

Nick Grey, All Lives Revolve In Bright Circles Of Quiet Light

Drop before
The pale day floor
And drive all gold
Along our walls

And fall on sand
And breathe our land
When sunbeams grow
On burning hands

(a frozen call
and endless land
a frozen fall
In shape of man
In scarlet air
In fields of wine
A frozen call
mmmmmm)

I don't belong here
I can't find my way out
Every new morning is
Like a grave to my heart
I'd better keep moving
But I don't know where to start
And you won't hear me calling
On my way out