

# Durutti Column, Sketch For Dawn 2

A brightness falling through the air  
Into the long grass where we lie  
The lark spirals upwards in perfect pitch  
The plane takes forever crossing the sky  
In the dawn  
In the dawn  
Dreams burnt away  
By the first cigarette of the day  
Instincts move us into  
The rhythms of love  
Making gentle pornography together  
Soaring into  
An exquisite tension  
In the dawn  
In the dawn  
In the dawn  
In the dawn  
In the dawn  
A brightness falling through the air  
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In the dawn  
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