



Professor Blue

Meldon Sky

Shrieking and circling the thermal ballet

Draw my eyes to the lonely display

The sky on the hill sets the frame for the kill

Just patience, no spiral decay

Speculate fears and ideas, malice and dread

The looping of thoughts left unsaid

Never suspect the cry from above

Isolate and wait for the dead

Was I smaller than you

Poorer than you

I saw light without warmth

Thought without fire

Destiny slipping away

Gliding and sweeping, hover and dive

Am I sad that this ends or alive

The drop and the catch, the call of the prey

Trapped in the need to survive

Was I smaller than you

Poorer than you

I saw light without warmth

Thought without fire

Destiny getting away

No shadows exist where no light enters in

The numbness alone as I sleep

No anger or malice or madness or grief

Just the sadness that lies underneath

I saw light without warmth

Thought without fire

Though I'm quicker than you

Smarter than you

Destiny gives me away

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Words and Music: Mark Goodman

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