

## Threshold "Somatography"

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as we sailed through the clouds over plains of emerald  
green  
a million dead unseen we were justifiably proud  
they saw the doors opening they saw the smothered  
ground  
they heard the fire ravaging we thrilled at every sound  
judges of the night with the calculus of godly might  
cause the world to weep as we lay your body down to  
sleep

how it all tortures endlessly gone tomorrow the same  
can you in all humility give all that power a name  
when the kiss of a feather has worn the mountain down  
in its annual orbit of the sun

when will the suffering cease and do we all deserve  
our peace

(destiny is but to run)  
will our wealth increase when will we all be released  
(future's only just begun)

but it was not always like this now i gaze with jaundiced  
eyes  
on the fruit of our exploitation i stop to wonder why  
where has it all gone all the time that we won  
all our lives and all of this waste

when will the suffering cease and do we all deserve  
our peace  
(destiny is but to run)  
will our wealth increase when will we all be released  
(future's only just begun)

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