

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