

## The Church

### "Florian Trout"

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Florian Trout was a distant boy, he lived in a very  
strange town  
Where was he, you may well ask, when the widow's  
house burned down  
I've seen his face in windows, his voice upon the wind  
I felt his hand upon my shoulder  
I felt like I had sinned

Take your time, make your way  
Watch your step, watch your step

Searched for him in nightmares  
I've been led through the dark  
Postcards from a paradise with shadows and with  
sharks  
In the furtive gestures, in the lighting's flash  
Over static airways, detour round the crash

Take your time...

How deep is the deepest ocean  
How high is the sky  
You have love and sweet devotion  
I wonder why can't I

Florian Trout was a brilliant mind gruesome in precision  
Analytic like a knife, sharp like an incision  
Blue and purple in the night he goes about his business  
Seldom even looking out into the silver distance

Take your time...

Florian Trout was a distant boy, he lived in a very  
strange town  
Where was he, you may well ask, when the widow's  
house burned down  
I wonder how he feels right now when evening shades  
are falling  
Lonely in his capsule with all of heaven calling

How deep is ....

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