

# Objects Outlive Us

Steven Wilson

I incline myself to space  
There was no ghost on the moor  
No open window  
No monkey's paw

There in the mist, you asked me  
"Did you forget I exist?"  
I said, "Yes"  
'Cause you played too hard to get

The Buddha of the modern age  
Is barely paid minimum wage  
To dole out truth and healthy karma  
The same he gave to our forefathers  
When once we reached to touch the sky  
Now we have no need to try  
The blurred photos of ghosts of men  
Such permanence, we don't comprehend  
Slaughter the sacred cow to stuff our stupid mouths  
Already fit to burst through the insatiable thirst  
To kill over and over  
We interlopers the inferior species, wallow in our own feces  
Gazing down at our navels and no longer able  
To find some kind of perspective  
Amongst all the invective glory  
In pathways of dopamine  
Until time intervenes  
Rabble struck down  
Dementia or overcome  
Stampeding  
But we have no need to try

Her shopping bag broke sending eggs and flour crashing  
Down to the ground, just like star clusters smashing  
But, no one will give her a glance  
They just shuffle on home in a trance

The tiniest lives fill their hives up with worry  
To make it to church, well, she'll need to hurry  
When late, she will bow down contrite  
While a meteor turns out the light

And there, in an ordinary street  
A car isn't where it would normally be  
The driver in tears, 'bout his payment arrears  
Still, nobody hears when a sun disappears  
In a galaxy afar

First day of the new job, and he was so nervous  
The suit and the platitude, "Can I be of service?"  
His boss made him clean all the cars  
While he wondered, "Is there life on Mars?"

And meanwhile, the stars line themselves up in order  
While we bicker on with our fences and borders  
But best not think about that  
It's better to live without facts

And now in her old wedding bed  
A lady will dream that her husband is dead  
Of course he's alive, he'll be home around five  
Still, silence arrives, when a nebula dives  
Into our Milky Way

The thunder and rain start, the paving stones melt  
And oddly the first spots make Orion's belt  
As you queue at the bank for an hour  
'Cause a solar flare blew out the power

The nurse in the care home now empties a bath tub  
The water will spiral, a galaxy's vast hub  
Is draining away as we speak  
But she loses her job there next week

And there with his first telescope  
A teenager stands full of hormones and hope  
As he squints at the night, like a painting of light  
He doesn't suppose that a black hole implodes  
In a trillion tears from now (Ah)

Back then, in time, we spoke, up for, the Earth  
The truth, the proof, but in, our hearts, the words  
We used, were not, to break, or kill, this spell  
Only, to warn, to track, the dark, that fell  
And now, here we, be the, few that, survive  
The ones, who knew, look back, in our, hindsight  
Knowing, always, there would, should be, an end  
Knowing, it was, just a, question, of when  
Each of, these souls, just on in a billion  
Each of, the stars, just one, in a trillion  
We move, on through, so dead, the void  
And still, back there, in dust, the Earth, destroyed

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