Firewall

RSD

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 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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