

## Die Like Dinoz

### Nahko and Medicine for the People

I will die from rising tides  
From never-ending winters  
No palatable water, no real food left  
Just artificial flavors  
But oh, my love, what's left is centered in the center  
And in the middle, I'll sing your name out loud  
And it will sound like this come from my lips  
Above the trees it reaches  
And it'll be a sound that dissipates  
Or penetrates all of your senses  
You'll hear something like this, something like this  
Once in a while, yeah, once in a while  
You will go, go very far  
And you will do the work at hand  
And when you're done, you will go home  
Right where you've been all along  
Well, over all those mountain ranges  
Across all bodies of water  
I keep drifting back into providing arms of daughters  
No more waiting, no more telling  
She says, I doubt man will see  
But, I mean, I hope he does  
Though I know he won't, because  
That's just not how it's meant to be  
But I'd like to stay with you for a while  
Though I know our hours are dwindling  
And if that fire goes unattended  
I will gather kindling

We'll sing these songs, we'll sing the praises and glories  
We'll sing these songs into the gray overcast mornings

I will live in story-shaping, lover-curving in each likeness  
She words it nicely, cosmic copy  
Bearing weight and bearing fruit  
We're finding opposition in recycled opinions  
Floating, stagnant, and very horizontal  
And it's clear to me, it's quite a vertical thing  
We all must find our own way home  
But to live life like this takes much practice  
Breaking habits born into, and  
Oh, my love, we were created carnivores  
And much like dinosaurs, we will die  
But live forever, yes, forever  
In the soil from which we came, and

We'll sing these songs, we'll sing the praises and glories  
We'll sing these songs into the gray overcast mornings

Oh, there will come a great change  
And when it comes  
There won't be room for everyone to go see what's left to see  
What's left to see?  
Merely shapes and landmass shifting  
What's left to see?  
Merely shapes and landmass shifting

Our adventure's only begun  
Our spirits are soaring  
But mine, it's racing  
Where will we go next?