

Finally, Peace

Swans

With glittering hands
On collapsible land
We're praising the sun
For the damage he's done

A ruinous eyesore
Oh what is a mind for?
Just a knife in a lake
Just an arrow in space

All creation is hollow
And a picture's a shadow
Just a symptom of love
With a lack of a cause

Now the city's dissolving
And heaven's inhaling
While the ocean is thinking of a surface reflecting
Your glorious mind

Your glorious mind
Your glorious mind
Your glorious mind
Your glorious mind...