

As effortless as all you know
As inactive as a charm
This vessel's lowly stowaway is armed

Let the credits rave and let the critics roll
As the groom runs down the aisle
In a hail of bullets I just throw a towel

And write the bride out
A second life, a second hand
A view of space
With an elephant obstructing it
I'm splashing grays where once was glowing white
I hit the pavement in the sunlight

And I would beg the kids to just come outside and play
But I'd take the ball away

What is a sorry state when you can't believe your eyes
You'll gladly take as second prize

Oh, and there are prophecies you'll only prophesize
Over niceties and gin
And now you're asking, I don't know where to begin

Oh, and all the critics rave as the credits roll
They kept us wet behind the ears
So we'll be speaking in hushed tones for 50 years

Take this heart
And wear it on the outside

Oh, and as the rain comes down like a tickertape parade
The tears slow and dissipate

Oh, and as the blood and sweat you've invested evaporates
You'll have tried, but you won't make it pay

Sign this and file it under dumbstruck envy
That'll strike you down

Sightless, the comfort in the danger
Enticing, I join the queue

Mindlessly, I made her in my likeness
Scattered and absolute

Silent and transparent
The one who holds the candle to the glow of you