

Maanam, Explosion

Life is a set of structures, the tree and the lizard
Spellbound, ocean water, deep blue sleep
Furnace inferno blazing securely
The earth (hear how it whispers!) trips its swift ellipses

Explosion
Explosion
Explosion

The sweet air takes on any shape that it wants to
I can't change at all, however much I want to
Side by side, peaceful until
Anger's formless substance explodes in our faces

Explosion
Explosion
Explosion

Who can subdue the ocean's heaving power?
Who can return lava to the volcano?
Who can deliver me from the prospect
Of strictures and structures and futures whitout futures?

Explosion
Explosion
Explosion