

Amplifier, Continuum

The cushioned throbbing of a velvet moon
And the pregnant aching of an empty womb
The endless echoes of the noise we made
And the repercussions of each hand grenade
There's aeroplanes and dragonflies
And infinite September skies
There's anthems of utopias
And creeping wars and glaciers

Just listen...

Is there music in there?

Arrived within the creeping hearse
Vibrations from the universe
Awash with the glittering of city lights
The mouse choir whispered through the endless nights
All alone to ride upon the froth
The human dreamt of taking off
Eventually, time corrodes the brain to rust
And all those dreams into diamond dust

Just listen...

Violins and orchestras
For death and speculation
We've got just enough time

I felt the closeness of monsters as we slept
And the creaking of hands where masons met
The loneliness of a shooting star
And the beating of drums where the wild things are
And somewhere beneath the moon
A sonic boom, peeled off from a wing
Into the dark, into each heart
I heard the angel sing:

"Que sera sera -
Whatever will be will be"

For death and speculation
Well there's just enough time
For each final separation
We've got just enough time
Away on the breeze
My evanescent memories
Well I can feel them
But I can't remember them
Well I can feel them
Slipping away