

Earth

Second Person

And so the clock strikes twelve as we find ourselves
In a sphere of a clearing in a navy light
There are no stars, just the bars of a car's headlights
On the leaves in the dead of the night
Silhouette suits step out of the shadows
Into the arena where the cameras roll
See their shoulders strain below the weight of the spades
Stereo plays for a funeral

They say the moon is nearly full
They see their eyes are nearly dry
They know how wonderful, how wonderful it is
To be alive tonight

I leave myself to the earth
To the air
To the ashes
It's my time
It's my design
It's my turn
And I know I won't be loved
I won't be saved
I won't be noticed
Until I learn to love
But I hate to learn

To my best beloved I do bequeath
All the anguish and the irony
And all the things we never meant
And those we set out to prevent

I leave the twisted bittersands
Send solemn grace of consequence
The hand he lent ungratefully
I don't intend to take away with me
He had a solid alibi
You know I never saw him cry

I leave myself to the earth
To the air
And to the ashes
It's my time
It's my design
It's my turn
(Oh it's my turn and I know I)
And I know I won't be loved
I won't be saved
I won't be noticed
Until I learn to love
I hate to learn
I hate to learn

And the clock strikes one and my time is done
And I know he won't miss me when I'm gone
I just raise a toast to my sweet trevouse'
And feel glad that the chapter's closed

When I'm gone
I just raise a toast to my sweet trevouse'
And feel glad that the chapter's closed

It's my early grave
Where I wait for the light to let me in
Here it comes around again
(Here it comes around again)
And I say
Let the light shows and the sounds
Of the orchestra begin
My eternal requiem

This is my early grave