

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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