

Escapist Angels

We were walking into the night
Holy in second situations of silence
Hearing the spheres beyond the din of internal destruction
We were walking into the night

Holy in this moment
Seeking sanctuary from stillness
Seeking sanctuary from non-existence
We were holy in the night

Taking flight where there were no wings
Singing where there was no air
Praying where no angels would follow
We were holy in the night

Deep in this flight from nothing
We stood on the precipice and raised our arms up
We walked where no shadows touched
Holy in the night. And holy.

A-ho!

Oliver Loveday © 02/01/11/1:30pm EST