

Sacha Sacket "Orion"

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Feeling New York
Brush through my hair
We fall for East Village
But we're insincere.
Aren't we. Aren't we.

For we find no meaning
In this post-modern scene
They thought times were a changing
But now that's some
Hippie dream. Hippie dream.

And I'm watching Orion reach out from the shore
I hate his still hourglass for shifting
After I'm gone.
'Cause time sticks to me, leaves me dead on the floor.
My grave set among many,
A boy lost in the belly of the world.

Did it ever seem strange
When we would say, hey,
Life ain't worth living.
'Cause we know that
Death leads to zeros
Or infinities
And that's scary
Simple but scary, simple but scary
Ain't that contrary,
Then life is the party.
It is.

Everyone knows
These fake hipsters know
It's like St. George is here
But their dragons just want to keep sleeping.
Saw Ginsberg beset in the corner market
We can't face our death so we
can't mine our lives of meaning.

And I'm watching Orion reach out from the shore
I hate his still hourglass for shifting
After I'm gone.

'Cause time sticks to me, leaves me dead on the floor.
My grave set among many,
A boy lost in the belly of the world.

Does it ever seem strange
That we keep laughing and it never gets boring
Keep on the laughing, the crying, the screaming
And it never gets boring
When we're stuck in the feeling,
A bit all-consuming,
And in that there's meaning
There's all the meaning
There's all my meaning

For I am the rapture, I am the reaper, I am the ether,
And I'm the seer. For I am the ether, I am the ether,
And there is no time.

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