

# Rufus Wainwright, In A Graveyard

Wandering properties of death  
Arresting moons within our eyes and smiles  
We did rest  
Amongst the granite tombs to catch our breath

Worldly sounds of endless warring  
Were for just a moment silent stars  
Worldly boundaries of dying  
Were for just a moment never ours  
All was new  
Just as the black horizons blue

Then along the bending path away  
I smiled in knowing I'd be back one day