

The rock - 1/1

Interprété par Sow.

Night tumbles
The day decays
The roaming sun glows on a fresher morning
So far east it's gone west
Once sanctified
Now at rest on a planet turned red
The age of miracles is past
What has been may be but for the mortals whose
Suspect spectres hush to the sound of their self-imposed sentence
The dawn of dusk plays a prelude to penumbra
Night tumbles
The day decays
And the rock rejoices in the vacant sky
Docked in the still waters that run deep with its roots
Dense
Unmoved by the motion of its fiery friend
Amnesic of man and his man-made end
Birds of sadness fly over but do no nest
Restless in their quest for tears of repentance
Parched on the cheeks that charred with the solstice
Woods of oak and pine and divine finery
Green with corrosion
Nevergreen again
Sit still on the rock that they once sheltered
Awaiting their flight by hurricane
Night tumbles
The day decays
And the rock rejoices in the vacant sky
Unflinching
At long last alone
Wiser than all men who lived to be old
Knowing all is for the best
In the best of all possible worlds