

Now every time I close my eyes
To this ghostly enterprise
Harken back to that cult of death
Recalling the first word ever said
In that word there sat a seed
From a seed sprung a machine
From a machine an un-muttered speech
But the form exceeds what it means

I ran around those ancient highways
And I went down to that time of lore
I swam on out in that brackish water
Mosaic of all come before

Dip me under different water
Wrap me up and take me home
Filled with hope wrapped in useless armor
You're my friend now find my foe

I ran around those ancient highways
And I went down to those roots of lore
A river came and knocked me sideways
And ancient tree becomes a boat