In steep cliffs, rocks all piled up Mysteries of your passing luck Ages past, shells and bits of bone Forming new limestone To give things their turn.

There are no bad words for the coast today

You never knew why you felt so good in the strangest of places
Like in waiting rooms and long lines that made you late and mal l parking lots on holidays.

There are no bad words for the coast today When we hold our breath until nothing's left It all starts to fade.

We can see the stars
From where the birds make their homes
staring back at us
Indifferent but distanced perfectly
Projected endlessly
It's so fucking beautiful.

There are no bad words for the coast today Then you ask what's a palisade And if we're too late for happiness?