

# New Year

ThouShaltNot

It's a new year  
In an old house  
With more technology you'll never understand  
Break out your typewriter  
With your thees and thous  
Smearing old words  
With your old hands  
You'll call me Cassandra  
I'll call you King James  
And all we write is true  
And all of it insane  
But the changing of the seasons  
Will forever stay the same  
You say

The infantry's retreating  
Like they knew how this would end  
Did you hear the Germans lost the war?  
I bet they could use a friend  
Right now supper's getting cold  
Right now God is growing old  
Right now dialect is evolving  
Outside of this house  
Or so I'm told

It's a real fear  
For you and me  
Burning clothing just to keep the winter warm  
My fingers trace the gumline  
Of a skeleton key  
Not caring whether it could open up the door  
The faces at the window  
Are children in the womb  
Black-eyed and still  
But growing every day  
You'll die on the outside  
Or die in this room  
Either way

Our infancy's receding  
We're a heartbeat from the end  
Did you hear the madmen lost the war?  
I bet they could use a friend  
Right now supper's getting cold  
Right now God is growing old  
Right now dialect is evolving  
Outside this house  
Or so I'm told

We're stockpiling warheads  
We're stuck in the past  
Death is art  
Truth is beauty  
And the first shall be last  
You'll call me Athena, I'll call you Monet  
When the world is falling down  
Crumbling like clay

We're hiding in caverns  
Forgetting our names  
We dissolve in our mythology  
Like blood in the rain  
You'll call me the lion  
I'll call you the lamb  
I am lost in all you are  
You're alive for what I am