

# Dust

## Inior

Keep your eyes closed,  
feel your hand,  
let pass it through the table and  
turn the radio off  
'cause you're ready to go.  
See the ground below.  
Trust your will: the wind won't let your new body fall.  
You don't have to be moved by the tears of the moon:  
even your mom could wolf your soul down  
with her frown. Dust dulls life  
and life gets stuck as fear tries  
to make wholeness disappear  
But I was ready to go  
(I saw the ground below!)  
'cause the air was warm and  
the black gate was so close  
to the square of my tune  
to The Will!  
maybe soon  
a twirl:  
now I can see you. I was ready to go  
(I saw the ground below!)  
'cause the air was warm and  
the black gate was so close  
to the square of my tune  
to The Will!  
maybe soon  
a twirl!

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