

## 93 Current

# "I Have A Special Plan For This World"

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when everyone you have ever loved is finally gone  
when everything you have ever wanted is finally done  
with  
when all of your nightmares are for a time obscured  
as by a shining brainless beacon  
or a blinding eclipse of the many terrible shapes of this  
world  
when you are calm and joyful  
and finally entirely alone  
then in a great new darkness  
you will finally execute your special plan

one needs to have a plan someone said who was  
turned away into the shadows  
and who i had believed was sleeping or dead  
imagine he said all the flesh that is eaten  
the teeth tearing into it  
the tongue tasting its savor  
and the hunger for that taste  
now take away that flesh he said  
take away the teeth and the tongue  
the taste and the hunger  
take away everything as it is  
that was my plan  
my own special plan for this world  
i listened to these words and yet i did not wonder  
if this creature whom i had thought sleeping or dead  
would ever approach his vision  
even in his deepest dreams  
or his most lasting death  
because i had heard of such plans such visions  
and i knew they did not see far enough  
but what was demanded in a way of a plan  
needed to go beyond tongue and teeth and hunger  
and flesh  
beyond the bones and the very dust of bones and the  
wind that would come to blow the dust away  
and so i began to envision a darkness that was long  
before the dark of night  
and a strangely shining light  
that owed nothing to the light of day

that day may seem like other days  
once more we feel the tiny legged trepidations  
once more we are mangled by a great grinding fear  
but that day will have no others after  
no more worlds like this will follow  
because i have a plan  
a very special plan  
no more worlds like this  
no more days like that

there are but four ways to die a sardonic spirit might  
have said to me  
there is dying that occurs relatively suddenly  
there is dying that occurs relatively gradually  
there is dying that occurs relatively painlessly  
there is the death that is full of pain  
thus by various means they are combined  
the sudden and the gradual  
the painless and the painful  
to yield but four ways to die  
and there are no others  
even after the voice stopped speaking  
I listened for it to speak again  
after hours and day and years have passed  
I listened for some further words  
yet all I heard were the faintest echoes reminding me  
there are no others  
there are no others  
was it then that I began to conceive for this world  
a special plan?

there are no means for escaping this world  
it penetrates even into your sleep  
and is his substance  
you are caught in your own dreaming  
where there is no space  
and a hell forever where there is no time  
you cant do nothing you aren't told to do  
there is no hope for escape from this dream  
that was never yours  
the very words you speak are only its very words  
and you talk like a traitor  
under its incessant torture

there are many who have designs upon this world  
and dream of wild and vast reformations  
i have heard them talking in their sleep  
of elegant mutations  
and cunning annihilations  
i have heard them whispering in the corners of crooked  
houses

and in the alleys and narrow back streets of this  
crooked creaking universe  
which they with their new designs were made straight  
and sound  
but each of these new and ill conceived designs  
is deranged in its heart  
for they see this world as if it were alone and original  
and not as only one of count with others  
whose nightmares all precede  
like a hideous garden grown from a single seed  
i have heard these dreamers talking in their sleep  
and i stand waiting for them  
as at the top of a darkened flight of stairs  
they know nothing of me  
and none of the secrets of my special plan  
while i know every crooked creaking step of theirs

it was the voice of someone who was waiting in the  
shadows  
who was looking at the moon and waiting for me to turn  
the corner  
and enter a narrow street  
and stand with him in the dull glaze of moonlight  
then he said to me  
he whispered  
that my plan was misconceived  
that my special plan for this world was a terrible  
mistake  
because, he said, there is nothing to do and there is no  
where to go  
there is nothing to be and there is no one to know  
your plan is a mistake, he repeated  
this world is a mistake, i replied

the children always followed him  
when they saw him hopping by  
a funny walk  
a funny man  
a funny funny funny man  
he made them laugh sometimes

he made them laugh oh yes he did  
he did he did he did he did  
oh how he made them roll  
one day he took them to a place  
he knew a special place  
and told them things about this world  
this funny funny funny world  
which made them laugh sometimes  
he made them laugh oh yes he did  
he did he did he did he did

oh how he made them roll  
then the funny man who made them laugh  
sometimes he did  
revealed to them his special plan  
his very special funny plan  
knowing they would understand  
and maybe laugh sometimes  
he made them laugh  
oh yes he did  
he did he did he did he did  
their eyes grew wide beneath there lids  
and how he made them roll

i first learned the facts from a lunatic  
in a dark and quiet room that smelled of stale time and  
space  
there are no people  
nothing at all like that  
the human phenomenon is but the sum of densely  
coiled layers of illusion  
each of which winds itself upon the supreme insanity  
but there are persons of any kind  
when all that can be is mindless mirrors  
laughing and screaming as they parade about  
in an endless dream  
but when i asked the lunatic what it was  
it swore itself within these mirrors  
as they marched endlessly in stale time and space  
he only looked and smiled  
then he laughed and screamed  
and in his black and empty eyes  
i saw for a moment as in a mirror  
a form the shade of divinity  
in flight from its stale infinity  
of time and space and the worst of all  
of this world dreams  
my special plan for the laughter  
and the screams

we went to see some little show  
that was staged in an old shed  
past the edge of town  
and in its beginnings all seemed well  
the miniature curtain stage glowed in the darkness  
while those dolls bounced along on their strings before  
our eyes  
and in its beginnings all seemed well  
but then there came a subtle turning point which some  
have noticed  
and i was one  
who quietly left the show

no i did not  
because i could see where things were going  
as the antics of those dolls grew strange  
and the fragile strings grew taut  
with their tiny pullings ,tiny limbs  
the others around me became appalled  
and turned away and abandoned the show  
that was staged in an old shed  
past the edge of town  
but i wanted to witness what could never be  
i wanted to see what could not be seen  
but the moment of consummate disaster  
my puppets turned to face the puppet master

it was twilight and i stood in a grayish haze of the vast  
empty building  
when the silence was enriched by a reverberant voice  
all the things of this world it said  
are of but one essence  
for which there are no words  
this is the greater part which has no beginning or end  
and the one essence of this world for which there can  
be no words  
is that all the things of this world  
this is the lesser part which had a beginning and shall  
have an end  
and for which words were conceived solely to speak of  
the tiny broken beings of this world it said  
the beginnings and endings of this world it said  
for which words were conceived solely to speak of  
now remove these words and what remains it asks me  
as i stood in the twilight of that vast empty building  
but i did not answer  
the question echoed over and over  
but i remained silent until the echoes died  
and as twilight passed into the evening i felt my  
special plan for which there are no words  
moving towards a greater darkness

there are some who have no voices  
or none that will ever speak  
because of the things they know about this world  
and the things they feel about this world  
because the thoughts that fill a brain  
that is a damaged brain  
because the pain that fills a body  
that is a damaged body  
exists in other worlds  
countless other worlds  
each of which stands alone in an infinite empty  
blackness

for which no words are being conceived  
and where no voices are able to speak  
when a brain is filled only with damaged thoughts  
when a damaged body is filled only with pain  
and stands alone in a world surrounded by infinite  
empty blackness  
and exists in a world for which there is no special plan

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