

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 Pr
omised 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 deal
s 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 every
thing

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