

title: Legion of the Moose

time: Written in the Summer/Fall of 2001

theme: A questioning of all things, divinity in particular.

Knew it was coming  
But I could not stand the wait  
It hurts my head  
The world in one eye for two will bring mistake  
Metaphoric falling apart

How long must we sit in our  
Conscious and surreal what is  
Right towards the inside looking  
At my soul

Maybe it is different maybe you will say  
We were not awake

No way is this me I am  
Faulting my return pray I  
Make my final stand into...

Days weeks the minutes we've lost  
Admire the stream persisting  
Am I that alone  
Already I have known time  
We do not understand

They are righteous castrating everyday  
A weak ideal  
You will know  
You will see  
My own

Firm hold your post hold my terms apart  
You can't bleed  
I am sleepless as you dream  
Holding me helpless walking to the stream

God you are me  
When you are laughing you are me  
I am you