

Nocturnal Journal

GBH

Lying on my back, staring up to the sky,
thunder black clouds, I hear a distant cry.
Needle sharp start like diamonds on velvet,
and the snail trail of a shooting comet.

Everything I do - it all goes down, it all goes down,
Everything I see - it all goes down, it all goes down ..
.. it all goes down in my nocturnal journal.

Bats are flying high but, the owls don't give a hoot,
no birds singin', seems the whole world's mute.
The slightest noise, echoes through the streets,
slumber-lands bounce, to a tiny heartbeat.

Walls of old houses, still creak after all this time,
explanations don't contain no reason or rhyme.
The moon stays awake with ease,
bangin' car doors are annoying me.
The rain is coming down, started to lash,
and I'm waiting for the glass to smash.

Empty cans rattle just like skeleton shakes,
to live by night is a chance I take.
Seedy streetlamps spill, a pool of white light,
banshee screams of another cat fight.