

# David Sylvian, Pollen Path

welcome me father on the North shores of Lapland  
welcome me father who knows no name  
welcome me mother the earth here is yawning  
my body is shaking for want of a flame  
down here  
got to laugh  
the kickback is lightning  
drowning  
got to laugh  
this whole mess is frightening

a follower of the pollen path  
the pollen path  
welcome me father  
the lava is rising  
welcome me mother  
and give me your name  
we've drunk from this wellspring  
too too long  
dividing the hours  
to measure the time

we've lived with this heartache  
too too long  
numbering what's yours what's mine  
we've harbored this sadness so long  
nursing a voice  
just sing us our songs  
raising a voice  
to sing our songs