

Everchanging

The Waterboys

From inside the eye of the storm
I watch the ever-changing journey
The ever-changing never-ending story
This drama, this passion play
This comic strip, this riot
This tragedy
This comedy of manners, accidents and errors
This fiasco, this charade, this conundrum
This ever-changing grand pageant of lunacy
Crowned by the arc of justice
Bounded by waking and waking again
Into new sensation
New birth, new eyes, new hunger
New hazed barely-yet-seen conglomeri
On the far horizon
This ghost train, this rollercoaster
This broken highway
This cracked and burnt-down crawl
This creaking, this tearing
This forcing myself onto my feet again
And breakthrough into new vista
Of fresh possibility
This deepening, slowing
Magnificent stillness
Yet still moving