

Powder Monkey

Blind out,
even as we speak out
even as the fallout
falls out,
raining down.

We're smoked out
even as we reach out
even as the fallout
falls out,
on and on.

You're nothing at all,
nothing to fear,
a mere pounder after all.
(death enters the room)
"Well I'm here.
You'll forgive me
for not giving my real name.
It's time to come now,
She can't go with you."
(Pilot leaves; she enters the room)
"I won't not cry for you.
I won't get by for you.
I won't
I'm torn in pieces
torn apart"

Gathering Speed

I want you to be free.
I want you to be free from me.
I want you to be somewhere else.
There's nothing more,
there's nothing left
as you found out for yourself.
You're losing your way,
you should be gathering speed.

High Tide, Last Stand

Last stand, flyblown
when did we grow old
when did we learn that
in every goodbye there
is a scene of death.

None of the old rules apply,
we're into the not knowing.

Red curved roof
now shedding its tiles.
It's over.

Footnote, endpiece
how did we get here
when did we learn that
in every goodbye there
is a scene of death.

Fighter Command

He waits for the word,
the hard edged word, he is patient.
In reach of a phrase
and the end of all time.

Lines ran through the clouds
like rain on a cold breeze.
He was set free
he had learned to fly.
In search of a fix,
pull back on the stick.

He was alone,
lost in speed
lost to the water.
He was apart,
flying in a bird
built not to fall.

When you burn a million
thoughts a second,
what would be the last
thought on your mind?
Maybe of your daughter,
maybe of your girl.

Fallen down
we needed you to be around.
Lost and found,
we needed you...

I can't unhappen you at all
can't be with you
when you fall.

Lost and found
we needed you
to be around
Fallen down
I want you...

I can't unhappen you at all
can't be with you
when you fall.
can't see the road
much further on.

The Road Much Further On

You can't draw love
you can give hope
you could be wrong.
Meaning the road much
further on,
the future death of our son.
Be there for us, be there for us.
I'll be there.

Shut down, shut out,
close the door behind you.
You made my heart sing
it's now empty, silent.

Darkness as a bride
taken to your arms.
The last thing on your mind
the last words you said:
I'll be there,
when we grow old,
when our love last finds
form and space.
I wanted you to know,
I hope you know.
I always knew that it could end this way.

When you fall in love
and fall out of love again.
when you have kids of your own
when they grow and leave home,
I'll be there.

That was the place
where our love
first found form and space.
I wanted you to know,
I hope you know.
I always knew that it could end
this way.

Sky Flying On Fire (instrumental)

Pell Mell

Sixing and severing
ducking and diving in,
loving and leaving it and
losing all your self.
Into the outside
out with the inside
into the spaces that we keep
between ourselves.
For you there is
no hope at all.

It goes down and down.
You know it's an easy ride.
All the space that you see
between us,
no, we can't hide.

Wearing it lightly
growing like topsy
sleeping and waking up
and nothing inbetween.
Out of the zone
and into the darkness,
walking a line between
the people at your side
with nothing to fear
but yourself.

It goes down and down...

Ah you wear it lightly.
When did we grow so
old and frightened?
Ah you wear it softly
when did we grow so
far away from ourselves?
Ah you wear it lightly,
how did we ever get so scared?

It goes down and down....