

Last Song

Jason Webley

One day,
The snow began to fall,
And slowly, inch by inch,
Covered up the earth.
'Til finally,
The top of the tallest building,
Was lost beneath a powdered sea,
As quiet as a shadow's grave.

And we say that the world isn't dying.
And we pray that the world isn't dying.
And just maybe the world isn't dying.
Maybe she's heavy with child.

One night,
A woman took my hand.
I left my home and followed her
Into an icy field.
When I wanted to go back,
I'd lost the way.
So she beckoned me to lie beneath
The stone that always bore my name.

One morning,
We woke up in an alley.
To the smell of urine, alcohol,
Trash and gasoline,
With a dim sense of a notion
We'd held something in our hands,
That was bigger than us or God,
And we can never touch again.

I've been looking at the symptoms for a while,
Maybe she's heavy with child.