

# Fire to the Flowers

Hell is the same thing as the useless spending of time  
at the old school, the new theme park, and the TV.  
I'm sure there's better metaphors for that, but really, I'm  
the kind of guy who doesn't care enough and lets it be.

When we wake willing to know why we wasted all  
the life that we were given, at the finish of our youth,  
we'll realize all the pleasure that we wish we could recall  
were nothing but distractions, were devoid of any truth.  
So silent! so silent were we fools from start to end!  
We never spoke except to hear our voice upon the wind.  
At least I'm sure we never heard, although we did pretend,  
the words and promises we gave to all and later would rescind.

We are closed from perfect romance and from friendship are debarred.  
We see the walls beyond the windows even we must build someday.  
We cannot tell the difference between being scared and scarred,  
and likely we will wish for greener grass and go astray.

But it's always just a desert, what I thought was greener grass!  
I scare myself on rollercoasters, die of lethargy in class,  
so I burn the flowers—weeds I took such trouble to amass.  
I hate the man who gave me them, who said that I could pass!  
And now the world's accelerating, yes, it's spinning fast  
and every wish we're praying for was given in the past,  
but none of them, we understand, was ever meant to last—  
did we not know we would burn the silly flowers we amassed?

Let us burn the dandelion.  
Let us exit from the dream.  
Let us speak a loving sentence.  
Let the world be what it seems.  
Let us not go home at sunset.  
Let us all outgrow the earth.  
The sun exceeds the canyon  
and is shining our rebirth.  
The sun beyond the canyon  
is outshone by our rebirth.