

# Joy Electric, The Works Of Unknowns

Have to read patiently  
Books from past centuries  
Books of those rarely seen  
Hidden for ages  
Painted walls, portraits drawn of great empires and royal lawns  
Tapestries in banquet halls  
Vanished from memory

Now there's nothing left to be shown  
The works of unknowns

I divide, multiply  
Write what I learn and why  
Lecture to younger minds  
With sense and reason  
I devise formulas with chemical and minerals  
Ponder life through telescopes  
And question one's purpose

Now there's nothing left to be shown  
The works of unknowns

Have to be commonly known as one family  
Lengthy geneologies of who came before us  
Branches of family trees drawn by those after these  
Pages, proper histories, lived then forgotten