

Blackout

Thrice

Spirit hides between the glamour'd grip of words
Unconfessed, a mirrored masquerade
Clear and bright, amidst the banter of the birds
Manifest in every emerald blade

We'll find it's light inside each breath
Behind our eyes, beneath the west

Beyond the myths of utter emptiness or form
The warp and weft of here and now entwine
Imagined rifts between the thistles and their thorns
Like thoughts bereft of wisdom and of wine

We'll find it's light inside each breath
Behind our eyes, beneath the west

Black out the moon, black out the stars, black out the sun
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And see what shines
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