## Somatography

## Threshold

as we sailed through the clouds over plains of emerald green a million dead unseen we were justifiably proud they saw the doors opening they saw the smothered ground they heard the fire ravaging we thrilled at every sound judges of the night with the calculus of godly might cause the world to weep as we lay your body down to sleep

how it all tortures endlessly gone tomorrow the same can you in all humility give all that power a name when the kiss of a feather has worn the mountain down in its annual orbit of the sun

when will the suffering cease and do we all deserve our peace (destiny is but to run) will our wealth increase when will we all be released (future's only just begun)

but it was not always like this now i gaze with jaundiced eyes on the fruit of our exploitation i stop to wonder why where has it all gone all the time that we won all our lives and all of this waste

when will the suffering cease and do we all deserve our peace (destiny is but to run) will our wealth increase when will we all be released (future's only just begun)