

# Gainsae, Ibis Flies

There is no relief  
From the autumn breeze  
And the bleeding tree  
Has already died  
In the clove of seasons  
And rape or reasons  
The rusty steel cable  
Sways like an empty cradle  
The millstone grinds  
Changes in time away

As the ibis flies  
Far beneath is the bleeding tree  
It's scarlet chest  
Paralyzed with stale breath  
It was born to breathe  
On borrowed time  
Born to live is that my crime

The splintery box  
Lost in the loft  
The mahogany weathered coffin  
Paints the picture  
Perfect in my mind

He died alone in the fleeting rain  
All alone by the bleeding tree  
His legs were broke  
He collapsed he choked  
When I left him in the cold.

I saw it in his eyes  
He died like the ibis flies