Studying Stones

I am out here studying stones Trying to learn to be less alive Using all of my will To keep very still Still even on the inside I've cut all of the pertinent wires So my eyes can't make that connection I am holding my breath I am feigning my death When I'm looking in your direction

'Course numb is an old hat Old as my oldest memories See that one's my mother And that one's my father And that one in the hat, that's me It's a skill I'd hoped to abandon When I got out on the open road But any more pent up emotion And I think I'm gonna explode

There's never been an endeavor so strange As trying to slow the blood in my veins To keep my face blank As a stone that just sank Until not a ripple remains I am high above the tree line Sitting cross legged on the ground When all of the forbidden fruit has fallen and rotted That's when I'm gonna come down

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