

## Thursday

# "Past And Future Ruins"

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Hold you hand to the fire  
And your eyes to the sky  
They're just different shades of cellophane  
Taped against the lights.  
Faulty seams, drawn on plastic leaves  
Past and future replicas  
Past and future streams  
Hold your head underwater  
And try to see if you can breathe  
Or if you drown in the shallow  
depths of your belief  
Because somewhere there must be a better place  
Here you call to your neighbor  
Only to see the track is set and they're  
Walking back and forth in a circle  
Saying the same words  
Making their lips sync  
In time with psalms on Sunday mornings  
And all their hearts align with pale fire  
So call the appear ambulance  
To trace the paper cuts  
Don't call on me, I'm a plastic reed

Bending in the feigning wind  
Of artificial fields  
Then you read the paper  
Of a woman's early death  
And note explaining why she left  
It says:  
"Somewhere there must be a better place  
And it's marked with the fountain I've seen  
glowing in my sleep."  
And so you want to die and leave this shadow land  
behind  
To eviscerate the truth from the lie  
Because somewhere there must be a better place  
but  
What we thought was a fountain of life and light  
turns out to be a  
Mountain crushing down upon us, casting it's shadow  
Closing the distance  
between us and Babylon

And all our songs  
are just the sounds of past and future days  
Past of future names  
Collapsing around us

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