

# The Endless Dream of Humanity

*by* Jerry Ratch

I may have walked across the sacred line  
That separates me from the rest of mankind  
But I already paid my dues  
So, what club do I get into?

When I wake up  
And the wild rain of dreaming  
Ends  
I discover that  
Guilt is just another four-letter word  
With extra baggage

And there are so many  
Streets without a city out here  
On a map without a name  
That suddenly I'm on the inside  
Of the Endless Dream of Humanity

And Cataclysm is a bustling city  
Right across the river from Orgasm  
Somewhere in Oregon  
Until the shivers return

