

# Nineteen

## Ã,Â;Forward, Russia!

Ancient sore oculi  
Couldn't see the change  
But blissful lights still happen  
Through the darkest daysShe strokes her hair  
In the bathroom sink  
It lost volume  
It lost the will to giveI gave up  
On falling asleep  
As the hands began  
To shoveBefore you've even seen it  
The old horizon's gone  
Another recollection  
Of the blind, deaf summer sunBut eyes are not the be all  
And end all of the west  
The east may hold a pair now  
But maybe just addressThe doubts you have  
There's no great rush  
To make this changeShe showed some sense some time ago  
When she was happy  
She thought that this would make her happierI've told you for the fifth time  
I've told you for the twelfth  
I'll give up just when you will  
You better warn yourselfYou'll get left back  
In the cold and rain  
And now and againBalancing your roles  
I see you get bogged down  
And though you say, it's not good  
Your life still lingers onAnd so now, little gosling  
Don't become a swanI tried to be so special  
And I thought, I was alone  
I wanted to be special  
But I failed us allSo please, now  
Please just trust me  
Your life still lingers on  
And so now, little gosling  
Don't become a swan

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