

1984

"Give It A Name"

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Bunch of sherpas now
Surround my hill
Hungry people climb
Very calmly
Your fat walls
Will fall and all
Will melt in the ground
Silently drowned

My words ain't useless
If they're meant for you
My arms are modest
But remain true
For all those days
For all those waves
That swallowed up in vain
Heavens we bore

Don't waste your love for me

Master of echoes
Go orientate the wind
Weak and dry
But we can try
To sing for blind crowds, sound knives, cancer kids
I lose the sight, lose the sight for real
Now give it a name
To this thing you can't fix
Drive it to suicide
Like the boatman on the styx
Tell me what happened
Didn't you control your hands
There's a sword in lungs
There's no breath in brain
If sunday skies are still still
Ghost host most of the time
I feel dim
Don't take my silence for a wisdom clue
World's too heavy for words
I'll mute everything
Outside you

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