

## Weekend Players

### "The Argus"

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Yesterday we lost our lives, tomorrow we were born  
Fortune smiled upon us, sacrifice the Argus  
All that he might help us see

Magna eyes the track for miles, looking for disease  
Puzzled by the mountains - tricked by the sea  
And the Argus is practiced compassion  
With an eye on you, as one is on me  
Will the god eye grant his forgiveness  
And allow he that's lived, a reason to see

Counting days and building walls, bells ring so's to  
warn  
All the signs that guide us, chosen by the Argus  
Tell me has chosen you

Led by form we'll she'd our soul  
Trusting like a child  
See the dark face that saved us  
Drink from his empty eyes

And the Argus is practiced compassion  
With an eye on you, as one is on me  
Will the god eye grant his forgiveness  
Letting droplets of light erupt from the sea...

Lying in beds of garlic and orchids, he closes an eye,  
which closes another  
And in sleep he dreams, of watching and looking and  
feather clouds dancing  
He curls up his lid and sleeps...

Swirling with visions on man's confusion  
All of the work, done just to appease him  
The Argus he cries, though love has it's place in the  
sun  
It's only man's fear that carries him on...

