

Iron Horse

"Pink Bullets"

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I was just bony hands as cold as a winter pole
You held a warm stone out new flowing blood to hold
Oh what a contrast you were to the brutes in the halls
My timid young fingers held a decent animal

Over the ramparts you tossed
The scent of your skin and some foreign flowers
Tied to a brick
Sweet as a song
The years have been short
But the days were long

Cool of a temperate breeze from dark skies to wet
grass
We fell in a field it seems now a thousand summers
passed
When our kite lines first crossed
We tied them into knots
And finally fly apart
We had to cut them off

Since then it's been a book you read in reverse
So you understand less as the pages turn
Or a movie so crass
And awkwardly cast
Even I could be the star

I don't look back much as a rule
And all this way before murder was cool
But your memory is here and I'd it to stay
Warm light on a winter day

Over the ramparts you tossed
The scent of your skin and some foreign flowers
Tied to a brick
Sweet as a song
The years have been short
But the days go slowly by
Two loose kites falling from the sky
Drawn to the ground and an end to flight

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