

## Mr Nichols

Coldcut

Please, come back inside the window  
I can't promise you anything, but I trust there is far  
A greater reason to live  
I know you've become disheartened and disillusioned by  
The current state of affairs  
Your stocks have fallen, your investments have failed  
You  
The man from whom you took orders has been ordered to  
Jail by his and your subordinates  
You question what is this world coming to  
What is the profit margin when you're forced to pander to  
The marginalized  
Where is the glory you dreamed of as a child  
Dressed as a cowboy, your play that pointing gun at  
Real targets  
Your mother holding her tongue as your father consoles  
You with the words  
"It's just boy's stuff"  
Well, you joined his fraternity  
You grew into his old suits  
You cried his beliefs  
You embodied his dreams  
And with them his oversights  
How long did you think it would last?  
It's just a matter of time  
The world is far from over  
Your mother outlives your father  
Your sister outlives your mother  
And if you jump from this window today  
She'll also outlive you  
Look at her  
Sitting at her Midwestern home  
Tuning on Oprah once again  
Today she learns to meditate on this secondhand couch  
Meanwhile, you stand outside this window, twelve

Stories above the ground  
One story remaining untold

You contemplate the setting sun  
I am aware of your disorientation  
Dis-orient, turned away from the East  
The shifting current seems to conspire against you  
Mr Nichols, you've failed to see that you've always  
Stood outside of this window, perched on the threshold  
Of oblivion  
Countless men made stories about the truth  
For so long you've stood facing the setting sun  
Mistaking the complementary unified duality of nature  
As being right or wrong  
Good or Evil  
God or Devil  
Mr Nichols, instead of stepping from this ledge into  
The downfall of your up rise  
Why not just turn around?  
Lessen the intensity of your Western glare and face the  
Rising sun

Note the energy swirling from it's center, how it  
Illumines us all  
And only the birds fly first class  
There is your inheritance  
The warmth of a kiss  
Invest your tongue into the mouth of mystery  
Allow her breath to seek into your lungs  
Surrender to her touch and guidance  
There is no other way  
Your dreams of dominance will only help you forsake  
Yourself  
While your family continues it's search for  
Understanding  
And your daughters outlive your sons