

Language

Ekowraith

If language were liquid it would be rushing in
Instead here we are
In a silence more eloquent than any word could ever be These words are too solid
They don't move fast enough
To catch the blur in the brain that flies by And is gone and is gone
And is gone, gone
Gone, gone and is gone I'd like to meet you in a timeless, placeless place
Somewhere out of context
And beyond all consequences Let'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 there And 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 gone And is gone, gone
Gone, gone and is gone I won't use words again
They don't mean what I meant
They don't say what I said They're just the crust of the meaning with realms underneath
Never touched, never stirred
Never even moved through If language were liquid it would be rushing in
Instead here we are
In a silence more eloquent than any word could ever be And is gone, 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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