Julian Lennon "New Physics Rant"

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Because of things remembered Nothing changes, we simply follow Rhythms that are distant echoes Ancestors turning in their sleep

Silhouetted on the future Playful figures that cut across the winking eye Of God's projector A partial eclipse of the original light

That emanates in all directions
So the darkness isn't pierced
But rather forced to retreat
Pushed out by its own internal explosion

The screen of God's movie is time expanding And every atom is a solid globular mirror In which his grotesque anamorphic grin Splits the darkness

Everywhere our world's expanding Journey's through the soul Past all thoughts and understanding Science or control

Looking to the future is looking at the past In whichever direction you happen to face You were forward, and I was slipping back In the time it takes for the light of the stars to stir

The retina, rods and cones History's in the beholder's eye Fait accompli Dans un outre androit

The further away we are, the farther back we see, unless

We could gaze instantly across the sound Where, moored like ships, planets anchored, swing and sway

Golden barges laden down with mists and frozen crystals, dancing away

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