

# You, A Phantom Still

Dark Suns

Will you ever see this blood  
Of children sticking in your mud?  
Observing their world going insane  
Once lost but they'll be strong  
Again  
Take the letters down  
From your old bookshelf  
Lurking photographs  
All the desperate notes  
Peel your own image from the mirror  
Sit down by my side  
Tell me what I've done  
Try to change your mind  
Once you've been my one  
See with what simplicity we could love  
Wallow in memories  
We stood by a pond that winter day  
And a few leaves lay on the sod  
They had fallen from an ash  
There was no sound, just you  
Just you and me talking  
And then four words  
Played between us, still whispering  
Let us be one  
Were I alone,  
The world itself would be a desert to me  
Thorns devour  
And beasts annoy  
And my guilt terrify me  
The earth a wilderness  
And me in solitude

Her:  
You are alone

But most upon melancholy  
Because void of you  
Will you ever see this blood  
Of children sticking in your mud?  
Observing the dark league of the sun  
Once loved but now you're gone away

Life and love must be more than this

We stood by a pond that winter day  
And a few leaves lay on the sod  
They had fallen from an ash  
There was no sound, just you  
Just you and me dreaming  
And then four words  
Played between us, whispering  
Let us be one  
I don't know how the things  
Could end the way they did

Her:  
I am alone,

And now the world itself is a desert to me  
Thorns devour  
And beasts annoy  
And your guilt is justified  
I'm a human wilderness in solitude  
A subject unto storms  
Because void of you  
Help me

(...and I step into my heart and meet  
The demon singing small  
Who would like to shout and whistle  
In the streets and squelch the passers  
Flat against the wall...  
'cause I'm balancing above an ocean  
Of expectations, fears and human stiffness  
You don't feel the yearning of speech,  
Those patterns of my dreams,  
The unseen genius of the wood or  
The urgency of courageous reason  
Will you ever feel?  
Will I ever break the spell?  
Am I alone?  
I don't know... ...to seem the stranger  
Falls my lot, escapist of your day,  
Shadow of the saddest truth:  
Your life is an almighty lie!

Love, a subject of  
The mere diurnal grind  
Lying upon the ground  
Feeding upon roots  
Love, a subject of  
Our deepest fear  
All things desolate  
Like a tragic mask)