

Stop

The Church

Ok stop, stop ! (spoken)
How long ?
Long enough to know I don't know any more
How deep ? Deep inside a surging red rider
How far ?
Far enough to see your shadow
How soon ?
Soon this will all be gone, all be gone
Now why can't you stop ?
Now why can't you just stop ?

How near ?
Nearly midnight in 1999's last party
How strange ?
Stranger than fiction to the ear
How much ?
Much more than I had ever hoped
How close ?
Close enough to know that we were gone, we were gone

Now why can't you stop ?
Now why can't you just stop ?

Wake up slowly, I've been sleeping four hundred years
All my memories all my feelings
All is revealed
Leave me gently, hear me faintly
Then discard...discard...discard