

# Mike Scott, Sustain

Blues are falling like showers of rain  
But I dont feel like crying  
Death is abroad this day  
But I dont feel like dying  
I learned how to sustain myself  
How to sustain myself in storms

Her tongue was like a scythe  
And all her bones were haunted  
A scapegoat for her life  
Was all she ever wanted  
I learned how to sustain myself in storms

Sir Bedivere slept in the field  
His armour strewn around him  
Curled foetus-like beneath his shield,  
Still weeping when we found him

I teetered on the edge of doom  
Degenerate and broken  
She sucked the poison out of my wounds  
And spoke the great unspoken  
I learned how to sustain myself in storms

His monstrous ego, whipped and driven  
Raged beneath his clothing  
The compliment he paid was given  
Not with grace but loathing

Deliverance is at the gate  
With arms and gold in store  
She apologises for being late  
But I dont need her anymore  
I learned how to sustain myself  
How to sustain myself in storms

Scoured and stripped of all pretence  
Shorn of all illusion  
I offer nothing in my defence  
- you may draw your own conclusions  
I learned how to sustain myself in storms