

# The Creatures, Venus Sands

The morning star has long since gone  
The sun is high in the sky  
Shadowless a figure stands  
Stranded on Venus sands

Up in the blue and circling  
The seabirds watch and wait  
For movement of a certain kind  
Down on their dinner plate

Where children played a flower lays  
Pulled and torn up by its roots  
And where it stood,  
the empty space just screams...

Down on the flats, baby turtles race  
For safety of the big deep  
And white caps come crashing in  
Indifferent to tender flesh

Shriek of attack, then moving in  
A raucous clash, a gourmet din  
Of cruel gull beaks  
And tearing skin... screaming

Lit by the evening star at Venus sands  
Against a blood orange sky  
There's a shadow of a figure prone  
Abandoned and all alone  
Venus sands