

Scruffy Eagle Poetry

"V2 RED LIGHTS"

Background info: This was originally written as poetry, with conversion to a song in mind. Unfortunately, I still haven't come up with the perfect music for it... Someday, ... (?) For now, the lyrics (simply poetry) will have to do. I should also mention that although this probably seems like a very long song, having so many lines, I've always thought it would be best done at a quick tempo - so, it wouldn't anywhere near as long to play, as it might seem when you first read it.

"V2 RED LIGHTS"

Begun: 1993 MRU: 02/05/09

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Red lights, flashing in the night:

Omens on the wing,
where darkness wraps the world tight.

Eyes without eyes, lonely and gazing
where the heart cannot go:

Mortal waste of linen drapes;
dreams of love - where,
nothing makes the spirit-winds blow.

Gray clouds, scudding across the skies,
gray clouds, scudding across the skies,

Cold wind, blowing when the death-angel flies;
gray clouds scudding across the skies.

...and, the winds blow in wind where the life was alive.
...and, the circus never stops though the animals try.
...and, the waters drip in water when the prisoner sighs.
...and, the morning never comes, where the death-angel flies.

Gray clouds scudding above the rain:

shelter for the lost,
immersed in sorrow and pain.

Eyes without eyes, lonely and gazing
at the river of time:

Mortal fear, of wasted years -
in self pity, where,
it appears, all love was a line.

Red lights, fighting the driving rain,
red lights, fighting the driving rain;

Steel box, burning with gasoline haze.
Red lights, fighting the driving rain.

...and, the dirts call for earth where the soul lingers by.
...and, the music never stops though the dancers might hide.
...and, the fires sink in fire when the moment arrives.
...and, the morning never comes, when the death-angel flies.

No, the morning never comes, when the death-angel flies.

Red lights, fighting the driving rain -
steel box, burning with gasoline haze.

Gray clouds, scudding across the skies -
cold wind, blowing when the death-angel flies;

Morning never comes,
where the life was alive,
when the death-angel flies.

In conclusion:

*I hope you've enjoyed reading my lyrics,
"V2 Red Lights".
May it be a gift of spirit, for whoever listens.*

May you be guided and protected as you journey through life!

~~~ Scruffy Eagle ~~~