

So Many Dynamos, Let's Move Mountains

Mountains will move, just say the words and believe it's true.
It's how they do.
When I close my eyes, colliding planes are all I can see.
It's poetry.

Heavens no, hell no,
There's nowhere, we're going nowhere.

Beautiful crash, the moon has fallen into the sea.
It's gravity.
Limp on its side, it's smaller than I thought it would be.
It's dead to me.

Heavens no, hell no,
There's nowhere, we're going nowhere.

Mountains don't move, just lying there like rocks often do.
I'm not amused.
Heaven and hell were all the same if you couldn't tell.
I'm underwhelmed.

Heavens no, hell no,
There's nowhere, we're going nowhere.