

# Voice, Moon Through The Clouds

Through window panes  
Their eyes illuminate this darkness  
On concrete beds they lay  
May they rest their little heads  
(these muddy boots descend through cataract eyes)2x  
In hospital beds they lie  
Quietly waiting there to die  
At homes their families cry  
Gather around and share their tears  
(these muddy boots descend through cataract eyes)2x  
Under mattresses they hide  
This sun still burns their eyes  
Garbage bag cardboard coffin  
Newspaper epitaphs remember them forever