

Moon's Thoughts

Cloud Cult

I saw my insides fall out, and so I sucked them back in,
I was surprised by what was in there---
A little boy with dolphin fins, a bucket of leggos and
gin, an atomic bomb, the Dali Lama.
He could not tell me the way, he could not tell me the
meaning, until I'm ready to be crucified.

And the wind is made of moon's thoughts, all quickened
with poetry and madness, and if you hold in your lungs
for just a few seconds, you'll feel the burning I speak
of. You'll feel the burning I speak of.

We are Buddha, Confucious, and Jesus Christ.
We were born to philosophize.
But if we want to fly, we've got to leave our shit on the
ground.
Or is that too much to sacrifice?
And we will not know the Way, and we will not know the
Meaning, until we are ready to be crucified.

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