

## **Withered Hand**

# **"Love In The Time Of Ecstasy"**

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There's a crack  
In the handle of a coronation cup  
That I once brought back  
From the study trip in Athens  
Where we plaited my hair  
And I put eyeliner on  
Until they stopped in the street  
And pointed at me  
And I felt only pride  
For the first time in my life

There's a warm warm rain  
Upon a hotel balcony  
Where we looked out upon  
A darkening sea  
And the light, and the light  
Down on the Mediterranean  
Burned like candles in the memory  
Of all the things that we mislaid  
On our way here

Why did Nirvana ever  
Bother to play here  
Hey there  
I don't want to stay here

I decree there is a higher plane  
Some place of little consequence  
That I might see your face again  
Before the living and the dead  
Are reunited

And this town  
This town is killing me now  
I can't believe I waited so long  
From the shopping trolleys  
On the river bend  
To the sound of the bassbins booming

Can I see your face  
In this acid light  
Of another suburban evening

As I roll my eyes up  
To these dirty skies  
And count the days  
Til I'll be leaving

I decree there is a higher plane  
Some place of little consequence  
When I might see your face again  
Before the living and the dead  
Are reunited

And what is love  
What is love in the time of ecstasy  
And bare knuckle fighting

Lord, won't you deliver me  
From the wave machine  
And the transparent bikini  
Like isn't there some skeleton  
On me I should find  
That I might vanquish

Please, won't you listen to me  
Your unfaithful servant's  
Filthy fucking language

I decree there is a higher plane  
Some place of little consequence  
When I might see your face again  
Before the living and the dead  
Are reunited

And what is love  
What is love in the time of ecstasy  
And bare knuckle fighting  
Don't tell me that he died for that

Counselor forgive me for I knew not  
What I vandalized  
Don't tell me that he died for that

Take me down to the paradise club  
Where the girls are drunk and over sized  
Don't tell me that he died for that

And there's a crack  
In the handle of a coronation cup  
That I once brought back

I decree there is a higher plane  
Some place of little consequence

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