Some summer night
on a cold wind's wing
flying through
the world you aren't in
Trying to find
a cardinal direction
to silence the spin
of compass collections

Water sits still
beneath a full moon fire
setting ablaze
some long lost desire
A thing that had been
once happily
upon a world
of a garden and a tree

Embers ebb slow
out with the tide
that races away
and fails ever to rise
The barren sands
of momentary malaise
lie spare for the time
of infinite days
A world of wonder
or a weekend went wrong
the difference isn't much
when there's only one song
Sung by each second
in a sequence of sound
that drowns out the sight
of the emptiest ground

Eyes fail at all
when there's nothing to see
apart from the space
of seas in tranquility
A place to go drown
on a soft searing day
where all is lost
in the simplest way

To sit in a sea
or lie on a sand
to love from a mountain
all human hands
There it will be
the compass arm lands
and delivers unto
The Promised Land