

Toya

"Revelations"

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Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And we came tumbling after
Up got Jack and home we went
As fast as we could caper
And Jill came home and wrapped his head
In vinegar and paper

We crawl on hands and feet,
Smell the scent of a fresh street

We went up the hill like Jack and Jill
To fetch our ration of water
When we got to the top the bomb was dropped
We tumbled down with laughter
Up we got with our adrenalin shock
And ran to the nearest shelter.
The girls were shocked they were fool enough
But we are true survivors

We crawl on hands and feet,
Smell the scent of a fresh street

We crawl on hands and feet
Smell the scent of a fresh street

Space ships fill the sky
With their warmth and laughter
Who will go and who will stay?

Warlords. Warlocks. Wizards. Shepherds.
Will you stand up, Holy Ghost?
Witches, Serpents, Superstitions
Leaders on their futuristic toys.

Nosferatu, Nostradamus
Imps and pixies, goblins, demons
Crying pirates, John and Peter

Space ships fill the sky

With their warmth and laughter
Who will go and who will stay?
Who will go and who will stay?
Who will go and who will stay?

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