

"Wizard do you think you can remember what I did with my old mind?"
You look around and you say "brother give it time"
you look around and you say "wait a second, wait"

But right above my clavicle the world becomes so laughably old,
it's like I've been here for a decade on my own,
you said "it's been a decade and I had enough"

And beaches strewn with pulpits and ohms,
where the cross is like a spark among your loam,
I believe there is a wall of lime and stone by the river

And though we share a tongue we can't recount it into words,
you cannot spill a vault entirely into verbs,
I never meant to make you live it all again

I'm thinking 'bout the relative ways, that all I do is age
and buried there's a version of me hurting and I'm letting him down

I wanna go, I wanna go home, I can't let this one go

I'm thinking 'bout my problems
and the way that they will never be solved

Wizard I been following a colour but you had to spit it out
You said "I never have a fear or a doubt,
my world is smaller now but everything is near"

And maybe we could rub off every bit of us and store it in a tank
I whisper "how much will they pay at BioBank?"
you sighing "tissue from the youth of yesteryear..."

And bludgeons flailing arcs form a queue, I'm a coward, I'm a devil, I'm a fool,
but I never understand the weight of all life decisions

Wizard I been thinking 'bout the magic that you said would here prevail,
and I felt it when they left you - and I failed
and yes I wanna be there when you die

I'm breathing for a moment alone, my early self unknown
the silences that follow you won't always be the hollow I filled

It's easily the best thing I've done, so why the empty numb?

I'm thinkin' 'bout my problems and the way that they will never be solved

Oh, I'm thinkin' 'bout the relative ways, and all I do is age
and buried there's a version of me hurting and I'm letting him down

I wanna go, I wanna go home, I can't let this one go

I'm thinking 'bout my problems
and the way that they will never be solved