

STARBUKS

The desert is a different world
We abandoned time ago
In the pursuit of vanity

Movement here is still
And everything has a beginning
And an end
But nothing ever changes.

Eternity

Restless is our name
To start again and again
Every morning
That unending task
The turmoil of our minds
Disguised as labor

But it never ends
It knocks again and again
At the door of my mind
Like a crazed belfry
That tolls for nobody
And nobody hears
Outside of my mind

The mind is still, silent
As a forgotten candle
In the chapel's night
At the feet of the Christ

Against the mind's door
Offering its wear
Pushing and pushing
The world insists
As a madman shaking the bars
Of his self-made prison
Where nothing *is* – all is *about*

And the knocking continues -
Starbuds never closes

In the streets of Victoria
Zombies come in and out
The invisible doors
Of their deranged minds

Can you spare a dime brother...?

My mind is too noisy to bear
And I follow the zombies
Hoping they know
The final destination

And the knocking and knocking continues.
The belfry gone crazy

Would you silence my mind brother?
If I give you a dime?

It is simpler than that.
The mind has always been silent
You chose the wrong place to be.
They have to make noise
Because they are restless
They are so restless
Because of the noise.

They fear the silence

And a pimp drives his "hog"
Down Government Street
Surveying a field of whores
The soul has become

It is because of the frenzied knocking
That fears the depth of the silence
That Starbuds never closes

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