

Spinning Away

Talos

Up on a hill
As the day dissolves
With my pencil turning moments into lines

High above
In a violet sky
The silent silver plane, it draws a golden chain

One by one
All the stars appear
As the great winds of the planet spiral in

Spinning away
Like the night sky at Arle
In a million insect storm
The constellations form

On a hill
Under a raven sky
I have no idea
Exactly what I've drawn

Some kind of change
Some kind of spinning away
With every single line
Moving further out of time

And now
As the pale moon rides
In the stars
In the stars

I fall
In my pale blue lines
In the stars
In the stars

Out there
As the world rolls round
In the stars
In the stars

I draw
But the line moves round us
In the stars
In the stars

Out there
As the great wheels blaze
In the stars
In the stars

I draw
But my drawing fades
In the stars
In the stars

And now
As the old sun dies
In the stars
In the stars

I draw
And the fall winds sigh
In the stars
In the stars