

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