

## Said The King To The River

La Dispute

Up, M'Lady--Pack your things, this place is not your home. Nor  
was it ever,  
Sever every tie, tonight we ride. Tonight we ride.

And how we've trembled at the way that time's assembled little  
fires of desire in the tundra of our skin.  
So, do yourself a little favor, savor every time you waver for  
that shaking in my voice was only slyly feigned chagrin. Tonigh  
t we ride.

Oh, Lover, uncover. I know it's warm beneath your sheets and th  
ere is ice along the streets but listen--Lover, we will recover.  
But we've no time to waste with meddling in affairs we've lock  
ed so tightly in our dreams. We are not clean, we are not pure,  
we can not rest until we're sure. So, rob your pretty little e  
yes of sleep's disguise. I'm at your bedside with a bucket full  
of lies. So, clear your ears and listen---

Up, M'Lady--Pack your things, this place is not your home.

But I know what is.

And to the glorious past:

You've opened my window but broken the glass. And I beseech the  
e, 'shed thy beauty.'  
For as a child leaves the womb and learns the cold, you have ta  
ught us perils in the present, and you will bring us peril in o  
ur surely-soon-to-be. Unless...

The river's not flooded this time.

Oh, Precious Distance,  
Oh, Precious Pain,  
You've given me a name. And  
Etched it in the stones of the river bank.

Oh, Precious Distance,  
Oh, Precious Pain,  
You've given us a name. You've  
Given us a name.

"Rise!" Said the King to the River, "Never let up! No, bring us  
a flood and bring it hard!"  
"Freeze!" Said the Wind to the Water, "Never give in! No, build  
us a bridge! And build it strong and angry. Let it stills the  
King's decree. Oh, you must contemplate the current, Boy, and c  
ommand that coward cease. The boy breathes for his love says, '

I wait.'