

Birds Elope with the Sun

The Agonist

(Air like water, water like stone, birds elope with the sun.)A velvet quietus furtively draped
over ears.

Quartz underfoot and crystalline opal tears
Welcoming webs of gasping despair
Nival anaphora textures the air.
Anamnesis waltzes through...

The windows, shut tight, and the fires are fueled...
Reminding naiveté of its magnitude's inferiority.Skyward stretching arms become thin and
weak.

Bony fingers comb the clouds
then curl into fists, admitting defeat.
Blood concedes to gravity's pull,
leaving hollow skeletons all erect,
perforating the skyline - an impenetrable cage...
like skin drawn tight, and canvas cracked with age.
Escapist flights and lengthy nights
as some succumb to slumber awakes...Faces count minutes 'till noon
Solar ghosts come kiss the moon goodnight
Grey memories for now.
A thousand families, down, will fall.
Nival tears bury them all!

Like absconding tides, birds elope with the sun.A barren desert soaked in bleach
A sickly pallor and opal touch
Hallucinating, shattered glass
falls as if the atmosphere cracked
and we are invaded by emptiness blank.The brain keeps the body company.
The continent is a newborn, trying to breathe.
Accepting his fate and falling asleep,
the child is woman, resting in peace.
(Accepting the sleep as a blackness
forcing its way in and pushing air out through heavy lungs...
And heavy are the clouds that reach so deep
and smother the land in a heavy shroud.
Eyes press closed and words are now visible.)The sky is an eggshell waiting to hatch.
The ground is the air, the wind, the trees,
the Earth, the water, the fire.
Sculptors working the clay, carving angels
and gargoyles and columns
as pixies dance to appease the leaves.
Faces that once turned to catch the light
frown and turn desperately down towards darkness.

Float to the stiff, grey earth.Faces count minutes...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>