Apollo

Aaron

I still wonder how it goes
The harmony
The drift of things
The chalk line left in open skies by silent memory lanes of fli
ghts
Mirror the lines traced in my hand
Once a clear read
Now faded land
And that I used to understand
I wonder where they end

Maybe one day
I will call your name
Will it sound just like the rain falling?
Will it feel just like the rain?

Well maybe one day
I will read your name
Will it call me like a rainfallin'
Will it shine just like the rain?

And when the day breaks
And gives back the shape to all things spreading onto the concr
ete lands
Its quiet razor-bladed beams:

Oh I remember how your gait beamed
It could be as strong as wind on wings;
Blowing in a random blaze the balance of all
Things:

Maybe one day
I will call your name
Will it sound just like the rainfall
And Will it shine just like the rain?

Maybe one day
I will read your name
Will it call me like a rain falling
Will it shine just like the rain?

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