

## Van Morrison

### "Outro"

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Strong winds push away the debris  
Another long day decides what to be  
Leaves on the trees are the instruments  
Believe what you see only in increments  
My equals think that I am blind  
I find kind people sink into sublime  
Power lines clever designs  
Flowers vines  
Only severed minds say never mind  
I'm not nirvana  
I just got the words you wanna pour on your medulla  
oblongata  
I have now stood on four continents  
I'm searching for more vowels and consonants  
Carvings and hieroglyphics  
Harboring words is my world specific  
From simple characters  
To symbols and caricatures  
Round cylinders that don't sound similar  
Indiana Jones Indian in a zone  
Indigenous and never alone  
I have decoded it and now I got it  
I know that my life is not encoded or robotic  
I know the moon is my grandmother  
Why am I not in a mood to stand under?  
I'm controlled by the kilowatts  
I've been sold to the nano bots  
Private to general electric  
Get their orders at intervals accepted  
Don't die in the artificial light  
Go out side your hearts the issues fight

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