Finally, Peace

Swans

With glittering hands
On collapsible land
We're praising the sun
For the damage he's doneA ruinous eyesore
Oh what is a mind for?
Just a knife in a lake
Just an arrow in spaceAll creation is hollow
And a picture's a shadow
Just a symptom of love
With a lack of a causeNow the city's dissolving
And heaven's inhaling
While the ocean is thinking of a surface reflecting:
Your glorious mind

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