

Was He Ever Alive

Swans

When I die let me down,
In the field in the ground,
Where the water runs beneath me,
And the sky's red and falling down.
Round my eyes that I closed,
And the world that I know,
Is a shadow of a dream,
That left me in my loneliness,
Without a life behind me,
That I can say I ever knew,
That I can say I ever knew,
That I can say I ever lived at all.

Now I'm a drunken man,
And I'm killing time,
From what was mislaid.
I've never been alive,
I was never born in blood.
I've never breathed a word,
And the people that I knew,
The women and the thieves,
They left my body bleeding,
On this piece of fallow ground.
They left my body bleeding,
On this piece of closing in.
They left my body bleeding,
On this piece of emptiness.

They left my body bleeding,
on this piece of fallow ground,
Where famine comes before me,
And cuts my people down.
Where the brown cloud shuts the sun,
And locusts eat our food,
And the blood of lamb is spilled,
And smeared across the altar,
And the colors red and gold,
Put their flavor in our soul.
And the children are born blind,
And the water turns to blood,
And we're sheltered by our god,
Who's hand is strong and bloody.
And we're walking earth that's filled,
With the bodies that he's killed,
To get our people free.
To get our people out.
To get our people free.
To get our people out.
He'll drown em in black waters,
He'll send a swarm of flies,
Yeah, he'll slaughter those that kill us,
And he'll punish them that hide.
Where was it decided?
Where was it described,
That a man he gets no substance,
That as he lays there as he dies,
He ceases to believe,

He was ever born in blood,
That his eyes have ever seen,
That his hands have ever held,
That his lungs have ever breathed,
That he's ever been alive.
Was he ever live?
Was he ever live?
Was he ever live?
Was he ever live?