

Wind in the Wires

Patrick Wolf

Wind in the wires,
it's the sigh of wild electricity.
I'm on the edge of a cliff,
surpassing comfort and security.

Here comes a gale,
a crippling anger.
Sea birds are blown
into the rocks.
Grace is lost to thunder.

Thunder.
(pressure).
Pressure.
(pressure).
Thunder.
Pressure.
Getting lower.

See her waters break.
Rain falling to the sea.
Into a granite wave.

A unit.
A family.

It's just a sigh.
Just a sigh.

This wild electricity,
made static by industry.
Like a bird in an aviary,
Singing to the sky,
just singing to be free.

To be free.