

The Sophomore Attempt

"Act Iii: Modulate Back To The Tonic"

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(I've been trapped here for one hundred years
Blood, women and drink have been my only vessels on
this vessel
Isn't there a way out, now?
Brave friend horizon, bring me back to fourteen)

There's a million ways out of the city
I don't know one
His way was to pursue birds, with food in their mouths
Suitable for humans, snatching from them.
Then the birds would follow and snatch it back
And they would all go chasing each other gaily for
miles
Parting at last with mutual expressions of goodwill
"Save him, save him", they cried
Looking with horror at the cruel sea far below

We're hanging from our ankles
We're hanging from this spot
We're hanging from our ankles
... From this spot
My hand brings you back up on to dreary land,
To form our end
Form...

(I've been trapped here for one hundred years
Blood, women and drink have been my only vessels on
this vessel
Isn't there a way out, now?
Brave friend horizon, bring me back to fourteen)

Indeed, a million golden arrows were pointing it out to
children
All directed by their friendly sign, who wanted them to
destroy their way
Before leaving them for the night.
In an unexplored patch as they rose and they spread,
Black shadows began to dawn on them.
The roar of the seas took prey, this is quite different
now
And above all, we'd lost the certainty that you would

live

When at last it had been steady again, he found
himself alone in the darkness.

We're hanging from our ankles
(Is this exactly what you wished for?)

We're hanging from this spot
(I am through with it all)

We're hanging from our ankles
(Is this exactly what you wished for?)

I am through with it all

My hand brings you back up on to dreary land,
To form our end

Form...

We're hanging from our ankles
(Is this exactly what you wished for?)

We're hanging from this spot
(I am through with it all)

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