New Physics Rant

Julian Lennon

Because of things remembered
Nothing changes, we simply follow
Rhythms that are distant echoes
Ancestors turning in their sleepSilhouetted on the future
Playful figures that cut across the winking eye
Of God's projector
A partial eclipse of the original lightThat emanates in all directions
So the darkness isn't pierced
But rather forced to retreat
Pushed out by its own internal explosionThe screen of God's movie is time expanding
And every atom is a solid globular mirror
In which his grotesque anamorphic grin
Splits the darknessEverywhere our world's expanding
Journey's through the soul
Past all thoughts and understanding
Science or controlLooking to the future is looking at the past
In whichever direction you happen to face
You were forward, and I was slipping back
In the time it takes for the light of the stars to stirThe retina, rods and cones
History's in the beholder's eye
Fait accompli
Dans un outre androitThe further away we are, the farther back we see, unless
We could gaze instantly across the sound
Where, moored like ships, planets anchored, swing and sway
Golden barges laden down with mists and frozen crystals, dancing awayEverywhere our world's expanding
Journey's through the soul
Past all thoughts and understanding
Science or controlEverywhere our world's expanding
Journey's through the soul
Past all thoughts and understanding
Science or controlEverywhere our world's expanding
Journey's through the soul
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