

God is not a contract or a guy  
God is an unspecified tide  
You cannot time its tables  
It sets no glass or gables  
God is a lusty tire fire  
Its bristles scrape and strike the stage  
A rock, paper, scissors' rage  
Have mercy on the natural world

My voice is not the liquid waves  
The perfect rings around a heron's legs  
My voice is straight garroting wire  
A stolen mile of fingerprints  
Peeled the quiet from the dunes  
Captured and re-spoiled as ruin to be used  
At a different time

My voice is a fracture  
For shinbone's lust  
Pounding barefoot ground  
It lifts you up and sits you just  
Just at sorrow's waterline  
I drape you on tomorrow's plate  
Fair as metal, marrow spilling  
Not yours but mine  
I'm an agent of the natural world

Don't you tell me I didn't warn you  
That that's some gravity you ought not to play with  
Don't you tell me I didn't warn you  
That that's some gravity you ought not to play with

Nothing quite so poison as a promise  
Nothing quite so poison as a promise  
Nothing quite so poison as a promise  
Nothing quite so poison as a promise

And me, I am not a mess  
I am a wilderness, yes  
The undiscovered continent for you to undress  
But you'll not be my master  
You're barely my guest  
You don't have permission to take any pictures  
Be careful of the natural world

Nature can't amend its ways  
Boils along and then replays  
Despite heartfelt springtimes of regret  
The storms she still cries for days  
Have mercy on the natural world