

# Music That Puts Everything Together

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One day the knife began to fall  
and as it dropped I heard it call  
"Oh father see how I have grown,  
the bastard fruit of seed you've sewn"  
I lost my erection,  
Saw my reflection  
It was hard to see that face  
He said "Welcome home brother,  
How have you been?"

We're at the end of an era  
No more sharpening our errors  
No more praying, we never hit  
The things that we are shooting at  
We've gone through the valley,  
We've borne our burden badly  
But lift up your ears and turn around,  
Think I can hear a sound  
The tune is sweet, The rhythm's strong  
The music that could bring us all  
Together again

One night I left my lady's side  
I felt some change within the tide  
Pulled a blanket over me,  
Set my little boat to sea  
I can feel the waves come,  
Find the rhythm  
The ocean won't let you forget  
The tide goes out...  
But the tide will come back in

We're at the end of an era  
No more sharpening our errors  
No more praying, we never hit  
The things that we are shooting at  
We left our lovers waiting,  
Spent our juices masturbating  
I think it's time we start to build  
Something that has a heart  
The air is growing thick with tones  
That just might bring these  
Scattered bones together again

One morning we woke up to find the  
Chasm had come so wide  
Between us and our fathers,  
And while we slept the space grew larger  
I could feel the shadow,  
Could hear the echo  
Of a song I know we used to sing,  
I'm starting to remember...  
How it begins

We're at the end of an era,  
No more sharpening our errors  
No more praying, we never hit

The things that we are shooting at  
We sent our vessels out to sea,  
Tied our feathers to the trees,  
Spent the winter on our knees,  
Looking for these melodies  
The song of a forgotten king  
Who longs to hear his people sing  
Together again