

Jeff Buckley, Faith Salons

in the faith salons they do your nails for fifteen dimes a bottle, where
someone in the darkness waits for your arrival.
in the faith salons the deals are struck, making heroes out of dust and clay.
the man gives you sixty seconds on the dollar, and walks away.
in the middle of your book of ages you write your dreams down to the letter.
tired of second chances and singles dances.
her robes were purple velvet feeling like the king of cairo.
prisoners to fools and slaves to paper gods.
in the faith salons....

the books of massacres and natural disasters,
beguiled by belligerence learned from the dancing masters.
the child on the train was a mimic mime of babble.
the mother knitted sweaters that the child would unravel.
in the faith salons....

they have medicines for madness, madness caused by drugs,
something for your headache and a spray to kill the bugs.
you walk the catwalk of polyphony, and your charades of destiny.
to whose myth of creation will you finally fall upon your knees and cry for forgiveness denied.
in the faith salons....

she'd appear like a belligerent ghost in my dreams,
in my living room, all torn apart and blue,
where the ribbons flew and the sky tore like a sheet of rain, of dust.
peace is a distant mirage where the only truth is the path and chance the only landmark in the desert
sleeping in doorways. underneath the falling frescoes, she'd say, it's your pain. in the faith salons...