

# Firewall

## Needful Things

I do my best to sleep through the caterwaul  
The classicists, the posturing avant-guard  
I bought a green macaw, named him Jules Verne  
He'll probably outlive me, he's a bright bird  
Keeps me company, I teach him new words  
I saw a hologram at the theme park  
She looked as real as me through the white fog  
Then she melted down to her ankles  
Turned into a million watt candle  
If I knew where she went, I would follow  
Walking through the land of tomorrow  
Martian trinkets, plastic Apollos  
In the sunshine, try to act normal  
My veins are full of flat Cherry-Cola  
Slept on the bench, by the roller coaster  
Dreamt I was riding on a motorbike  
Lion of Judah painted on the side  
I'm doing fine, I'm back in the palisades  
Life's a wash, a pastoral school play  
China shops and cold ivory towers  
I and I make toast to the Caesars  
Forcing down the dregs of Decembers  
Madeline, she spins in a slow bang  
All through the house, the strong smell of burnt sage  
Let's make it clean and run out the spirits  
I know a diving bell when I hear it  
We're going down, now, under the surface  
Light to dark, can shift in an instant  
Feeling close but keeping my distance  
On all fours, she's just so insistent  
Fills my mouth with jump ropes and slit wrists  
Bust through the firewall into heaven  
And then I'm standing in that blinding light  
Crooked crosses falling from the sky  
Seen, yeah, seen by, I and I  
Seen, yeah, seen by, I and I

Seen, yeah, seen by, I and I  
Seen, yeah, seen, yeah  
Seen, yeah, seen, yeah  
Seen, yeah, seen by, I, I

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