

Sculptured, Between Goldberg

(music & lyrics by Don Anderson)

Goldberg's variations had permitted sleep
And the turning in my stomach had awakened me
The dim blue light through my window
Had all but calmed me
I would stay up late into the night
Until the sun had warmed the Earth
Gripping at patterns of the morning
Fighting the sequences before my eyes
The sun rises and my panic begins
I've spent all night sick to my stomach
As if imagination were a disease
I'm tired, and I hope the sun burns us all
The Night was
complex and
I could not
break free it's secrets
I wake with
the sun and
I'm ill with
the sun