

None But Shining Hours

The Books

following the line of the tide reclining
living on the fat of the sweet sun shining
drawing on the times aligning
walking on the long horizon
there's a little black spot in the sky with diamonds
living off the fat of the sweet sun shining
drawn upon the times colliding
walking on the wide horizon

never never never never never
never never never never never
never

the number on the back of the sign is rising
the gamelan attack of the trines aligning
chance will leave the sky bedizened
sliding on the wide horizon
never is the start of a clever lying
staring at the black of the blind spot hiding
the universe's private bower
these are none but shining hours