

Sylvian David "The Ink In The Well"

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The lights of the ashes smoulder through hills and
vales
Nostalgia burns in the hearts of the strongest
Picasso is painting the ships in the harbour
The wind and sails
These are the years with a genius for living
The rope is cut, the rabbit loose
(Fire at will in this open season)
The blood of the poet, the ink in the well
(It's all written down in this age of reason)
The animals run through harvested fields of fire
The bitterness shown on the face of the homeless
Picasso is painig the flames from the houses
The sudden rain
These are the years with a genius for living
The rope has been cut, the rabbit is loose
(Fire at will in this open season)
The blood of the poet, the ink in the well
(It's all written down in this age of reason)
Fire at will
Fire at will
Fire at will

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