

Do you know my name, dissembler?
The sweetest sound I have played, you don't need it

Tell me how long it's been, star-cluster
Deliver to me a dream, precognition

In between the crooked mountains, harvesting the dew
We got used to eating only algae that we grew
Don't forget the wine we made that turned our fingers blue
One more chance to cast the net and circle 'round the moon
I don't want to think about it, I can't think it through

I don't ruminate about it, I don't dare to think
Like the giant damselfly, we're wearing out our wings
We'd forgotten how to land and consequential things
You became a daffodil in time for spring
I became a cactus on a tame and warming world
Far beyond the spire and the ward of song
Know I don't lose sleep about it