Geist

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This is it, all we've worked for,
Foreign and cold to the touch.
They freeze and they do burn,
These silent indications,
Only we could keep them under control.
You breath an ordained smoke,
Please don't blow it towards me,
Or hold my hands and tell me I am worthy of something withstanding.In short and uneasy motions,
We let our youth just slip away to fill a giant urn.
Revived within ourselves in symphony and song,
With limbs like lifeless tools, darting towards the sun.I shot dead the only one we had to guide us home.
Through fog-smoke white, no starlit sky,
Nor dim nor red, just an idle painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean.
We're glowing again.
I shot dead the only one we had to guide us home.Thoughts unhelped by the wind,
In solitude they drown.I have carried them.
I, though silent, I am your brother.Weaving circles around our hearts,
Inaudible as dreams of that eternal language we commit to.This is it, all we've worked for,
Foreign and cold to the touch.
And everything we gave has tied us unto this earth,
Quietly shining bold,
And I am your brother.

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