

King Crimson, The ConstruKction Of Light

Pain day sky beauty die black joy
Love empty day life die pain passion
Joy black day hate beauty die life
Joy ache empty day pain die love
Passion joy black light

And if God is dead, what am I
A fleck of dirt on the wing of a fly
Hurling to earth
Through a hole in the sky
A hole in the sky

And if Warhol's a genius, what am I
A speck of lint on the penis of an alien
Buried in gelatin
Beneath the sands of Venus

Time sun hurt trust peace dark rage
Sad white rain sun anger hurt soft
Trust night rage rain white hope dark
Sacred sun time trust hurt rage anger
Rain white light

And if a bird can speak, who once was a dinosaur
And a dog can dream; should it be implausible
That a man might supervise
The construction of light
The construction of light

Pain day sky beauty black die joy
Love empty time sun hurt trust peace
Dark rage sad white rain hate anger
Hope sacred passion life night ache soft
Light