

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