

# Letters from Rimbaud

Marnie Stern

In greece as I've said  
Verse and Lyre set the rhythms of action  
And afterwards music and rhyme are games, pastime

Everything grows  
Cause anything goes  
We cannot know  
Because we are inside it  
Everything grows  
Cause anything goes

I'm almost the island  
I'm almost the island

In greece as I've said  
Verse and Lyre set the rhythms of action  
And afterwards music and rhyme are games, pastime  
Keeping only quietness

We gather, we gather, we gather we gather

We gather up the fruit of the mind  
Pen pushers and authors always full of numbers that crumble  
The poet is truly the fire stealer  
The poet is truly the fire stealer  
The stealers, the stealers, the stealers, the stealers, the stealers,

Everything grows  
Cause anything goes

What do we remind you of? And when you come around the show  
You'll never make it up that fast  
When no one else considers more  
And I can tell you one more thing  
You'll never come back here for more.  
There's nothing but a broken stand  
And lovers crouching on the floor (repeat 1)

Everything grows  
Cause anything goes  
We cannot know because we are inside it

I'm almost an island  
But not quite yet  
I'm almost an island  
But not quite yet