

## **Christian Kjellvander - Drunken Hands**

**Wearily and weathered  
Lungs filled with new  
There's a days worth of sky  
Hovering over you**

**No it's not the sand  
Nor is it the dreams  
That now blow across the acres  
As clothes loosen in their seams**

**One by one - coming undone  
We scurry to be one up on the sun  
You landed here with fear  
Gone north and put to rest  
The cross around your neck is now  
Buried in your chest**

**Sleep for the sake of the night  
And wake in the hope of finding a light**

**Throw your drunken hands  
Across the scenery  
And your drunken thoughts on temporality  
Everything lay so still, almost dead  
Except the blood-red sky over head**

**Sleep for the sake of the night  
And wake in the hope, but fumble in light**

**Throw your sunken dreams  
At the scenery**

**With your sunken hopes**

**For longevity**

**The country lay as still as the dead**

**Save the blood-red moon up ahead**