

Lydia Lunch, In Spite Of God

We come spinning out of nothingness
Scattering stars
Hoping that somewhere over the horizon
Lies an incredible lightness
A lightness of being without being
Where everything falls away
Dissolves, disintegrates into subatomic particles
Where the soul is dispersed, dissolved, regenerated
Reintegrated into the next realm
Praying that we'll float, drift, diminish
Into new dimensions
Where sight and sound and touch
Are replaced with a comprehension of matter
Beyond human understanding