

The Good Life, A Golden Exit

i can see the chill in the air between us.

i can feel a winter coming we're frozen in our stares.
and we know there's a world outside
of these insults and injuries
maybe we're just too, afraid to be one.

the autumn sets a golden exit the winter is waxing
that cold sun will shed no more warmth into our living rooms.
where we dream our dreams, where we wait for sleep.
maybe we'll wake up with golden wings,
and fly over a city screaming, take me take me!

i woke up this morning to the silence of falling snow.
these graces of beauty have left me so cold.
i once had a heart, but hearts are like snowflakes
and snowflakes. one warm touch and they melt away
maybe we'll get wings. maybe anything.
just anything to set us free. maybe we'll wake up
a golden exit. must we always wait for sleep?