Finish plans and prayers like oceans upon me. But the mountains are the only things moved.

It's the Gods that grab the rusted handles; the old men and weathered hands. Except that I have to settle, I have to settle.

Rivers washing like they wash, all the while people walk like apes over it. And that's where I leave off, waiting for monkeys, for monkeys.

God damn the clockwork, and fuck the protesters. They leave me here, whining and crying and beating on drums. On those RMRMRMRMRM drums drums. And the speed I'm trying to reach is too fast, it's too fast, it leaves me open with arms to the sides sides sides like wings but rather than their message it's only leaving those same rivers open.

Quiet now, quiet,
Class is over and society is gone
love your wife and your life
share happiness and don't forget fuck often