

Trance To The Sun, You Can Never Cut Your Hair

You can never cut your hair.
And when you comb it, you must save
all the fallen strands.
When you die they will be buried with you in a sack.

You will need them
to weave a rope to climb to heaven.
To climb to heaven.

I recall the things you said Jack-
coming down the hill like brats.
A vessel half full, your cup half empty.
Listen here, my Jill you know that-

You can never cut your hair.
And when you comb it, you must save
all the fallen strands.
When you die they will be buried with you in a sack.

You will need them
to weave a road to climb to see if there is any such thing as heaven. heaven.

When I first met you, you were
so kind to me.
Now I don't understand why your
running around
running around
running around
with that axe in your hands..