



A GOLDEN THREAD
After The Dance

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Diving for Pearls

Painting pictures of lovers, dark shades of grey
A love for tomorrows, never today
Clouds for desertion, skies for release
Mountains for joy, oceans for peace
Though no church for his prayers or thought sublime
Rivers of torrent, a rage for all time
Words visit like angels, drifting on the breeze
Calling with a fervour from somewhere, beyond the sea
Grace within thunder, scriptures from the land
A song for a beautiful man

Hymn from the waters, dive naked into the deep
To bathe in a truth, to ride with the gift
To have wonder and solace
To soothe a past, remembered... but not missed
Light through the window, salt from the breeze
To lie with the ocean, skin tight from the cold
To wrap a world around you, with stories, as yet... untold
Grace within thunder, scriptures from the land
A song for a beautiful man

No longer a soldier waiting for a war
Nor the coat he wore, to the edge of 'nothing more'
All that he faced, all he felt, all he did... all that he saw
Now he's standing on the shore, he is standing on the shore

Grace within thunder, scriptures from the land
Comes gift with the hand, a song for a beautiful man.

Look around these barren fields of concrete and steel
The sprawling agitation of old children without love
Building, burning... money some success
Some even believing in the answer from above

Running round and around
Chasing their chosen god for that day

I listen for an answer... not a sound

Cast your mind across these barren fields
All the little soldiers playing complicated games
of lost and found

Searching for any kind of love - luv
In the hope of something... real

Not a sound... not a sound

I see crosses bathed in a setting sun
Their shadow cast, the battle won
From this dark earth, no flower of truth
The seed is lost, the ploughman blind
And who dares speak of love?
As the religions of Man rage in rivers of blood

Not a sound, not a sound - but for the beating, of a heart...



Bread for All of Us



Humalogue

Eye to the rose, hand to the thorn
Now all that I reached for, all that I touched... seems torn
Like a seed in the desert, waiting for the fall
Sweet dreams of the forest standing tall
Falling... falling, no rope for my soul

And you walked through the mirrors, no blink of an eye
A hand with an offer and a world full of kind
In the shadow of your skin and all that shines within
The senses, the silence and the moon
Cast me from this waiting room

And not a moment too soon, you take my hand
With trust the size of a child's, fragile and free...

Wash out the bitter, wash out the hurt - wash out the cold
Wash out the memories, those stories untold
And like the sun that thinks it never shines
Out of the blue... that beautiful colour of you

Out of the blue... sweet dreams of a watered sky
Sweet dreams of reason... of not to cry

As we walk we tremble, new things and the fears
November blows through.. it's cold and there's only standing-room
In the shelter of your skin and all that shines within
Not a moment too soon... that beautiful colour of you

In the shadow of your skin and all that shines within
The senses, the silence and the moon
Not a moment too soon, the sun that thinks it never shines
That beautiful colour... of you.

Listen to the silence, put your ear to the shell
What is it that you hear, as an ocean unfolds?

Listen to the silence, succulent and gold
Those simmering skies, a bastardised truth... shouting and sold

Listen to the silence, whilst the baby feeds
The exhausted others, suckle on its needs

Listen to the silence, as new whispers the breeze
This sky is dreaming, as the sun splits the trees

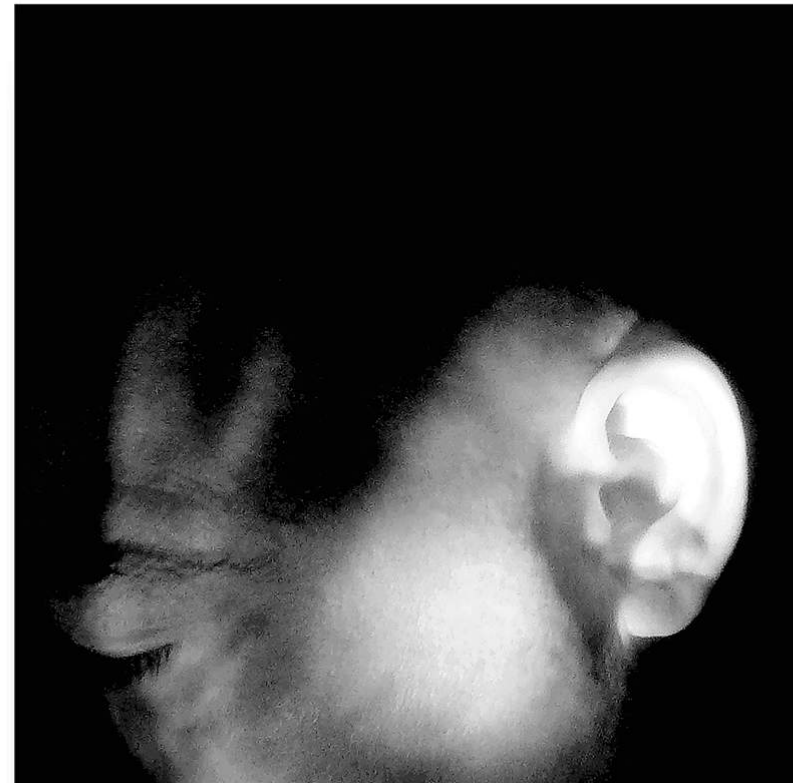
Listen to the silence, no beating of a heart
Our angels are watching
The space between us, as near as it is far...

Listen to the silence, inside the pouring rain
Remnants of stories... moving, yet somehow - unseen

Listen to the silence, as everything and nothing moves
Dreaming is for the dreamers, I am leaving, I am leaving
With everything and nothing to lose... everything and nothing to lose

Listen to the silence, as something somewhere moves
Those golden threads dance their sunshine dance
Waiting, waiting for you

With chance... their almighty gift.



Listen...



Your Time

You leave the past like a crying child
There's no-one's hand and the sky... is wild
The city dreams of 15 minute fame
The horror of the lonely when you're real
and they're playing a game

And when you reveal it's the things they steal
When you reveal... it's the things they steal

But this is your time

The lovers come, then they go
The more you learn the less you know
And you're learning to hurt, learning to cry
What is freedom?
There are wings in your eyes

Because this is your time

The skies will open, the rivers rage
The questions burn as you turn the page
The rain... the pouring rain, every drop a memory

You leave the past like a crying child
There's no-one's hand and the sky... is wild

Free... free - you will be.

I follow as we climb the stairs, I watch you place your hair
You turn and kiss without a care
I sense you taking me somewhere

As I look above to those waiting rooms
A familiar door now so much more
Silence comes with your glance, so deep... my breath is stilled
You remove your clothes and take my hand
I know your wants and much much more

Though sometimes the well is filled with blue
Treasures shine blinding in your eyes
You tell me everything feels right

Will it be tonight I say those words... to you?

As we follow this skin I travel in, will it out that within
This hope of fragile reach and size
How long can I deny... this cry?

It's always someone's sky
But in the Garden of Angels, it's yours... it's mine

So take my hand, that I might understand
Take me to your pleasures
A breath without trust, scattered like dust
Riding on the air

Wings bring the prize
In those tender hours, coming to us
In the Garden of Angels
Our breath becomes sighs

River to the sea
Into an ocean of free, release me.... from me



In the Garden of Angels

Like a rose to life's thorn
In you I found a healing salve
I was listless, battered and torn
Now untired, but the road - winding and long

And I'm still looking for you, in the Garden of Angels
And I'm still waiting for you, in the Garden of Angels.



Nature of the Beast

I have horror, I am horrified
I see shells of people, of houses... no one asking why
I have destroyed, memories and hope
I can't close my eyes

Something has died

I am soldier, I am fighter
When I see compassion, I despise
My destiny is glory
This man will never cry

Something has died

I am proud, I have my pride
With this uniform, I will conquer and divide
I wear a coat of one colour
Behind which I can hide

Something has died

I have questions, I close my eyes
Why must I ponder, over man... so profound and wise
Yet, I will not say
"I have answers, I have answers"

Something has died... something has died.

This changeling in you, too much and much too soon
Visions, fears... hopes and tears
Decisions made beyond your years
And time has drained you from this place
All things felt, nothing said
Everything was at your call, beauty and all things... all things

A strangled spirit out of place
Struggled joys, tangled hates... all ill-repaired
Too many to care for, or to care
The space between us, as empty as it is full

And how sleep becomes the great escape
Or the randomness of sweet recall
The lies of the lost and the in-betweens
The spectacle of all that is hoped for... and seen

Those spirit-crosses from which you'll hang
Owned by them, though a given by curse
Mothers, Fathers - brothered Sons, Friends, Lovers... all fall by the way
Wanting to touch, be touched... roads to a fate which circles
Ungiven... the offerings you hold like a beacon

Waiting, waiting - a fury that is patient

Warmed by the hearts that you will find, then know
Warmed by the hearts that you will find... then know.



A Golden Thread



A Morning's Silent Gift

Go to bed, no curtains drawn
Turn the radio on, no words heard... no song
No song...

All things I have been told, all things a fragile thread
All things to my cup, yet all you leave is me
All you leave... is me

Chorus

Everything is today, my friend said to me
No laughter nor soft light
As absence turns my sheets
That fear shaped thing - things tomorrow brings
Then the possibility of you
Quietly, everything and everywhere

Nothing is mine, not shadow nor sunshine
Nothing in-between, however I rage... and fight
As all around turns, as song and first light greets
The bough that was once bare, stirs and somehow shifts

(Chorus)

Lost amongst your scent
Unturned your silence freed
For those who wait awake, a morning's silent gift
For those who wait awake... a morning's silent gift.

As I sense your mouth

You...

Then feel your lips kiss my chest

As your hand slips between my thighs

As would the hangman hood his victim, your fingers close my eyes

I feel your body writhe

As it lies expectant... at the consummation of my soul

The light switches on

My world exposed - intact

You breathe the breath I give

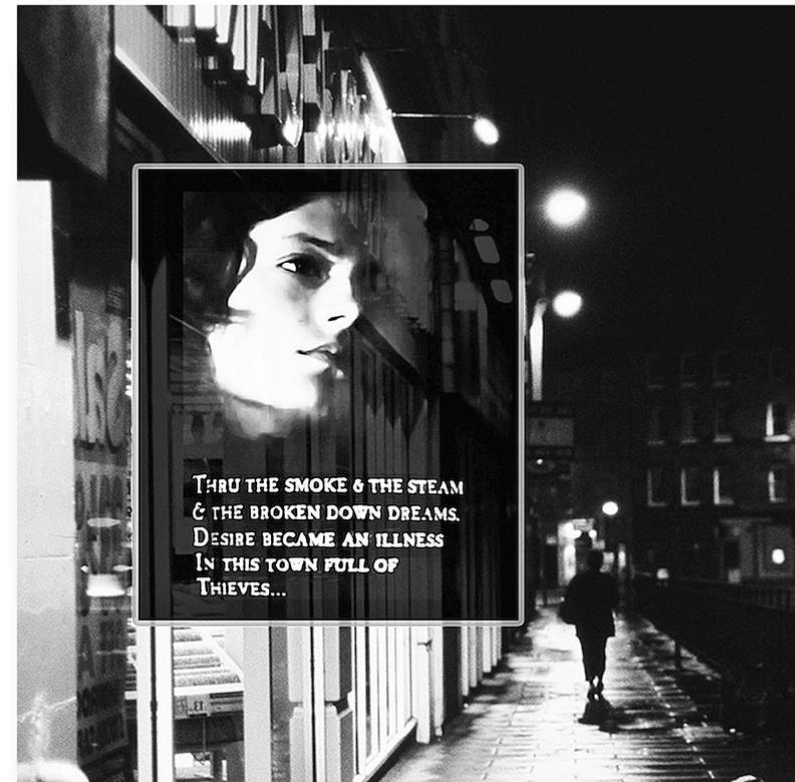
You suck me in... as the heart pleasures blood

All before and all after will be loss

But, as you hold me... you hold my very soul

As you fill me

I will let this truth be rain... on all the barren souls.



Waving and Drowning



Sound

It is sound which first wakes us from a coma

A human voice

A Brother, Lover... or a malcontent friend
wished forgotten and calling from the unresolved space

A musical bolt from a time distant, but inside
Something recalled... yet instant

It is sound which calls to us as the unborn inside

The soothing rhythmic heart

The gurgles, then swishes and the distant muffled thuds
that will become recognised as 'Mother's footsteps'
It becomes the outside

It is the first of the awakenings

The last of the senses to leave...

More media and contact @ agoldenthread.co.uk

Music, Photography, Short Film, Soundscape and Spoken Word