

Coldcut "Mr Nichols"

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Please, come back inside the window
I can't promise you anything, but I trust there is far
A greater reason to live
I know you've become disheartened and disillusioned
by
The current state of affairs
Your stocks have fallen, your investments have failed
You
The man from whom you took orders has been ordered
to
Jail by his and your subordinates
You question what is this world coming to
What is the profit margin when your forced to pander
to
The marginalized
Where is the glory you dreamed of as a child
Dressed as a cowboy, your play that pointing gun at
Real targets
Your mother holding her tongue as your father
consoles
You with the words
"It's just boy's stuff"
Well, you joined his fraternity
You grew into his old suits
You cried his beliefs
You embodied his dreams
And with them his oversights
How long did you think it would last?
It's just a matter of time
The world is far from over
Your mother outlives your father
Your sister outlives your mother
And if you jump from this window today
She'll also outlive you
Look at her
Sitting at her Midwestern home
Tuning on Oprah once again
Today she learns to meditate on this secondhand
couch
Meanwhile, you stand outside this window, twelve
Stories above the ground

One story remaining untold

You contemplate the setting sun
I am aware of your disorientation
Dis-orient, turned away from the East
The shifting current seems to conspire against you
Mr Nichols, you've failed to see that you've always
Stood outside of this window, perched on the threshold
Of oblivion
Countless men made stories about the truth
For so long you've stood facing the setting sun
Mistaking the complementary unified duality of nature
As being right our wrong
Good or Evil
God or Devil
Mr Nichols, instead of stepping from this ledge into
The downfall of your up rise
Why not just turn around?
Lessen the intensity of your Western glare and face the
Rising sun
Note the energy swirling from it's center, how it
Illumines us all
And only the birds fly first class
There is your inheritance
The warmth of a kiss
Invest your tongue into the mouth of mystery
Allow her breath to seek into your lungs
Surrender to her touch and guidance
There is no other way
Your dreams of dominance will only help you forsake
Yourself
While your family continues it's search for
Understanding
And your daughters outlive your sons

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