

## Telepathy

Swans

And we steal our experience from an object that suffers  
But the brightest pain leaves a shadow on no one  
I saw you through the window masturbating to the violence  
And the blood and the bodies floated through the blue sun.  
And the green earth turns to flesh in your hand  
And the ether was born in the lungs of an ancient man  
We hallucinated at night.  
Our mind's in the light  
But I can't feel the body of the image which is now penetrating  
my sight  
But you're beautiful.  
And you're real  
Are you beautiful?  
Are you real?

And my body begins where your memory ends  
You were melted from stone.  
I was touched by your hands  
I can feel it when pleasure moves up your spine  
I can tell we're alive because your blood just blended with mine  
And the angels of heaven never sacrificed a sensation as pure as  
the cut of this knife  
And the wisdom contained in the telepathy of fear  
Solidified our suffering into the droning sound I still hear  
But you're beautiful.  
And you're real  
Are you beautiful?  
Are you real?