

Peter Hammill, Now Lover

In the here and now...
Between sensation at the nerve-ends
and arrival of information at the cortex
time elapses.
So, you see, each time we touch
we did so in the past.

Now, lover,
slicing through time in a perfect curve,
due for a moment of energy;
somehow we'll get what we most deserve
in the here and now.

In the here and now,
although completely different people
in the moments before and after having sex,
we are time-locked.
Cracked, forgotten statues, we are strangled in the undergrowth,
lost in ancient magic, we are motion, we are wonderful flow.
We are time-locked,
unknowing of the code,
but addicted to the pulse.

Now, lover,
melt in the crucible, flesh and blood
bodies consumed by the catalyst.
Somehow we'll raise our sights from the mud,
we are always now,
we are Always Now!

If we were always here and now,
instead of slightly, now and then...
so immaterial, so lost, embracing all the grace
that comes before the fall.

If we were always here and now,
electric shiver in the spine,
how could we turn away, see life as grey and drab?
How come we don't see what we have?

If we were always here and now,
soul to soul and skin to skin...
Is it some kind of make-believe,
is it some kind of dream we're in,
with a mint copy of original sin?

In the here and now,
between sensation at the nerve-ends
and the arrival of information at the cortex
time elapses.

Cracked, forgotten statues, we are strangled in the undergrowth;
lying on the mattress of the magic and the wonderful,
nothing really matters as we're sucked in by the undertow...
We are Motion, we are Feeling, we are Now!

Although completely different people
in the moments before and after having sex
we are time-locked, we are time-locked...
Though we know each time we touch
we did so in the past.

Now come on, come on, lover,
slicing through time in a perfect curve,

due for a moment of energy...
somehow we'll get what we most deserve
in the here and now.
Melt in the crucible, flesh and blood
bodies consumed by the catalyst,
surrender to nothing, welcome the flood
of the here and now.
Slicing through time in a perfect curve,
due for a moment of energy,
somehow we'll get what we most deserve;
melt in the crucible, flesh and blood
bodies, consumed by the catalyst,
surrender to nothing,
nip the thought in the bud.
We are always now,
We are Always Now!

If we were always here and now...