

GRAVEYARD

I remember you now, all the pictures inside are sorting and I have come here to cry. I know you're just ash in the ground, and fragments and thoughts in my mind. By the stone at your head I remember you're dead, but I came here tonight to keep you alive. You only exist now through me, and my internal chemistry.

I can still hear your laughter; I can still feel your palm. Forever and after I remember your calm. Of your beauty there is not a sound, but still to this place you are bound. Good-bye never seemed a good word. Forever you are in my world.

What is it about the graveyard that attracts me? Is it the beauty and order that lacks me - the inscriptions of love in stone; "Loved child, loved husband, loved friend", the ever so silent moan of death that never ends?

I have walked upon the green grass where you lay now. I have sat by your stone and cried. I know you are not the ash resting under the earth here, but still I feel a presence now of memories so near.

What is it about the graveyard...

Mourners put new flowers upon your bed now, and the mourningbirds sing in the trees. I stand up and clear my throat, and dry the tears from my sight. I see and feel your tender love, as I sing you back tonight.

Bring you back tonight; the birds all sing along, and as I sing my song, I gaze over the graves and see that there is space for me and all my friends, where death never ends.

LOGIC

You're lying in the street, I'm lying in my bed, but it is the same sleep aching in our heads. Snow is beautiful to me, but I don't have to freeze. A pillow made from snow - not so soft though.

I gave you all my wishes, because your wishes were so grand. I gave up all my hopes and dreams and put them in your hand. With the wishes of a prophet, but the logic of a poor, you sold them, bought a loaf of bread at the nearest service store.

It kept you alive for three more days, but those wishes kept you warm. So on Friday you and your void hope died in a winter storm. A loaf of bread and sorrow - that's what my wish was worth when I gave it to a prophet on the poor side of the world.

If I'd given dollars instead of fictional dreams, maybe you'd still be here making your brilliant schemes. But what is anyone's dream worth when you struggle every day, when you sell all your wishes just to die another day.

You have trouble sleeping - I have trouble too, for I am the one keeping the pillow away from you.

SKYLINE

Our accomplishments and accidents that we gaze back at in pride make up the mighty skyline for the people left behind. To the horizon that we head for some others turn their backs, stare over their shoulder and sneer as they walk their own true path. Some sit with an empty face; leave nothing behind, see nothing ahead. But who am I to judge; we may end at the same place when we are dead. Searching for the future, or some kind of shed, to rest our weary head.

You run ahead and you stand still, you claim religion or your will. In your quest for the horizon, heaven knows what you will kill.

(Roses are dying; new ones will come. Grow in the earth; graveyard for some. View the horizon, deep in the grass.

Roses keep growing, as the past laughs.

Oh how brave, oh how strong? How hard until you see)

We are all children; we are all blind; born by our culture, torn by its mind. You want to be; no one is free.

You say you follow your heart. Well what you follow is your choice; just remember that it, or any other part, may not be guided by your own voice. In a quest for the horizon, does it matter if we run, walk in circles or straight ahead beneath the sun? Your ideas and truths you keep is like Lego, stolen here and there, from which you can build a whole new castle, or container for your fear. With each catastrophe rearranged, by hands you don't pretend to hear.

You run ahead and you stand still...

(Roses don't know if they'll be picked. Or be left to rot, taunted and kicked. Roses can't reach, stretch their stem, Roses can't grow, high enough to know. Oh how tall, oh how strong. How hard until you see)

We are all drifting, living afloat; leaving the current, to steer our boat. You want to be; no one is free.

Dawn breaks, and morning aces come back to greet your day. You stay in bed to weigh your thoughts, and the leaves. "Been given my warning," You say to the walls as you fight the tired aces. In silver-grey morning with all the leaves falling through thin air to the lakes. With mourningbirds calling and thoughts that are falling inside you and astray. You love to watch the day, as it breaks, you decide to give it all away.

We are all searching, seeking the end, looking for structure, trying to mend. You want to be; no one is free.

WISH FULFILMENT

I see your wishes on the wall, and that's all right with me, I see you run to make a call, hoping that there's someone free. Your life and my life they don't touch at all, and that's no way to be, we've never seemed so far.

What's real? What is true? I ain't turning my back on you! Where're you goin'? Where you've you been? Making wishes, watching dreams

it might be simple, it might be true, I might be overwhelmed by you, you might be empty, the way your eyes just look right through. It's such a mess now anyway, wish fulfilment every day. I don't believe you, now I can't hear a word you say.

I see you shaking in the light, reading the headline news, the others they're not quite so bright, we want them to choose you. I could almost see your face tonight, singing simple rhythm'n'blues. You'll always be a star.

Shake it baby! Come on scream! Just see your face in a magazine don't doubt it! Leaves me sore! I can't stand it anymore

It's my favorite shot of you, you look so pretty your eyes looks true, I'm still on your side, in spite of everything you do. We're only blood on blood on life, you paint me pictures every night, come wish beside me, don't you know you know what's right?