

Fish, Poets Moon

--- "Poet's Moon" from the fish single "Credo" ---
You sit there biding your time of your head and into your mind
Penning thoughts that are dreams in action
A glass raised to an absent muse a boy stands in his father's shoes
And a drunk man smiles at thistle under a Poet's moon
Under a Poet's moon there's a life sign burning
A Poet's moon like a vision shining and
The lovers lie in the long grass, stolen flowers make their bed
Under a Poet's moon there are dreams in action, prayers met
And questions answered as the world birls in the darkness
I'm still staring at the skies under a Poet's moon
A night black as hoodlo's eye, the sparks fly from a tinker's fire
As the stories burn among us under a Poet's moon
A seed falls onto stony ground without a hope and without a sound
From the weeds will grow the flowers under a Poet's moon
Under a Poet's moon, there's a salmon dettling
In a guddler's hand that is patient waiting
With a lover's touch, to charm the life
His fingers play the reeds
Under a Poet's moon there's a whistle blowing out in no mans land
Where a flare is falling in a deadly night
The dreamers stand like flowers in a storm
You sit there biding your time out of your head and into your mind
Penning thoughts that are dreams in action
A cross made in a polling booth another flies in a field
Of blue and a drunk man smiles
At a thistle under a Poet's moon
Under a Poet's moon there are angels crying, dead men born
And devils laughing and the dance goes on regardless till
You're carried from the floor
Under a Poet's moon there are dreams in action
Prayers met and questions answered as the world birls in the darkness
I'm still staring at the skies, under a Poet's moon
[FISH]