

The Package Is Wrapped

Marnie Stern

I'm standing, standing, standing my ground.

I pull off a bow that is tied.
To a big box but I don't know what's inside.
There's something rattling around, I decide.
Well can I open it, my wide eyes imply?

There are dimensions I must enter to see what I am made of.
There are dimensions I must enter to see what I am made of.
The sea, these things I see, blow through.
What's right, this thing I fight, is good

You rearrange your mind, you rearrange your mind
You rearrange your mind, you rearrange your mind

I pull back a bow towards the crowds.
I cannot stop even if it is allowed.
I spell your name out in the sand are you proud?
The arrow arches and it comes pouring down

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Is there no way out of my mind?
I see beautiful and shimmering signs.
The Celtic Knights are calling me from behind.