Adam

The Beat Fleet

In the dawning, wakening hour
He'll lift his head and brush his eyes with gentle strokes
That will only blindly mislead him
Into the first day of creation which he only sees in limitation
Now he sits upon his empty bed
His heart is warm, his heart is full and he can see
But it is impossible for him to retain me
For his arms are without form, he cannot know the word
As his mind cries out absurd
Now he's standing inside the doorway
He is afraid but he believes all that he sees on the floor
Where everything is merging
And pictures he sees are tragic as he begins to believe in magic
Now he lies down in a hole
Down in the ground where it is cold and now he knows
Now he realizes his biggest mistake
That he never had to grow old, and he never had to grow cold and die

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