

(i) We Used To Worship The Moon

The Venetia Fair

I'm losing control here
It's like these thoughts have a mind of their own.
The dam's not gonna hold if I can't

Get a f**kin' grip here.
It's inescapable maybe I'll drown
In the questions or maybe I'll build
The arc above the sea.

In clear defiance of law and science belief stands
unswayed
I'm fairly certain behind the curtain's a provable
divinity
A marriage of faith with the knowledge and atheists
faithlessly question
I need to pull him out for all to see
'Cause I'm sick of looking for God at his home.

(Own what you know)
We used to worship the moon until we
(Pray how you'll pray)
Landed on its face and saw we spoke too soon
(Own what you know)
If he is infinite then
(Pray how you'll pray)
What could he be hiding in if that's so?

Surely ubiquity means he's in every sick,
Disgusting thought we've got in our brains
And I am quite sure the mind knows no bounds
It's got infinite potential
Infinite potential for pain.

So maybe he's holed up in the endless expanses of human
desolation
Their fears and ambitions, their bullshit superstitions
Cracking the code means I've got to crack some skulls.