

The Cathedral

(Build it up
like stretching out)

5.

(Lament)

What is it... (to you) in that story that makes you cry,
Hard to find... you and I

When I was
Younger

The traffic was terrible.. but I don't remember that now. (I didn't tell anyone)

I cried in my car, as it reached the zenith (song)

As
space
to
breathe

The pulse behind the space. Everything I wanted, inside me..
I could run through a wall, I could crash into a million pieces,
All gentled because those tears were real

music

That music brought everything in line, in sync. For a single purpose
it smothered out the edges, the flaws and imperfections (to you)
like a missile, a shooting star... I am a weapon.. for
a cause formed long ago (not from good nor evil)
Some say music's not articulate.. thinks hedgers so,
wouldn't that just slow the missile.. like checking a dictionary,
it's pure.. ~~words or form men~~ music isn't and we suffer
for it, but I digress

architecture

One I
was grown

I cried in a cathedral once, the line was horrendous, but
I don't remember that now, hardly made it beyond the
door, forced to take a knee, it was all those years (of struggle) just
for me. There was space here too.

I had
my face

All How do you explain that feel, all I know is those tears
were real. If it's good to dust, it will still blow in a
kings eyes, and hell make it real one more, Tourists will walk in
its shadow, they might even look up.

but ~~that enough of that~~ I'm not
sure I'm born of much help