

This place is damp and ghostly  
I am already gone  
And the halls were lined  
With the disembodied  
And the dusty wings  
Which fell from flesh  
Gasplessly

And I go  
Where the trees go  
And I walk  
From a higher education  
For now and for hire

It beats me  
But I do not know  
And it beats me  
But I do not know  
It beats me  
But I do not know  
I do not know

Palaces and stormclouds  
And the rought, straggly sage, and the smoke  
And the way it will all come together  
In quietness and in time  
And you laws of property  
Oh you free economy  
And you unending afterthoughts  
You could've told me before

Never get so attached to a poem  
You forget truth that lacks lyricism  
And never draw so close to the heat  
That you forget that you must eat