

Goodbye my friend, my hour has come  
And I can no longer hold the weight of your shadow.  
Into bright mists and above all doubting damp crooked places  
I lifted the curtain of night for you in selfishness.  
I have cast sparks both orange and bright to light the way  
To burn a hollow into all damp shadows  
Hissing sparks of silver happiness to quench all doubt  
And snap open the dark places with laughter and shameless tears  
So did I hold your shadow and hope to find you beneath it  
So few are those who can share my happiness, bright and alone,  
Clear and laughing  
Ascending into the thinnest air, I am circling...  
Effortless and mocking, alone and complete...waiting.

How I did wish you might join me!  
And find wings for this impossible air  
So thin and crisp with frigid truth and happiness  
So stark and frozen is the air upon my mountain  
Over the soul and sickness of man—  
A thousand miles over his memory.  
But you could not remember, and so could not forget  
And like a sticky ghost, your shadow of wet lead  
Clinging and soiling all new places with old stains  
The circling turning weight of a thousand lies  
Promises of easy answers where all errors are alive and well  
All truths are true, and Hope can afford more lies than blood  
And so, I must climb upon the thinnest air and above  
So light and shining is my happiness  
Climbing up over every old thing  
So long dead and flush with tears, now filling my breast with sweetness.

A shadow of light am I  
Alone and climbing, too light to see the dark sunken earth of man below  
I have no lies left  
No kind hands to dip into the well of man  
Only wings and a lonely heart which beats too hard to hear the wind  
Life rushing too loudly, too fast to hear your voice...  
Wondering and looking.  
I am climbing beating wings and falling tears  
Light and joyous death of all doubts  
Light and light alone am I!  
And so my climbing hour has come  
And I can no longer hold the weight of your shadow.

So easy is the eye of the seer!  
So clear is the soul of one long dead  
So plain in its shadow and stain  
Which fall across the crooked damp days of man!  
I am light and cold, ice and shivering happiness, climbing and weeping  
A breath of wind too chill to remember the soul of man  
Circling and falling before his own image, a pity and vain  
A crime and a seduction, a weight and a falsehood.  
So simple is he!  
I am a shadow of ice falling away from his sad scent  
And his codling stammering ruin, so damp with doubt  
So clear and plain is his doubting strutting soul!  
Goodbye my friend...I can no longer hold the weight of your shadow.

Perhaps one day you will die.  
I wish you a murderous strength  
A blood strength to kill the thing  
Which casts your shadow of lead and doubting sweat  
So putrid and filled with pain and longing  
So heavy and kind to every past and present doubt  
Unsure and stammering under a black sun of lead and shame  
Under the soul of man.

May you slit open the belly of your very soul and consume it!  
Free the world from this ugly black sun  
And its leaden clouds of doubting weight and black rain.  
Kill the soul of man!  
And never find heart to pity or love that which is most putrid  
Rotten and hollow, filled with weight and suffering.

No!  
May you sear his flesh and roast the meats of his soul  
To perfect sultry bliss,  
Charred and killed, eaten and sumptuous  
Is the taste of your pain and hate  
Known and swallowed fresh  
Pouring through your dry soul of yellow sand  
Now wet with tears and rage, spent and suffered no more  
Never shall you see his ruined soul again!  
Never will you suffer or coddle his broken image again!  
Now burnt into sun and swallowed as light  
Shed as tears drunk into happiness, light and ice  
The sound of pain poured out and through the ruined soul of man.  
Now blessed and pure...Bright and dead!  
Then you may climb and find me  
Resting upon a mountaintop of white ice  
Where we can laugh and forget the dead  
Forget, the sick soul of man.

So I pray you find a murderous strength  
And grant me this selfish prayer...for I am alone in my happiness...  
Ascending into the thinnest air I am circling  
Effortless and mocking, alive and complete... Waiting.