

A Song Is Not The Song Of The World

Castanets

Who is the world?
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Well, I put this day together
Out of fear and in blue weather
Kept me from feeling clever
I cannot put these things together
So who's the world

Well, I am not this full moon
And I am not this fog
I am not walking with the wife
She won't be running with the dogs
She's not the world

So come a danger dancing sweetly
Come a lustful light to spin me
Come a siren bursts in me
Bright and beautiful and bending
Echoes of the world

And what good these myriad mythologies
What good these magics not to be released
What good unknowable divinity
If it's not the world

A song is not the song of the world
And shadow's not the sight of the world
A song is not the song of the world
And shadow's not the sight of the world