

Random Pan

Steve Kilbey

Good times are a'coming
Well I saw it in a vision
I heard it in evangelist's sighs
Down beyond the station
Yonder lies salvation
In the afternoons and the skies
A child has been born
Who can converse with the corn
Who has access to the sadness of the trees
Decipher the cicadas
When his legs will take him farther
He'll be fed royal jelly from the bees

Random pan

They say the spirit's manifesting
And the eagles have been nesting
And the river is catering to the fish
Aside a waving sea of reeds
Where the sacred swans will feed
Providence provides you with a wish
And you wish to understand
And you look down at your hands
And your fingers are all feathered and divine
If you fade into the darkness
Or the softness and the starkness
As the manna drains into your mind