

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