

Hammill Peter**"Faculty X"**

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Hope by and by, hope by and by -
motes in the eye, portcullis is shut,
a skull isn't much
of a castle to live in
when the change is going to come,
the change has got to come.
Explosions in the brain attest to it
Evolution down the drain - let all the rest do it...
Oh yeah, the only result is cumulative drek
It won't be the drug
it won't be the sex
it's got to be the Faculty X
Looking for a method, I play a straight bat,
throw away the chances to slip.
Yeah, you talk about the average -
I don't care about that
and my words are only giving me lip
When I know that the change has got to come
Or what am I living for? or why am I here?
I running, I give in more,
far away from the near

Go meta-physical world, the sign that protects

It wasn't the last

it won't be the next

It's Faculty X

Reading seeks, sages. prophets and obocurantist
tracts,

draining the elixir to the dregs...

active yeast in the bottom is on the attack

and it leaves me without any legs to stand on

Still I hope that the change will come

Meanwhile I don't know

I think I'll have to go

Yeah, go for the governing body my consciousness
elect

It won't be so clear, it won't be direct.

it's all that I fear, it's all I suspect

and I'll disappear in Faculty Ex -

I pluck all these characters out of thin air,

I push them down into the lungs;

I infuse them with meaning as much as I dare.

Stretch out for the shoreline and wait

for the wave....

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