

Singularity

Darlingside

Some day a shooting star is gonna shoot me down
Burn these high rises back into a ghost town
Of iridium-white clouds
Matted close against the ground
While the sky hangs empty as a frame

See the reddening horizon line
Feel the planet spilling on the space time
All the way down Somerset, I take pictures of cement
For the history books on Mother Earth

To the west now it begins
In the sound waves in the wind
There is an echo going by me
Of the mountains caving in
And the potted roads and I
Knew that one day we would die
And become smooth and whole again
Like the ash that sweeps the sky

Some day a shooting star is gonna shoot me down
Burn these high rises back into a ghost town

There's holy water lying in the crater well
Heavy metals, high test gasoline
Blessed singularity
A telescoping memory
Where the sky still flickers through the leaves