

Hell Freezes over II

Gazpacho

Twilight on the doorway
Snapshots from the fifties
Chilly wind in dark streets
Where the neon lights and stars meet
Behold the golden turtle dreams
Stain the sheets where mothers weep
Tears upon the dry bone

They wait for you, they wait for me
In the room where silence lingers
By the fire of Mesolithic night
By the trail where the animals dragged him
There's nothing she doesn't see

She's keeping count of moments
You can breathe and still not live
She really needs to need it
That is how you feed it
I sometimes hear the choir of screams
In other worlds where mothers grieve
In whispered sacred ghosts of sleep

They wait for me, they wait for you
By the ancient well of blue magic
Me drinking from my broken cup
Between these heavy old buildings
There's nothing she doesn't see

They wait for you
They wait for me
Sooner or later one of us goes
I really tried to get close to you
Where the neon and stars meet