

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 bourn our burden badly
But liftup 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