

## Don't Blink (Or We May Miss It)

Nodes Of Ranvier

The very idea of beauty died so long ago  
But sometimes I catch a glimpse  
At the call of your name or the touch of another's hand  
I see this place as Adam once saw Eden  
(and I see people as Adam once saw Eve)  
But gone is the garden of perfection  
(The dirt we've become is the dirt we came from)