

Up To the Day

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This boat glides quietly on through the turquoise caves
Deep in the heart of this silent city of temples and trees
Down through the breeze of light, lost memories
Long hours forgotten, up from the blood-covered bottom of my soul

This boat glides quietly on through the turquoise caves
Deep in the heart of this silent city holding the lantern
Lighting the scampering, shimmering leaves and iron-wrought walls
Wield, breathe, call from the deep, sleep-shaking halls of the twice-born
Home to the light-torn, forlorn and awake, alive and near breaking
Taking nothing but great, bold handfuls of hope
Sandbags with ribbons, hidden and gray
With nothing to say, not a ripple at play
Still pools of day, yet the night has a way
in the bay of the red head of the dawn
And I travel on towards the light

Up towards the day

Up towards the day

The wake bleeds black as a night without stars
As a world with no heart
As a mirror to martyrs, sailors, mapmakers, soldiers and truth-sayers
Climbing the line-blurring, crystalline, coloring breach
Reach, stumble towards now
Somehow the humble stand up from the bow of the million mile tree
See for yourself what I see from this shelf on the rock face of mystery

And I travel on

On towards the light

Up to the day

On the other side