

Rick Wright, Woman Of Custom

Woman of custom just severed ties
What had never changed had always died so
Suddenly she's opened eyes that
Fill with tears and come alive
Her stifled love sleeping forever was
Unaroused like changeless weather
And little chance that she was ever
Going to smash the precious measure

She never lived with pain, fear or anger
Windowless and tame like a precious stone languored
A heart enchained, willing to surrender
But now if storms would only blow
She could really feel the roll.

Those years of sleep, all waking dreams
Unpeopled places on painted screens
And diffused in subdued streams
Her life was cost, traditional schemes.

She never lived with pain, fear or anger
Windowless and tame like a precious stone languored
A heart enchained, willing to surrender
But now if storms would only blow
Then she could really feel the roll
She could really feel the roll.

"A hunger that lasts can have no pain"
It's just these words that don't explain.
Eaten alive and spat out again
They jam in the memory like ancient remains.

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Suddenly she's opened eyes that
Fill with tears and come alive.