

# David Sylvian, The Ink In The Well

The lights of the ashes smoulder through hills and vales  
Nostalgia burns in the hearts of the strongest  
Picasso is painting the ships in the harbour  
The wind and sails  
These are years with a genius for living  
The rope is cut, the rabbit is loose  
(Fire at will in this open season)  
The blood of a poet, the ink in the well  
(It's all written down in this age of reason)  
The animals run through harvested fields of fire  
The bitterness shown on the face of the homeless  
Picasso is painting the flames from the houses  
The sudden rain  
These are years with a genius for living  
The rope has been cut, the rabbit is loose  
(Fire at will in this open season)  
The blood of a poet, the ink in the well  
(It's all written down in this age of reason)  
Fire at will