

# Language

## King L.E.M

If language were liquid it would be rushing in  
Instead here we are  
In a silence more eloquent than any word could ever beThese words are too solid  
They don't move fast enough  
To catch the blur in the brain that flies byAnd is gone and is gone  
And is gone, gone  
Gone, gone and is goneI'd like to meet you in a timeless, placeless place  
Somewhere out of context  
And beyond all consequencesLet's go back to the building  
(Words are too solid)  
On little West Twelfth  
(They don't move fast enough)  
It is not far away  
And the river is thereAnd the sun and the spaces  
Are all laying low  
(To catch the blur in the brain)  
And we'll sit in the silence  
(That flies by and is gone)  
That comes rushing in and is goneAnd is gone, gone  
Gone, gone and is goneI won't use words again  
They don't mean what I meant  
They don't say what I saidThey're just the crust of the meaning with realms underneath  
Never touched, never stirred  
Never even moved throughIf language were liquid it would be rushing in  
Instead here we are  
In a silence more eloquent than any word could ever beAnd is gone, gone, gone  
And is gone and is gone and is gone  
And is gone, gone, gone and is gone and is gone

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