

# Trance To The Sun, Calling All Vanished Airplane

I always talk to myself  
They were lost under a holocaust sky  
Floating mute and eyeless in air thick with disappointment  
And there were cobwebs and shreds of dreams caught in her hair  
There are summers and shreds of dreams caught in her hair  
The hand that holds a cigarette and trembles and points at him  
Round and round and round she says were all alone she says  
He only looks down at his feet and knows they are flying  
He grins and gives her whitened bones  
They stand and she shakes the dead leaves from her like water  
And they walk away from everything  
Know that they're nowhere nowhere  
They can never go home