

One swallow never made a spring  
You can buy a crown - it doesn't make you king  
Beware the trinkets that we bring

When the visionary dreams set hard and grey as flesh made into  
stone  
You tore the statues to the ground crying - let my people go  
And now they're gone, all is gone  
But these changing winds can turn cold and hostile

The freedom passion and the two faced call  
They dance together upon the wall  
With nothing left to break the fall

Now twenty-five miles north in the great dark woods  
The college buildings stand  
And the ghosts of hope walk silent halls at the death of the Promised Land  
All is gone, all is gone  
But these changing winds can turn cold and hostile

And in the shadows of the crowded square, a thousand paper deals go down  
And hungry sharks from everywhere smell the blood and head for town  
Innocence starts to peel away - How money changes everything  
The past it eats the future up and this blind desire eats everything

Now the rats they leave one stricken ship for another sailing past  
Your world was going nowhere slow while ours goes nowhere fast  
And now it's gone, all is gone