

Illumination

Jonathan Wilson

See the one eyed candies with the gory shell
See the newbian women with the queen to hell
See the western light it's beginning to dim
See questions of birth illude fingers of beckoning

Through the ice and snow I see them come above of the trees
Through the eyes of the child I see the soldiers own relief
Through the poring rain I see the city catch on fire
Through the shallow river bed I see my dreams fly high

Wild Bill told me he has a big check on the way
Don't show me how to paint the dawn of day