

Consequence of Nonaction

WHY?

I was built into the form of a man
By nothing if you believe that
That I'm not looking for nothing in nobody's eyes is a lie
Long to be seen in my silence
After the years of shyness
That I'm not looking for nothing in nobody's eyes is a lie

You keep your wants registered with committees in your mind
Each empty breath a record of what isn't there
Will I be counted out among those from you taken
Slowly your scalp spits a cowlick for me
Over years spread out as a dull persistent feeling
As something you forgot, that might've never been

In the hole on the Alcatraz tour
You were scared to touch the walls
You were scared to touch the floor
Oh I want to touch your pulse
I want to touch your core
And I hide in your pores like a puss
No, I want more

Phone number like a misdealt hand in euchre
You're all the way more beautiful than a photograph of you
Don't dig out that mote again
Well I still need something
And it might be you

Don't dig out that mote again
Don't dig out
Don't dig out that mote again
Don't dig out
Don't dig out that mote again

You can take this lonesome token
And toss it in the ocean
But hear me now weary in my tongue
Hold it in your hand
Hide it from the wind
Sleep with it like a secret
And its wages will root deep beneath it