

# Youth

## Mount Eerie

I look through the big windows at the airport again  
Far from home in 2014, disconnected and young  
In my bag, a book of zen poems that I read and re-read  
They all say.don't worry  
Dreamed dust is always blowing  
All this is a veilThe veil of youth is lifting in me constantly  
Far from home again while everything is born by my eye  
Only now and this airport window and whatever I see  
The dissolving youth of things is shown as emptiness  
Dressed up as springAll million colors and everyone I've known  
Passing through a mind and it's this same mind  
That was born  
Wild and empty, wailing in electric lights since birth  
Far from home at last, and I'm still trying to let the spring emerge  
From beneath every thought unknown and vast  
But my youth and self assurance fill the sky  
"There's no moon," my young mind thinks  
"In a totally black night sky"  
But there is a moon.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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