

Parallel Lines

Dear and the Headlights

There's no sound, no one around
Half the sun's gone underground
All the dead still hold their heads
But their old weeping won't resound
As we drag our western talks
Down thousand year old blocks
Vesuvius looks ashamed
That he ever lost his mind
And that people now spend time excavating his rage
Kiss my mouth, leave me no doubts
With antiquated gestures now
There's no sound, no one around
That lurid moon in peeking out
And your steps they seem to rhyme
So perfectly with mine
As we pass through ancient gates
And I'm whistling at stray dogs
And you're laughing on my arm
Just waiting for the train
Out by parallel lines I try to make sense
Of that strange pulsing there in my wrist
But you don't bother to guess
You're not confused to be blessed
You're just smiling so thankful to exist