

The Time Being

The Church

Every day
As you notice the sun slips away
A strange turbulence fills the air
Gargoyles and winged monkeys
Descend into the city
Teeth are bared, their claws outstretched

Down in the pit
I sense the unforgiving night rain down on the overworld
And its souls' unrest
As the temptation fades out
You jerk back into yourself
As if falling from a dream

Down comes the rain
Hot clear rain
Washing away our sins
Washing away the statues of Sharon Stone

Erosion of my solitude
Begins its race
And worms finally penetrating the warmth of my hiding place
Slithering in the blackness
All their coldness repels me
I use a .45 to give them some stick

Lightning and thunder cause the walls to shake
And someone searching through the debris
For the photograph of his wife

Oh I want life
I want it now and forever
I want to rise up out of this chamber and clamber into the sky