

Constellations by Thomas Tate

i remember looking at the skylines,
peering into worlds beyond this earth of mine,
warm to the touch the way the stars align,
she's divine,
and you're so fine,
so fine,
God, who does the sky,
think that he is,
keeping me in this world of crime,
my friends all stuck in different worlds of time,
i moved in silence, streets purple,
feel like ocean drive,
my eyes wander in the sea,
the stars falling in the distance to power dive.

arms extended reaching for those who ain't prophesy,
they got their wishes one by one,
but where is mine?
shooting by while comets fly,
in mind's eye,
i was hypnotized by those who found peace in Versailles,
everybody in a trance while I watch their high,
the clouds disperse in the ether and a deity
staring back at i...
staring back at i.

4:30 A.M., staring at the sky,
tides shifting on the shore, you are shining so bright,
reflections of the sea show how mangled you're inside,
looking for your hand, reaching up into the lights,
tides shifting on the shore, you're shining so bright,
reflections of the waves calmed down and you're all tired,
constellations dance, and we're aligned right over France,
but we are not stars, we are only planets.