

Motion in the Ocean

Nana Grizol

It seems that we are clams inside our shells
Side by side on rocks we feel the tide as the sea contracts and swells
Pearls grow from the pain inside we often know so well
So languageless, emotionless we must now find
Some way to tell the ocean not to worry
Ultimately all, predictably, is well Oh fisherman, it seems you've lost your net
Furthermore, it seems you're sinking, do not waste time with regret
Most of the world is covered in that stuff which constitutes your sweat
With which your body's, for a long time now, been marginally wet
I would tell you but i'm not so good with words
Language makes a simple feeling seem oh so absurd
Anyway, my songs about contentment so far always end in verbs
Like "drive", or "run", or go to sleep, the damage has been done
Life's not made up of things that must be lost or won
But you can live that way if that's what you call fun Oh karma chameleon
Are you in tune to the voice that makes that noise saying your work here is done?
And do you dream at night of thoughts inside you'll never tell no one
Unless you find some way to mask them in some sarcastic pun?
And oh, misguided secret angel on the run
What was so wrong with taking your wings off, a day of working done
In your dreams of hell, do you have endless chores or are you banished to boredom?
Now you can't decide if you believe in either one
You can't decide if you believe in either one
You'll not know until you've tried, and so you can't decide
You can't decide if you believe in either one

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