

Genesis

Forgive Durden

This is the beginning and the end
The rise and the fall
Our gait will begin its saunter at the source
When the infant learns to crawl
Place your hands on mine, untie your mind
Let your bloated brain balloon and float away
Wet the end of the thread
Thimble upon your index
Set the needle on its path
Bobbing up and down and past
Tears and seams all turn to one
With every stitch and each spool spun
Feed the line through its eye
Draw it from the other side
Pull the strand to satisfy
The need to compose
The genetic map
The scientific gap
The detailed blueprints
Swept away under carpets
All we did was thread the eye
Of the silver splinter
We simply planted the seed
And nursed it through winter
The rest is up to you
To do with what you'll do
To learn and love and laugh
Until the cycle circle's back
I'll just separate, weigh anchor, disengage
Divide and disappear and see you in the mirror
(Oh, I'm, oh, I'm a slave to the night)
O the scientist was the author and the architect
The angels were his ink slingers
His actors and actresses
His two purest talents were Ahrima and Nidria
Two destined hearts bound by the same idea
The unrelenting constancy of love and hope
Can rescue and restore you from any scope
In her, Ahrima confided his curbing frustration

His gifts had been exhausted
Oh, how they'd misused them
She averted his passion and eased his blood
And so he confessed it to her
(A slave to your eyes)
He had fallen in love

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