This Ole King

WHY?

Untethered layers
So thin as paper
Let them all, like vapor
Dissipate, integrate
When they hit air

(One thing)

We laid in the parking lot
Watched the stars
And the shooting stars
We know who we are
From beyond to the veiled
Intention between our cells

One thing, there is no other
Only this, there is no other
This one thing
There is no other

All my desire
To what I aspire
When I expire
Down dirtward all my hunger
In fire burn my anger
And collapse my stature

Always now
No before after
Only this, there is no other
Up skyward goes my water
Hang my want cloud
In the atmosphere

One thing, there is no other
Only this, there is no other
This one thing
There is no other

Just layers of this one thing

Living in slo-mo
Daily follow natural law

Cordon off sorrow
Tourniquet until it falls off

Beyond fences
Facing westward
Into diminishing light—
But at the start of spring
Like the robins sing
"This ole king will be rising
A new love blooms on the
Long notes of old horns."

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!