

New Physics Rant

Julian Lennon

Because of things remembered
Nothing changes, we simply follow
Rhythms that are distant echoes
Ancestors turning in their sleep Silhouetted on the future
Playful figures that cut across the winking eye
Of God's projector
A partial eclipse of the original light That emanates in all directions
So the darkness isn't pierced
But rather forced to retreat
Pushed out by its own internal explosion The screen of God's movie is time expanding
And every atom is a solid globular mirror
In which his grotesque anamorphic grin
Splits the darkness Everywhere our world's expanding
Journey's through the soul
Past all thoughts and understanding
Science or control Looking 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 stir The retina, rods and cones
History's in the beholder's eye
Fait accompli
Dans un autre androit The 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 away Everywhere our world's expanding
Journey's through the soul
Past all thoughts and understanding
Science or control Everywhere our world's expanding
Journey's through the soul
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Science or control Everywhere our world's expanding
Journey's through the soul
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