

Genesis, Stagnation

(Banks/Gabriel/Phillips/Rutherford/Mayhew)

To Thomas S. Eiselberg, a very rich man, who was wise enough to spend all his fortunes in burying himself many miles beneath the ground. As the only surviving member of the human race, he inherited the whole world.

Here today the red sky tells his tale,
but the only listening eyes are mine
There is peace amongst the hills,
and the night will cover all my pride.
Blest are they who smile from bodies free,
seems to me like any other crowd
who are waiting to be saved.

Wait, there still is time for washing in the pool,
wash away the past.
Moon, my long-lost friend is smiling from above,
smiling at my tears.
Come we'll walk the path to take us to my home,
keep outside the night.
The ice-cold knife has come to decorate the dead,
somehow.

And each will find a home,
And there will still be time,
for loving my friend
- You are there -

And I will wait for ever, beside the silent mirror
And fish for bitter minnows amongst the weeds and slimy water.

I, I...said I want to sit down
I, I...said I want to sit down.
I want a drink - I want a drink,
To take all the dust and the dirt from my throat,
I want a drink - I want a drink,
To wash out the filth that is deep in my guts,
I want a drink.

THEN LET US DRINK - THEN LET US SMILE
- THEN LET US GO.