

1208**"Soft Atlas"**Visit "[Soft Atlas](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A vision:

Your ghost blowing up globes
tightening them off with an X-axis esque c-clamp
Then setting them down through the clouds
onto empty department store shelves.
Where they sit faving all sorts of islands
out toward bead wee-hour isles

has the earth come loose from its galactic neck
beneath
you. Let go from the space surround it

cut off above the clouds
dropped down done to the sun syestem's floor
crooked pearl of the one universe
cleaved, tell rolling toward a corner of the cosmos
in the blacked and quiet of some time

"and you are all lamb, for this."

Spring is at your back again
this time rare with your calrity. . .
while patches of you thought whole
had turned up still.
made a tar of your woe
and flesh where in

Have you gone half dead. . .

yet. . .yet have you to let the worst most be
as if it were atlas to your world of cope.

And no one is out there scared you'd set your eyes off
on the ceiling
in the dark
think of a song or maybe breastes
or missing body parts.

"without a universal law this is no gravity
without a gravity there is no atmosphere
without an atmosphere thre is no chance at life

and with no chance at life . . . I don't exist"

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