

The Church, Aura

We all came back from the war
I wish somebody would tell me the score
We raked old Poseidon over the coals
Shook his shells, shaved his shoals
Where can a soldier fix himself a drink
Forget the noise, forget the stink
And the opium is running pretty low
'Cause when the pain comes back, I don't want to know
Across yonder ocean the natives are fierce
Their ears are filled their teeth are pierced
But it's not their spears that spill your breath
They kill their enemies by loving them to death

We were on some battlefield
I felt something soft go through my shield
I felt something warm enter my guts
I was bleeding bad but there were no cuts
They captured three of us, took us back to their village
After a long long time I could decipher their language
They worshipped Baal, they worshipped the sun
They worshipped the son of the evil one

They were more than voracious, they sucked our ambition
They let me go on one condition
That was when I came back to my native shore
I tell you they don't want to play with us anymore
But a part of me will never be free
And the part that's free will never be me
But a thing of love and beauty is in my head
A message from my enemies, and here's what they said

They said that love = hate
And death = fate
An enemy always = an adorer
But priest = aura
And life = time
And time = space
And space = sublime
And human = race
Oh and woman = man
And pot = pan
The fauna ought to equal the flora
But priest = aura
And beginning = the end
The end always = the start
But straight = bent
The mind sometimes = the heart
And you = me
The land = the sea
Richer = poorer
And priest = aura