

Michael Pitt, Death to Birth

From ripe to rotten, too real to live
Should I lie down or stand up
and walk around again?

My eyes finally wide open up
My eyes finally wide open shut
I finally found the sound
that hears the touch of my tears
Smells a taste of all we waste
could feed the others.

But we smother each other with the nectar
and pucker the sour bittersweet weather
It blows through our trees, swims through our seas.
Flies through the last gasp we left on this earth.

It's a long lonely journey from death to birth.

Should I die again? Should I die around.

the pounds of matter wheeling through space?

I know I'll never know until I come face to face
with my own cold dead face, with my own wooden case.