

## 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...