

Untitled

To lose the meaning
To find a new
Beyond the scriptures, human lies
The crisp blue sea, the moon and tide.

When passion strikes
And boredom dies,
When logic fails to curb the "I"
And every eye is blind to why.
A harmony of horned and hurt
Will fill the world.
God's dreaming and we'll get burnt.

Your things will perish
Your bones be dry
But this morning's weep and cry
Slips through the jaws of time.