

Blues are falling like showers of rain
But I don't feel like crying
Death is abroad this day
But I don't feel like dying
I learned how to sustain myself
How to sustain myself in storms

Her tongue was like a scythe
And all her bones were haunted
A scapegoat for her life
Was all she ever wanted
I learned how to sustain myself in storms

Sir Bedivere slept in the field
His armour strewn around him
Curled fetus-like beneath his shield,
Still weeping when we found him

I teetered on the edge of doom
Degenerate and broken
She sucked the poison out of my wounds
And spoke the great unspoken
I learned how to sustain myself in storms

His monstrous ego, whipped and driven
Raged beneath his clothing
The compliment he paid was given
Not with grace but loathing

Deliverance is at the gate
With arms and gold in store
She apologises for being late
But I don't need her anymore
I learned how to sustain myself
How to sustain myself in storms

Scoured and stripped of all pretence
Shorn of all illusion
I offer nothing in my defence
- you may draw your own conclusions
I learned how to sustain myself in storms