

# Chris Walla, It's Unsustainable

I was busy, I was occupied  
I was burning the fields  
A wind of black was blowing over me  
And when the cilia revealed  
All the ash lining my lungs  
I heard a song, I heard a whispering  
I gave my torch to the flame  
I counted out the numbers silently  
A list of places and names  
That I'd best get back to, at least  
Were I soon to find leave or release?  
To sing again, now and then, now at least  
On to death and on to dignity  
On to flowering the grave  
On to faith and on to piety  
On to sending away  
All the tools our dynasty yields  
All these papers and axles and wheels  
On to quiet, on to silence  
On to still  
It's not unsustainable  
So don't even try to explain me away  
We can make it, love  
We can bend at the knee, we can fall  
And still we can recover  
It's not unsustainable  
Don't say it  
It's not unsustainable