

# Wolfpack

Syd Barrett

Howling the pack in formation appears  
Diamonds and clubs, light misted fog, the dead  
Waving us back in formation  
The pack in formation

Bowling they bat as a group  
And the leader is seen so early  
The pack on their backs, the fighters  
Through misty the waving, the pack in formation  
Far reaching waves on sight, shone right  
I lay as if in surround

All enmeshing, hovering  
The milder I gaze  
All the animals laying trail  
Beyond the bough winds  
Mild the reflecting electricity eyes

Tears, the life that was ours  
Grows sharper and stronger away and beyond  
Short wheeling, fresh spring  
Gripped with blanched bones moaned  
Magnesium, proverbs and sobs

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