

Southern Cross

Jason Webley

Hey, do you know where you're going?
Have you noticed its snowing,
Although it is June?
They, said your weakness was growing,
That your rapture was showing,
Just a little too soon.
But under these mountains,
The nights and the shadows grow long.
The stars up above you feel wrong.
This is not your sky.
Pray, to a strange constellation.
Thank God for your isolation,
This forever goodbye.

Dawn, throws its light on the covers.
In this bed there's another,
Asleep at your side.
Gone, the embrace of a lover,
And the fire you discovered,
Already has died.
Her body recoils,
As your hand goes to touch her again.
She's a temple that won't let you in.
At her side you're alone.
On her back is the same constellation,
Confirming your alienation.
No this flesh is not home.

You, carry a vague conviction,
This life rose from an eviction,
Out of your homeland.
True, but it's also addiction,
To this soft crucifixion,
Under these foreign hands.
And like all Christs before you,
You kneel down beneath the night sky,
To look into your father's eyes,
And only feel lost.
Crucified to a strange constellation,
A new king awaits coronation,
But there will be no great revelation,
Your journey is your destination,
And discomfort could be your salvation,
Here, under the Southern Cross.