

Robert Fripp, Here Comes The Flood

When the night shows the signals grow on radios
All the strange things they come and go as early warnings
Stranded starfish have no place to hide
Still waiting for the swollen Easter tide
There's no point in direction
We cannot even choose a side

I took the old track
The hollow shoulder, across the waters
On the tall cliffs
They were getting older, sons and daughters
The jaded underworld was riding high
And waves of steel hurled metal at the sky
And as the nails sunk in the cloud
The rain was warm and soaked the crowd

Lord, here comes the flood
We'll say goodbye to flesh and blood
If again the seas are silent in any still alive
It'll be those who gave their island to survive
Drink up dreamers you're running dry

When the flood calls
You have no home, you have no walls
In the thunder crash
You're a thousand minds, within a flash
Don't be afraid to cry at what you see
The actors gone, there's only you and me
And if we break before the dawn
They'll use up what we used to be

Lord, here comes the flood
We'll say goodbye to flesh and blood
If again the seas are silent in any still alive
It'll be those who gave their island to survive
Drink up dreamers you're running dry