

Antique

Gazpacho

Underneath your courage
Never trust your courage
A thousand dead commuters
Line up in subway cars

Inconsolible
Deeper into hell
It's the place to be
When the antique assumes control

I know you think
What none of us would
I know you feel
What none of us should
Alone

To go on swimming upstream
The river weaving a dream
The sun is on blue fire
The dowsing rod's a lifeline

Underneath the floorboards
Stuck behind the wall
A thousand dead computers
And they never had a soul

Deeper into hell

I don't know how and when
I always leave that open
The writer hates the ending
The science of the low blow

Thank you for the words
Glorious, bitter words
Written with your love and losses
Through your madrigal
Simplicity and grace
Your broken lantern blink and then forget
I know you stand where none of us would dare
Deep beneath the surface
Stuck inside the stone
A thousand generations
And they never had control

Cross on every hill
Desperate to awaken
Seas are deep and blind
Where the blood was let
Are you tired yet?