

Freelance Whales

"The Great Estates"

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We beg rebirth to take us up
Parade our souls out by the back gate
Some claw the ground
Some cut the air
Some warm the seas
But what will you be and when?

And I swim through dirt to find you out
And a whale without his family history is
And I used to shout to find my way in the water
Find my distant memory failed

Look into the reigns of a great estate
Better lights pull you out of the ground
Seep into the wood of the great estates
Animals your soul will guide

Give in to the reigns of the great estates
Better lights pull you out of the ground
Seep into the wood of the great estates
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