

Two Black Marks

Two black marks
Will make a sign
You can read it in your mind
Makes no difference where you are
Those black marks are like a star

Silver night and golden day
Have been taken away
Riding bumps across a page
Living in another age

Simply sitting on a bench
Never tremble, never flinch
Keep it in your pocket quiet
Reading late into the night

Crossing space and crossing time
Crossing boundaries in your mind
Across the years you plainly see
Men of the 18th century

You are going down the slide
Down the hallway you will glide
You are centered and you are calm
You are right and you are wrong