  
All these dreams keep me up at night  
See that black curtain coming for me  
Right now

The cook and I were the only two alive  
The cook lusted for the angel all day and night  
The sky formed his face in stars, the face said do that  
angel no harm  
But he touched her skin anyway  
The next day the cook was not in his bed  
I heard him cry for help inside a mirror  
Where he was trapped for life  
And he could never die, just watch all his friends slowly  
age  
And beat against the glass with blinding rage

I'm on my back watching clouds collide

All alone I know I surely will die  
But before I expire, I untie the angel's barbed wire  
And see land approach like a books last page  
And take my last breath with blinding rage

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