

# Shooting Rockets (from the Desk of Night's Ape)

Destroyer

Caution, hot ashes  
The girl says to her first kiss

They stuck eternity inside a bird's fist just to watch it fly  
Just to make it go  
Just to let them slip away  
Don't ask me how I know  
I just do

Night surgeon dons his robes  
To take apart a fellow amateur  
Well I've heard it once said  
One gives what one gets  
Oh I didn't go out into this world  
Just to get stung by rich mans hornets  
Who amongst us has left these things undone  
Who let these animals into my kingdom

A blind doe learns to work the rig  
A once thin man turns into a pig  
The endless groves where my soul pukes the night away  
The problem as I see it  
I was messed up  
On a tangent I was wrong  
They mix them strong  
And I was partial to the feeling  
It's a terrible feast we've been stuffing our faces on  
A terrible breeze from the east coming on  
Bearing the scent of our one hundred first kills  
You love her you leave her  
You try to achieve  
But the vision that she has from the start  
I've got street despair carved into my heart  
I've got street despair carved into my heart

My dear didn't you hear  
A chorus is a thing that bears repeating  
And the problem as I see it is  
Girls stay away from that shit

Saw you in Swan Lake you were great  
Saw you down in Strathcona square devouring an AfterEight  
Who cares I didn't mean it  
For your last encore  
You sawed yourself in half  
It was just you and your raft and this crummy requiem  
Shooting rockets

Run or fly  
At some point I had to ask why  
I had to show you a world not tethered to disasters  
But this would prove impossible  
I snuck a look inside your skull and said  
Don't look now  
But Gretchen's seeing red again  
The truth is a thing to coax out of it shell  
The truth on this you and I are going to tangle

Off treacherous bliss off  
First you come in all sweet  
And then on tiger's paws you retreat  
Into a darken nether shadow region  
Hey are they still serving that piss  
Shooting rockets

And it'd be true what they say  
Were they to say why yes I dig the scourge

It's not that I quit  
It's not that my poems are shit  
In the light of the privilege of dreams  
Alive she cried once now alive she screams  
Shooting rockets

Praise be the delightful muezzin tending his flock  
Praise be those alabaster hands running amok on your body  
They love you in spite of your lame scene

We live in darkness the light is a dream you see  
Shooting rockets