Tenebrae

Paul Celan

Command and repose and perfect posture
Set up to segregate afflictions we foster
The words fall dead, slip down the side
The wounded risen up and taken from the worst rideOut in the cold when we speak solid breath
We make our moves under cover of death
Outside the walls with the sick and insane
No shade or shelter from the shame-flavored rainAnd I can see it's the same as before
Condemned to suffer the seeds we have sown
To the degree that we reject and deny
Too greedy, too selfish to tryDeadbolt the mind, unplug the phone
Deny the promise of what's freely been shown
Just turn away, pretend it's not there
The strings of ignorance grown too sick to careOut on an island of self-centered spite
Lay in our beds under cover of night
Curl up and weep, narcissistic in vain
No shade or shelter from the shame-flavored rainAnd without a shift in course
We will approach our destination
Can you deny it?Throughout the flames that scorch the civility
Right off the page of a selfish history
The tide turns to create it's union
Now's our chance, time to disconnect
Preserve some dignity, a system to respect
It's been justified and relegated
We bog down in our symptoms of despair
Too far along to pretend we even care
Pretend you fucking care

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