

Eleventh He Reaches London "Long Grows The List Of The Live And Dead Pretenders"

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He needs help with his social confictions made simple
by the boy with no heart!

He needs a purpose so roll your eyes here comes the
picture we drew.

He needs a part, he needs love.

He needs confidence, trust, grief and a home.

He wants tragedy, he wants the post cum epiphany.

Constrictors come join us in song!

Did I make entropy rife between lovers, family and
home?

Well I, I, I've got confetti all over myself.

Did I drop the third person act to show you how real I
can be?

Well I, I, I've never been real in my life.

Killed by lust and the call for better social conditions.

Oh bludgeoned Firefly, I could not save your life to
illuminate the night and show the pathway home.

So with no guiding light I'll take refuge in this cold
cityscape.

Then we'll throw a party but only orphans are welcome!

We'll drink a bottle of wine to get drunk then head back
to the shelter!

And we'll need no one else, we'll raise these families of
our own.

On our own!

On our own!

We'll raise that union flag alone.

Schooled in the private system.

Publicans are paid to listen.

So he sings in the loneliest hotel's hallways pretending
they were his.

Break, bind, heal and separate.

One from romantics and two from idealists who signify
all that I weigh.

All that I weigh in worth as a father, a sibling, a son.

By request of the old man that his body never lay out of
ear shot of the town's bells.

And through his words passed on at his funeral, "if it
does, dig me up and burn me".

Burn it all and together we'll torch this portside town

alive.
Burn it down.
With those ashes we'll make testament to the orphans.
If they sing liberal chants and send you broke then
nephew burn it down.
If they sing stockade songs along the dock then
nephew dig me up.
We'll scream so loud you won't hear those fucking
bells.
I'll dig you up myself and fill that empty space.
Long grows the list of the live and dead pretenders
who could not see the world as a purpose without fate.
So that's us for now.
Thoroughly dead and buried neck deep in guilt with
heads held high.
I did not say a word because it hurts to sleep.
Awake as the same disgrace you always were cause it
hurts to feel.
And this dynasty of repeated verse will destroy us first.
Well that's where it ends.
The destruction of love, life and home on a recording I
can't afford.
Learning to walk with one foot in front of the other.
Goodbye from the depths of my Fremantle heart.

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