

David Sylvian

"The Ink in The Well"

Visit "[The Ink in The Well](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

The lights of the ashes smoulder through hills and
vales

Nostalgia burns in the hearts of the strongest

Picasso is painting the ships in the harbour

The wind and sails

These are the years with a genius for living

The rope is cut, the rabbit loose

(Fire at will in this open season)

The blood of the poet, the ink in the well

(It's all written down in this age of reason)

The animals run through harvested fields of fire

The bitterness shown on the face of the homeless

Picasso is paining the flames from the houses

The sudden rain

These are the years with a genius for living

The rope has been cut, the rabbit is loose

(Fire at will in this open season)

The blood of the poet, the ink in the well

(It's all written down in this age of reason)

Fire at will

Fire at will

Fire at will

Visit [David Sylvian](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.