

Unexplained

Meat Puppets

They are not stars burning in the sky at night
No, no, they're candles in astro-flight
They are not men walking on the streets below
What are they really nobody knows

They are not stars, we are not human
I don't know the reason why
A firefly is not a candle, not a flower in my eye
And so, a rose is not a rose
By that or any other name
Things remain unexplained

I am a tree, dancing on the ocean floor
The air is water on desert shores
There is a face painted on the salty moon
The tree singing this silent tune

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