

Rainbirds, Real

In the desert, in a distance
Is a woman who prays
She is finished with the image
She has changed her face
Bows her head down to the ground
She is waiting, weary
bows her head down to the ground
And then she disappears
This is not about the word
There are many words
This is just about- real
When there are many things to one
I don't think I've ever learned this
Nobody ever taught me- real
When there is nothing but: now
In the desert, in a distance,
Is a man who prays
He is finished with the image
He has changed his face
Bows his head down to the ground
He is waiting unconcerned
Lifts his head up to the sky
And so he will remain
This is not about men
There are many men
This is just about- real
When there are many things to one
I don't think I've ever learned this
Nobody ever taught me- real
When there is nothing but: now
This is not about the word
There are many words
This is just about- real
When there are many things to one
I don't think I've ever learned this
Nobody ever taught me- real
When there is nothing but: now (the future is now)
When there is nothing but: now (the future is now)
When there is nothing but: now.