

Alcan Road

Ween

Open the gate to the red land
Alcan road, by the turquoise lake
Starry skies, a mushroom cloud
Folding waves, in a foamy tide

Washing in beds, of opal shells
white gulls cry, for you and I
butterflies, float away
drift over pools, of salt and clay

mountain man, frosted child
eagles cry, puppets of god
strung like time, molded in form
trees bend back, and trails distort

it leads to the land, of Alcan Road
the turquoise lake, and starry skies
mushroom clouds, folding waves
foamy tides, of salt and brine