

Land Lovers "Lifes Work"

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There's a danger in speaking up
When the powers that be find your lungs lacking
Besides, did you want to be understood?
If the time was right, bloody sure you would
But the time was wrong; I'd a life's work to do
After I finished that walk with you

There's no record of your voice
I taped you at Christmas refusing your uncles a song
What they wanted was yours alone
You'll enter eternity guarding your groans
Your bones, bones, bones are a bleak masterpiece:
Off with the camera, on with the fleece

There's a blue swollen sea
It comes rushing for me

In the days left in balance
When you've left me your diaries, your daughters, your
dockets
Will I set aside time for each of those?
Or wonder if Pharaohs were buried with more clothes?
A ghost with a life's work to do:
Patrolling the body you'll leave me to ruin

There's a blue swollen sea
It wants you to believe
That the laws of the universe do not apply under it
It comes rushing for me.

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