

Someday they will build monuments for us.
People like me walk out the door,
We'll pull you out into the streets
Of far off countries. If I'm ready to go,
How could I let you dwell in delight?

Oh see, all things are so bright and spiritual.
These seeds are growing in extraordinary colors.
Convinced? Even I believe that I have grown something.
It's cased in light.

Don't you worry about me, I'm gone.
Don't you worry about me.
I'm off in a distant place

Where I can be the signifier,
Not that which is signified.
The referent, convincing us (you and me both),
For you, my smile is like bow, bow, bow, bow.

Out here there is no 'under the skin.'
And the form of every other
Is hidden under covers.

Let us sleep
In ease of dark.

We couldn't rest
With this sense of duty hanging off of our chests.
Peeled away, we had to get back from where the
Grip of our hands could lift us from the failures
In the eyes of men, to form our scales and weigh
Our words, good again.
To form our scales in the eyes of men,
To weigh our words
And make ourselves good again.