

# Sleepthief, Nightjar

You keep your counsel so close  
I feel no right to ask the questions  
That burn in my sky like a Lewes bonfire night  
How time makes lovers liars

And all that prettiness  
Seems so much blossoms on a wild April day  
Beautiful but bound for treading under foot

What price reality?  
I'll give it nothing at all  
It all seems so true last week  
This way, this way is more real  
How could I ever feel  
I'd be allowed this dream?

I've heard the Nightjar  
Have I been cursed?  
I left a warm bed of amazed revelations  
And lost the way back, dropped the string  
Didn't think that I would need it anymore

And now the bed I find myself in  
Is haunted by the purring of a Nightjar

And all that prettiness  
Seems so much blossoms on a wild April day  
Beautiful but bound for treading under foot