

The Ocean, Austerity

Pouring whiskey in dried-out bodies
Coarsely hewn by wood and love
Deep inside them smolders slowly
Thick as yeast, green bitterness
Helpless, their eyes are blind
And all their thoughts are simple
Their ears are deaf
And all their songs are trivial
Their loves have gone sour
And all their looks are vacant
Their food is foul
The art they make lacks the challenge
All their minds are empty
All their thoughts are simple
All their songs and books are trivial
All their ears are deaf
Birds who once flew with passion
Now they're easily caught with bare hands
Locked in cages, learning their lessons
Bullets for the already-dead
Tasteless, our tongues are dumb
And all our speeches are hollow
Our minds are numb
And all our books are hollow
Our lobes are sour
And all our looks are vacant
Our food is foul
The art we make lacks the challenge
All our minds are empty
All our thoughts are simple
All our songs and books are trivial
All our looks are vacant
Birds who once flew with passion
Can easily be caught with bare hands
Locked in cages, learning their lessons
Bullets for the already-dead
Can you still see
The stars
The Sky
Then layers of grey?
They're fading away...
Can you still see the stars?
It's hard to think of the ocean
With the sweet stench of piss in your hair
Morning air still invades every wallpaper cell
Year after year after year
All these years those walls were empty
Curtains yellowed, now white of mold
Lardy plaster, the paint is peeling
From the ashtray: swathes of blue smoke
Corrosive waters
Black rain falls the seventh time
Unyielding minds of coal
Jaws open wide
They changed the beds
Yearly white sheets weeping like shrouds
This is the chamber where their god spent his final hour
Can you still the stars through layers of grey
Or have the city lights taken their place?
The stars are fading away
away
away
away
Eyes leap at the bait

We march in circles under Jupiter's sway
Eyes fall prey to the cheat
One more surrender and we'll suffer defeat