

Empiricist

Typhoon

On the first...
On the first day...
On the first day, God created everything...
On the first day, God created everything there ever was
On the second day, God came to take it all back
Piece by piece

Empty room
Cast about for a familiar object
Because my body needs coordinates to move

In the dark
Range of motion shrivels all around me
All my nightmares I am slowly being cocooned
A single calf in the hecatomb

Crescent moon
Hollowed out of all my fabled insides
Occam shave me down to primal truth - return me to the womb

The spirit held a magic flask
Said, "drink it to forget the past
But careful it's a poison batch
Each drop more painful than the last
If you fail you'll wish for death
If you finish: you'll be free at last."

Asa nisi masa
Asa nisi masa

Asa nisi masa
Asa nisi masa
Hello?

Mother pulled from father's ribs, little baby in a crib, hands reaching up
Before the blinding light is split through the prism of your organs into colors
All that being and nothingness, on the same möbius strip
Sleep and waking up

On the first day
Wipe the blank slate
And you join the banquet
Served up helpless on a plate
But you find your land legs
And you learn to imitate
You'll wear any feather and hope that your efforts attract a mate

One day your children find you, locked in the bathroom, staring in horror at
the reflection of your face
And you say you're sorry to the guests at your party
But you can't help wonder, who is this person you celebrate?

And so the light fades
It's still your birthday
So blow out your past lives like they're candles on the cake