

# 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  
Universal You

Universal You  
Universal You

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  
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  
And again  
And again  
And again  
And again  
And again  
And again  
The slow hum  
Of eternity  
Working backwards

Universal You  
Universal You

We are all universalists

Ah  
Universal You  
Ah  
Universal You

Deconstructed  
Self-construction  
Reconstruction