

COVENANT JUNCTION (FLY THROUGH THE SUN)

The desert has eyes. This train is riding rails made of steel and lies.
The sky's a thunder-clapping kiss. You picked a fine time to bluff your deuces, hide intentions.
Now you arrive, when everything's in shards and fragments.

Chorus: And I fly through the sun.
I'm lighter than a stallion's wing, leaving behind the standards of a lifetime.
And I fly through the sun, exploding out the other side,
Taking along every word, every thought, every deed.

Some love the sight. Lot's wife took the window seat,
Cassandra the aisle, so not to see those funnel clouds.
You've got a strange way of getting people close to you,
Packing their trays chin high with savage contradictions.

Lightning storms are wreaking havoc on the mountains.
Wind-bearing thorns are slicing up Saguaro fields.
You forsook the plains and dwelt so high no one can hear you.
Inside this train, we're honey-glued to false impressions.

The candle-lined hall, like chantries in the harbor mist, beckon me on.
The sentry had a name for this. The clarion calls.
Amusement ride doors open wide. The steam rush defaults. Light pours unto a union.

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