

# 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.