

Universal You

Kevin Max

With all of us she/he/they/whatever you choose
Of the neighborhood building blocks to our communal refuge
Of electro black and whites
Of yellows and oranges, red and gray
We stand on the precipice of change
But we are only earthen vessels
Of grime and pallid soot
We rub off on each other
Feeling the root, just another root
To be dug up and re-planted
Going back into the ground
Six feet down
The skeletal chamber
Where the soul is enshrined
Until its time
Of rebirth

Universal You
Universal You

Believing all you tune into
Believing what was fed
Every night before bed
The stories you were told
The truth of growing old
But they didn't tell you
It starts again
And again
The slow hum
Of eternity
Working backwards

Universal You
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We are all universalists
We are all universalists
We are from the universe

Deconstructed
Self-constructed
Self-destruction

Ah
Universal You
Ah
Universal You

Universal You
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Deconstructed
Self-construction
Reconstruction