

Masque "Limbs Might Wail"

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You've still got time for that, they smile
Have I been wrong. Is there no rest
Or is this not the place I thought
Of course it's not and here's the bath
I am home or so they say
I guess this halt is half way there
Can't stop the weep of secret reasons
So many things I've left undone
There's the dining-room and we'll make sure
That you will enjoy your stay
All those gentle, whispering people

Nurse my body, make me feel older
And I am glad that I can't see
That I have lost my greatest thoughts
I've got nothing left since youth to grace
I am home talking to others
Not in any way like what I used to be
But evidently we've got something in common
As wail won't leave our brittle bones
These my limbs may go. Submit
(Words: Sahlin Music: Rellmark/Engström/Kalin)

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