

*ARE WE MARCHING TO A PLANETARY CIVILIZATION?*

how to salvage | an antique  
descent | is beyond knowledge  
the bones carry | hardheaded  
droplet | diminishes | downriver  
and swoosh | water baptizes  
the lungs of someone | we cannot  
live without | pneumatic | accident  
and adrenaline | crime of conceit  
all i wish | is to catch myself  
sweet-toothing | the hunger | of night

how to salvage an antique ascension | map the smile of a past | go up yonder's river | and swoosh | swoosh  
swoooooosh | night is filling | the lungs | a tooth |of adrenaline | an accidental burst | of the mirror's sweet  
and we are ego | a droplet claiming | itself the rain.

hard heads | you and i  
hungering the antique  
salvaging time | let go  
and we are endless  
a sweet blooming  
a baby's lungs | a wish  
living between a pair  
of friends past | come  
with me and we water  
a river | run it up | and  
down again | once more  
and perhaps we night-  
tooth the years | leave  
a mark | a swosh | a drop.

i long to love myself a while | o' how i lust to lawn the law | grow into ourselves | i long to love myself a while |  
o' how i lust to lawn the law | grow into ourselves | i long to love myself a while | o' how i lust to lawn the law |  
grow into ourselves | i long to love myself a while | o' how i lust to lawn the law | grow into ourselves | i long to  
love myself a while | o' how i lust to lawn the law | grow into ourselves | i long to love myself a while | o' how i  
lust to lawn the law | grow into ourselves | i long to love myself a while | o' how i lust to lawn the law | grow  
into ourselves. i long to love myself a while | o'how i lust to lawn the law | grow into ourselves | i long to  
love myself