A Private Understanding

Protomartyr

Not by my own hand
Automatic writing by phantom limb
Not with my own voice
Pleurisy made to stand on two legs
That's how I bar my door
In this age of blasting trumpets
Paradise for fools
Infinite wrath
In the lowest deep a lower depth
I don't want to hear those vile trumpets anymore
Conscience wakes despair
The night is an accumulation of dark air
The scholar will be forever poor
Gross gold runs headlong to boor
I don't want to hear those vile trumpets anymore
Call me "Heraclitus The Obscure"
Constantly weeping because the river doesn't move
It doesn't flow
It's been leaded by snider men to make a profit from the poor
I don't want to hear those vile trumpets anymore

People live with a private understanding
Sorrow's the wind blowing through
Truth is hiding in the wire

Elvis outside of Flagstaff
Driving a camper van
Looking for meaning in a cloud mass
Sees the face of Joseph Stalin
And is disheartened
Then the wind changed the cloud into his smiling Lord
And he was affected profoundly
But he could never describe the feeling
He passed away on the bathroom floor

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