

No Doctors, Tuning Th' Sundial

We've only begun
The work of the sun,
Our staff in the ground
Elated a sound,

Tuning th' sundial,
Tracing th' moon,
Until time is over,
It's only too soon;

How foul is this trash?
Mistaken for cash,
Her name on my lips,
Create an eclipse,

Tuning th' sundial,
Tracing th' moon,
Until time is over,
It's only too soon,

Sand fall in the lantern,
On the river under fire,
Burning after all is over,
Underwater starting breathing,
Breaking up above the heavens,
Quaking making lightning shatter matter.