

Distant Solar Systems

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Distant solar systems and all the minor planets
Know nothing of our satellites and 747s
Fireworks that recreate the birth of constellations
Dying songs that laugh and shotgun powder imitations

When I am a sailor, and the sky, a pitch-black ocean
I'll look down at my bleeding heart and wish I were a Vulcan

It's Byzantine structures, churches and all
All of our treasure, a violent gold
All of the empires crumble in stone
Great architecture, build it in chrome

God and I, we correspond with intermittent letters
I send postcards from the road, and now and then he answers
Echoes northern city-states, and all the mighty kingdoms
Head of sewing needles on an unending horizon

I knew there was a scene before you
Ever thought to sing it
And call yourself a bastard
And I know you like an orphan

'Cause great men of science and literature
Don't impress me, or can offer
Because I am a chisel in your hand
Screaming at marble from a microphone stand