

Goldenface, Morninglight

Pale Young Gentlemen

Goldenface, morninglight bending through
my window, a burden on
my eyes.

Everything is changing, and I am
just alive.

Slip away, unseen, returning to my
Kingdom, a newly widowed dream
because everything is changing, and
I am just alive.

You will make a puzzle out of anything.
There's nothing I can tell you my bottled
firefly. Everyone is feeling this way.

Soon I wake to a fiery sun and a
woman's looking at me like I'm the
only one.

Everything is changing, and I am
just alive.

Good morning