

Empire Builder

Typhoon

The apocalypse is incoming
Only moving slow and unevenly
The empire builder returning east
Like the rising blade of the guillotine
North Dakota metastasizing
The oil shales and the entropy
And the waves of darkness fold over me
As the dying sun goes down

The dining car in my assigned seat
My neighbor's conversation is turning ugly
A labyrinth of conspiracies
Proving he is good and he's got enemies
Tiny points of light I see haphazardly
Scattered in the void like so much bird feed
And I hope it's enough

An empty hallway a phone ringing
It goes on forever no one's answering
Concept of god ever slippery
Are you outside of time? Are you in everything?
I'll find the sacred buried in me
And I will cut it out while everyone is watching
It will not be enough

I know you're feeling
Like you're overmatched
Like the world's against you
Like the deck is stacked
But don't get started
You're smarter than that
You and I know we both know that

Everybody's angry
And everybody's lonely
Maybe it's hopeless and maybe
Love is not enough
But let's not rule out
The possibility