

The Dissociatives, Aa

Indecision has been made,
Erase the line of sight,
And for every shot that's slung
Evaporate the light,
Within a tar like hold
Believing what we're told
And the edges start to fray
Before the centre folds between the lies
A distant whale cries until the sea overflows

Once upon a time we'd never been cold
And tidally the message had been sent
The fury would start and finally
The whale it would reign
Like a king on a storm cloud

Like the wind through autumn leaves
You rake the shards of light
And for everytime they stare
You lose a little sight to sea,
You're winding willows over trees
Until the sea overflows