

FrYars "Madeline"

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Slowly they go,
but there's fault lines for Madeline,
on a journey from school but she looks like she may fly,
more to this than a will to explore,
please don't go, you won't make it, I'm sure

The sun sets, the earth shakes now,
I feel miles to go,
warm ground, tread lightly,
I don't want you to go.

Well, their mothers say they'll live to see another day,

and they paint in lines a new portrait of Madeline.
And in painted red,
a sign that says my daughter's dead,
my earthquakes, she said, are coming down.

Wake up.

Playing by rule,
she had, guidelines from old times,
down roman roads like she's fighting for Cataline,
so alone

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