

Air-built madness: unfamiliar charm  
Hides in the softest eyes  
And ponderous smiles manifest denial  
But heavy heartless  
Conscious of our load  
Hurled by dreams into a separate world  
We dig the thoughtless earth  
With fingers lighter than the breath  
Of lifeless minds awaiting death  
On this mercyground  
What may transpire in this stagnant posture  
Tradition multiplies  
Where repetition reigns and the air smells of age  
And prayers of sightless  
Blind us to the earth  
Disenchantment sings in voices fortified  
Our sleep is justified  
Prone and weary from descent  
Our eyes reflect empyrean  
On this mercyground  
Safe inured we lay to rest  
Pinioned by our helplessness  
On this mercyground  
Empty smiles drag us down  
Until we softly kiss the ground  
And all movement is lost  
Silently we all sink down  
Embraced within this mercyground  
And all movement is lost