

David Gray, A Century Ends

Cast your eyes into the distance
Try to focus on it all
Find a spirit of resistance
Instead of pride before the fall
Forge some opposition
From disparate strands
It ain't the prettiest position
As a century ends

Unstable situation
Faces made of wax
Streams of melting glass
Sheets of butchered facts
The roar of the machine
Hooded hearts and jewelled hands
And anger spilling out like gasoline
As a century ends

Everything I seen, everything that I heard
It ain't even the tip of the iceberg
Fire down memory lane
So pass me my rose tinted glasses again

Through a fog of contradiction
Out to the lake of tears
See society admiring it's own reflection
Chase a light that shines and disappears
Careful what you say, 'cos reality offends
Just sit back and let your soul decay
As a century ends

And it's easy to get weary
As you fight to get it done
Gainst a popular theory
That it's over 'fore it's even begun
Strain the limit of compassion
Tend a wound that never mends
And honesty still out of fashion
As a century ends