

## Sting

### "Narration"

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One. Exterior. Cathedral. Daylight. Establishing it's beauty in elevation, stain glass and stone carvings. From its huge doors suddenly comes a flow of white cloud choir boys. Angelic, white surplussed, all bobbing in a disciplined stream. But then, suddenly in their midst, startling, ridiculous, incongruous is Martin a young man in an ill fitting rain coat. As the boys proceed in their orderly way, Martin is left alone. Peculiar, disturbing. Which one... which one will it be?

Two. Interior. An office near the Cathedral. Daylight. A view of the Cathedral through the window. Alone, in this Dickensian office above the small printing presses, sits Mr. Bates, middle aged, meticulous, writing with a gold barreled fountain pen. He's finishing a little verse beneath a picture of an angel:

Although we all must sometimes stumble  
As we journey through this life,  
I've never heard you moan or grumble,  
The perfect mother and wife.  
Bates places the sheet of paper on top of a pile of similar sheets, his face heavy with contempt. He stares into the middle distance. A framed photograph of a lively, attractive young woman, Patty, his daughter, is in front of him, on his expanse of desk. He glances at it. He caps his fountain pen, neatly puts the sheet into the pending tray, neatly lines up his blotter, his desk aids, and satisfied, rises to join the homeward throng.

Three. Exterior. Cathedral precincts. Fading daylight. A few people bobbing along with the anomalous, near vacant, tired expression of home-goers. Which one... which one will it be

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