

# Tallman, Iodine

see the world with jaded eyes  
the shallow structures of our crime

the stone falls from your hand  
you slip under the sand  
try to understand  
conscience forms a plan

see the world with painted eyes  
collected conscience moves in stride

the stone falls from your hand  
you rise above the sand  
try to understand  
we define the plan

question the ideal  
thought will make it real  
reaction you can feel  
truth will be revealed

is the message clear?  
is the passage near?  
or buried in the past?  
how long will it last?

wear the scar to feel divine  
or cleanse the wound with iodine