

01 Angels

Twilight bird, wings across my eyes;
Dream calls, softly along the walls,
From the window where you lite,
Watching with unblinking sight,
My eyelids, as the slumber falls.

Evening bird, long and starry tail.
I lie in deep surrendered sleep,
Beyond my powers to defend,
Should you decide this is the end,
And steal away my soul to keep.

From across the sea of lethargy
Do you bring dry straw or green reeds?
What do you want in return from me,
What will you take in exchange for me?

Morning bird, gliding past my face
To sensitize, to realize
The day's incense, songs, and sights,
Drive away the clinging night.
For now, my life, my soul to prize.

The fear of death comes from a guilty conscience. If the shame and guilt from my sins are not addressed by confession, repentance, forgiveness, and amends, I have good reason to fear. I wrote this song in relapse.