

## The Seer

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What is human? Is there really nothing but seeing or seen  
The voice is wordless tissue  
The fog from Heart of Glass  
Listen to the lips, they feed you  
The voice is a second flesh that cannot be seen  
This body is not for vision, the seer cannot go there

But the tongue is upon for the restless  
An indecipherable alphabet  
Each word an island less  
And we speak in tongues from  
Part to parts, broke all to parts  
From invisible state, to invisible state

Where do I end? In the flames or in the ashes?  
My body is the end