

CHRISTMAS EVE

Born through a cold sweat, amniotic rain
Bad dream's breaking up.
Stars emerge, from Bible black
Their light sticks in my brain
Our tears fall, in thankful silence
Across our damaged breast
The iron gate has been left unlocked
We pass, dimensionless

On Christmas Eve
Joy to the world.

Soldiers are gone, the towns deserted
The wind howls in the wires
The last prison train has left the station
It's wood ripped down for fires.
The raging beast, killed by neglect
His body left behind.
His dripping jowls snapped shut behind you
For the very last time.

Now's the time for the Old Wine
In bottles long hidden from view
Now's the time we drink long and deep
In sympathy and renewal.

On Christmas Eve
Joy to the world.