

In heaven worm souls flutter
They flutter by with rosaries
Dangling from their necks
German shepherds guide by nightfall
Little kinder dressed in starlight
Inside I feel like I'm crying besides a tree
I'm watching myself like an old movie on color TV
I'm watching myself like an old movie on color TV

When people whisper in Portuguese
It's just as mysterious
And the stubble on his face
It hurt me when
When we fell onto each other's faces

Dawn retraces heart ached patterns across grey oceans
Windows brighten up the room
And one could cast a smooth worn lover's stone
Worn smooth from days of fertile deliberation

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Worn smooth from days of fertile deliberation