

Loom **"Prizes"**

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Divide all of the spoils, take more than we deserve
Chasing flickering lights, almost there
Reaching, stretching our limbs, circling, then closing in
Oh beautiful siren

These trophies shine on the horizon,
Begging to be gained.
It craves to be gained by selfish eyes

Graves lust broods in us, keeps us sick where we stand
Nothing comes, but it leaves us alone, us as lambs
Starry-eyed appetites, gaping mouths, hands

Now we've won the prize at last
But we'll never pick out the shards of glass
We'll spend the rest of our lives digging
And is this golden chair that we sit in
More fitting than the rags we've she'd
This token marks no end, it marks where we begin
again

Glittering prizes tear us into twins, divide our desire

Feed us or dispel this craving we serve

At the rainbow's end, we drink from the fountain
Now cloud ten, to search for eleven
At the rainbows end...

Now we've won the prize at last
But we'll never pick out the shards of glass
We'll spend the rest of our lives digging
And is this golden chair that we sit in
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... It marks where we begin again

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