

Hourglass

Gazpacho

Build a boat
For yourself
And set out
For the sun
In the dream
Of yourself
To dissolve
And be gone

He is here
It's his machine
Controls my life
He's right in everything
He's always been
Slim and grey
Sleepy traveller
Pale at noon
Thank him for being everything
The call has come
The finger points to
Trace the names of the thousands
Who are buried
Under the sand
That spills from the hourglass
And it will spin you, drain you, eat you
Once it is done

In the cold yesterday
We would share from a part
Our hope climbed the wall
Of our mind
Outside
All the thousands who are buried
Under the well of common memories
And they will eat you, drain you, drink you
Once they are done