

Forward, Russia!

"Ten"

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To build a charred and beguiled sense of fear
To tell a different story
I'll need to see a more generic height from ground
This modern Jackanory
Won't be revision of an older narrative
Or plagiaristic fable
But when you think that things will change while dark
turns light
There comes that shrill awakening sound

Of falling down
And while around
Hanging up the checkout
You wear me down
You wear me out
A brittle thought
A lucky sound
Turn me to God again

I traversed automatic 'wishes granted' lines
Received a common but remarkably expensive gift
And to believe it is to see in this substance glitch,
And though it's clearly fleeting
The interim is gobbled up like after-thoughts
Or morphine to the veins of the dependantees
And though it's obvious this is a fleeting glimpse
It's eaten up, so chronic

Eat it, and it will leave!
I'm out the sanctuary!
There's not a sinner to save your movie
Except in Canada, ooh-ooo-ooo
Eat it, and it will leave!
Become the secretary!
There's not a sinner to save your movie
Except in Canada, ooh-ooo-ooo

And in Montreal...
And in Washington, oh...
Aesop would be proud!

That his true favourite has conformed to stereotype
And your iambic pentameter
It goes in fours, nines, threes, twos, eights and
twelve's
Don't let that serving blacken the sound

Of falling down
And while around
Hanging up the checkout
You wear me down
You wear me out
A brittle thought
A lucky sound
Turn me to God again Thanks to thudord

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