

Fiddler's Green, Stop

We hunt the hare that grabbed away the meaning
We try to catch the lark that stole our words
While all the answers dance upon the ceiling
The questions seem to be a modern curse

The message of the rain is but a whisper, just a whisper
Which no one hears in all the traffic noise
Religion peters out like an old blister
Futility is dancing with the boys

The monuments are shining in their glory
The endless roads find mother earth no more
We try to close the book of this damn story
And no one knows what we are heading for

Please put an end to all these nightmares
Make both ends meet
Please put an end to all these nightmares
Make both ends meet

Stop! We fall without a parachute
Paralysed we wait for blessing in disguise
Stop! We fall without a parachute
Paralysed we wait for blessing in disguise