Four Winds

Tim Dunnigan

Your class, your caste, your country, sect, your name or your tribe
There's people always dying, trying to keep 'em alive
His body's decomposing in containers tonight
In an abandoned building whereA squatter's made a mural of a Mexican girl
With fifteen cans of spray paint and a chemical swirl
She's standing in the ashes at the end of the world
Four winds blowing through her hairBut when great Satan's gone, the whore of Babylon
She just can't sustain the pressure where it's placed, she cavesThe Bible's blind, the Torah's deaf, the Qu'ran's mute
If you burn them all together, you get close to the truth still
They are pouring over Sanskrit on the Ivy League moons
While shadows lengthen in the sunCast all the school and meditation built to soften the times
And hold us at the center while the spiral unwinds
It's knocking over fences, crossing property lines
Four winds, cry until it comesAnd it's the sum of man, slouching towards Bethlehem
A heart just can't contain all of that empty space
It breaks, it breaks, it breaksWell, I went back, I rent a Cadillac, a company jet
Like a newly orphaned refugee, retracing my steps
All the way to Cassadaga to commune with the dead
They said, "You'd better look alive"And I was off to old Dakota where a genocide sleeps
In the black hills, the bad lands, the calloused east
I buried my ballast, I made my peace
With four winds, leveling the pinesBut when great Satan's gone, the whore of Babylon
She just can't remain with all that outer space
She breaks, she breaks, she caves, she caves

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