

My New Time

Autumn

I hate it here
Pillow of shame, blanket of lies
warms the primitive
I hate it here
in this new year, with the sun
new in my skies

Broken glass on corroded brass,
it tells a time
A new time, gentlemen
Blinding glance, raise my glass
to my new time

I'm naked here
I'm in the blind, in blinding cold
Not a shiver
moves the primitive
I hate it here
in this new year, with the sun
new in my skies

Dead weight on my shoulders, sir
A mule of circumstance

Am I this blind?
Can I not see this?
Am I blinded into seeing
nothing real?

Cry in your pillows,
swallow that pride
Keep your blankets
for these colder nights
in the new year
My new year
My new time, gentlemen