

We were kings  
Crowned only by the burnt orange of dawn  
And the riches we painted  
From the mud and sticks  
Honey, thick between our feet

In those sunkissed days  
Our cheeks flushed hot with new life  
And the birds sung sweet for us alone  
Wistful tunes thin in the changing winds  
Heaven was where we were,  
Wasn't it?

Ten years yonder the birds still sing sweet  
And beneath my shoes are still the same mud and sticks  
But mud and sticks don't pay the bills  
(the landlord won't accept them)  
And mud and sticks don't fill our aching stomachs  
(damned cost of living)  
So kingdom falls to oak tree  
And throne room back to stones  
And heaving,  
I pull my work boots back on.

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But once we were gods

Haloed by the fiery blaze of the setting sun

And like the sun we succumb gracefully

Against the bruising sky of dusk

For we will always be back then