

Colour Of Fire, The Exile

The things that you say may not be to my taste,
the words of a veteran.
Now say to me 'You're included'.
The things that I do may not be to your taste,
the acts of an idiot.
Now come to me, I'll accept that.

I'd never come looking for trouble.
I'm just exercising my right,

My right to an explanation,
I've discarded the one I was given,
It carried too little weight.
We learned to rise above it,
have seen the strings on the hands of the puppets
that tell us how to behave.

And by the time the tides of the ocean
had cradled me in their arms,
God tried to kill me.
I mind the time the winds of the country
helped me run faster,
I flew through the village.

That said I'd come looking for trouble,
when I was exercising my right.

My right to an explanation,
I've discarded the one I was given,
It carried too little weight.
We learned to rise above it,
have seen the strings on the hands of the puppets
that tell us how to behave.

Who wrote the letter?
Who wrote it?

My right to an explanation,
gale force come take me to another
settlement far away.
Our God exiled from heaven,
banished like a drunk from his other,
a picture torn from it's frame.