

The Waterboys

"Manifesto"

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Blues are falling like showers of rain, but I don't feel
like crying
Death himself is abroad this day, but I don't feel like
dying

I learnt how to sustain myself
I learnt how to sustain myself in storms

The enemy has the biggest tanks, and he sure knows
how to use them
Our best, and only, chance, is to thoroughly confuse
him

I learnt how to sustain myself in storms

Her tongue was like a scythe and all her bones were
haunted
A scapegoat for her life was all she ever wanted

I learnt how to sustain myself in storms

Sir Bedivere slept in a field, his armour strewn around
him
Curled foetus-like beneath his shield, still weeping
when we found him

I learnt how to sustain myself in storms

I teetered on the edge of doom, degenerate and
broken
She washed the blood out of my wounds, and spoke
the great unspoken

I learnt how to sustain myself in storms

His monstrous ego whipped and driven raged beneath
his clothing
The complement he paid was given not with grace but
loathing

I learnt how to sustain myself in storms

Deliverance is at the gate with arms and gold in store
He apologises for being late, but I don't need him
anymore

I learnt how to sustain myself
I learnt how to sustain myself in storms

Scoured and stripped of all pretence, shorn of all
illusion
I offer nothing in my defence, you can draw your own
conclusions

I learnt how to sustain myself in storms

(trans. Sean Miller - sean_miller@mindless.com)

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