

Tilt, Storm Center

You've captured my imagination
Charismatic reck
In the wake of your devastation
I'm your best work yet
Fascinating backdrop of romantic poverty
Obsessed with herbs and healing cures
Obsessed with healing me

But you the one that's dying
A sudden downpour fading fast
Rapidly unwinding
To a bitter draft

Around your high poetic brow
Around your peasant neck
A veil of grandiosity
Competes with epithets
You're better off relying
On meteorology
That to keep justifying
Why you impose on me

Your path of mass destruction
Will blow by me now
You dissipate your energy
You cannot knock me down