

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
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
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