

Worried
of course

defeated
of course

old
of course

grateful
of course



ever since
the background
dissolved

THE FLOOD

The flood it is gathering
Soon it will move
Across every valley
Against every roof
The body will drown
And the soul will break loose
I write all this down
But I don't have the proof

- Sinai, 1973

← the point

"The Other Side Of Zero"

(a collection of songs inspired
by Leonard Cohen)

Rob Moore

MY TIME

My time is running out
and still
I have not sung
the true song
the great song

I admit
that I seem
to have lost my courage

a glance at the mirror
a glimpse into my heart
makes me want
to shut up forever

so why do you lean me here
Lord of my life
lean me at this table
in the middle of the night
wondering
how to be beautiful



Room 215

Kemp's Corner Hotel

1. Open Book
2. Take whatever Comes

3. Time (we All fall Down)



4. The Other Side Of Zero

5. Do Not Hang Your Head
(arr. by Rob Moore)

THE GOAL

I can't leave my house
or answer the phone.
I'm going down again
but I'm not alone.

Settling at last
accounts of the soul:
this for the trash,
that paid in full.

As for the fall, it
began long ago.
Can't stop the rain,
Can't stop the snow

I sit in my chair.
I look at the street.
The neighbour returns
my smile of defeat.

I move with the leaves.
I shine with the chrome
I'm almost alive.
I'm almost at home.

No one to follow
and nothing to teach,
except that the goal
falls short of the reach.

THE FAITH

The sea so deep and blind
The sun, the wild regret
The club, the wheel, the mind,
O love, aren't you tired yet?

The blood, the soil, the faith
These words you can't forget
Your vow, your holy place
O love, aren't you tired yet?

A cross on every hill
A star, a minaret
So many graves to fill
O love, aren't you tired yet?

The sea so deep and blind
Where still the sun must set
And time itself unwind
O love, aren't you tired yet?

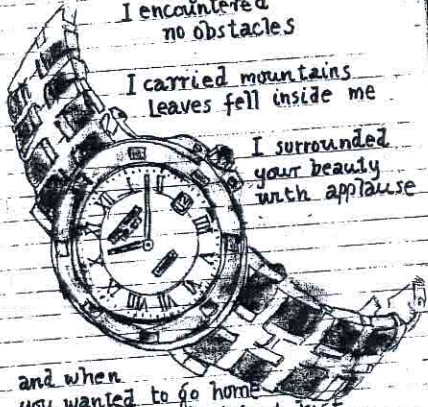
I copied time
I knew I was a fiction
but I could not suspend myself

Moving back
or going forward
I encountered
no obstacles

I carried mountains
leaves fell inside me

I surrounded
your beauty
with applause

and when
you wanted to go home
I swept aside the infant dust



the road
is too long
the sky
is too vast
the wandering
is homeless heart
at last