

# Still Dreaming

311

No I'll not renounce my views, do what others do  
I'd rather drink the hemlock than be like you, to my soul untrue  
    It never gets easier, so quit tryin' pleasing her  
    Everything is a choice so let me hear your voice  
    Born in October night, feeling was out a sight  
    Skin I'm in now and then moves like a meteorite  
    Noise in our culture is built in our nature  
    Another era will decode as we head toward rapture  
    Suppose we're all gifted, suppose that the mist is  
    A metaphor for change, suppose the veil will be lifted  
    Sacrament that I hold, close and I feel noble  
Solar marigolds light the souls return from that other world  
Sometimes when I'm awake I can't tell if I'm still dreaming  
    There's so much here at stake  
    When every moment is just fleeting  
Sometimes when I'm awake I can't tell if I'm still dreaming  
    It never gets easier, so quit tryin' pleasing her  
    Everything is a choice so let me hear your voice  
    Rip up the evening post kill parasitic hosts  
We can shoulder all the karma that came with Los Alamos  
    Return the sky bottle blue, return that forgotten hue  
    A looking glass world seeing into and through you  
    Soul and body are my twins, the latter will give in  
When the former views the ocean as not too cold to get in  
    To Martian life forms these waters are real warm  
But beware we can change the weather and create a snowstorm  
Sometimes when I'm awake I can't tell if I'm still dreaming  
    There's so much here at stake  
    When every moment is just fleeting  
Sometimes when I'm awake I can't tell if I'm still dreaming  
    No I'll not renounce my views and do what others do  
I'd rather drink the hemlock than be like you, to my soul untrue  
    It never gets easier, so quit tryin' pleasing her  
    Everything is a choice so let me hear your voice

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