

Dawn In Breaking

The Angels

Remember looking at the haunted race
Bowed down to the storm?
Remember searching for a familiar face
With no one there to mourn?
Staring eyes, silent screens
Plastic tubes to carry fading dreams
Preacher servant in the hall
Warm blood on the palace wall
Those who dine alone in hell-
Wearing grief in their lapel
Drop small change in wishing well
The haunted tears that never fell
Someone's draggin' a ball and chain
Looking for you in the pouring rain
While those who care give silent prayer
For lovers going home
If there was a brickwork surrounding the New York dream
If there were secrets locked in steel
If there was a button you could press on the luck machine
If there was a place for wounds to heal
If you were born in the barbwire of your mother's womb
If you were hungry before you died
If you say you left your bath all clean and white
You know I'd know you lied
Remember the poet who said it first?
He was speaking of you and your difficult birth
And how you care and say your prayers
For lovers going home
Drinking from an empty cup, waiting for a rock to grow
Whispered sounds that can't be heard, and no one knows
Children who don't mind the rain
Yet have no wish to die
Whatever you are, were or could have been
You'd feel better if you could cry
Dawn is breaking in the graveyard
People massing in the streets
Trampled heads beneath their feet
Children playing with the dead
Silver spoon stained with red
Watching through a widows veil
As Caesar desecrates the Holy Grail
You sit all alone in your front row seat
You look so small and frail
Y'r the mud on the feet of the men you damned
Y'r darkness came too soon
You should be selling two-bit watches and girly photographs
A masterpiece in ruin
Y'r a pantomime of old world courtesy
You should have a degree for harlotry
You should be incarcerated in an apartment tower
With no technology!
Did you ever listen to the pole opposed to you?
Did you ever stop to ask?
Did you ever smile and hide your wasted face?
Did you ever lift your mask?
Did you ever walk with your feet on fire?
Dis you ever take your place in line?

Did you know you look like you belong
Where wrong is right and right is wrong?
Did you really think that you'll be left
Where war is life and life is death?