

## Falkenbach

### "You Haven?t Found It Yet"

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You haven?t found it yet, Haven?t found it yet. Look at  
the glass, turn your head You haven?t found it  
yet. Moving down the lane inside t?s flashy camden  
town It?s that london lyric again You haven?t found it  
yet. Impulses crowd your head Too much to be  
absorbed You?re into the top shackle Mental saw-down  
of your head. \*Which bemoans a simple fact. You  
haven?t found it yet. It seemed so clear in bed It?s dark  
but your legs, they are dead Your pen is encombed in  
mattress You?re not going to get it yet You haven?t  
found it yet You?re dying but still warm Put this writing  
on your tomb Spit out with dying breath You haven?t  
found it yet. I dictate Transcribe Relations Dear cousin It?s  
destiny. The grist that curtails the mill Shall make us  
strong

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