

## Divine Comedy, The "Bleak Landscape"

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I cannot reconcile myself to this  
I wish i could!  
I cannot live the life i ought to live  
I know i should!  
I cannot bring myself to pray,  
Except to wish these words away  
They echo round my head  
But soon they will escape  
Across the bleak landscape

There is a tree that grows out of this earth  
It stands alone  
There is a wind that shaped it from its birth  
By whom the seed was sown  
I cannot bring myself to sing  
It is a wild, untethered thing  
That echoes round my head  
But soon it will escape  
Across the bleak landscape

I cannot bring myself to... speak  
Except to wish myself asleep  
Every word unuttered  
Only serves to clutter up my head  
When i go to bed  
I dream that  
Soon i will escape  
Across the bleak landscape

And soon we shall escape  
Across our very own bleak landscape

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