

Mellow Candle, Break Your Token

Shall we follow shall we follow
shall we find another day
blind old explorers pretending to stay
gales and galleons are drawing them away
lies unspoken
the day is broken anyway.

Shall we bury shall we bury
shall we hide it underground
ours are no roots to be cherished or found
jungles grow before the man who looks around
coffins token
the day is broken anyway.

Give me your anchor-arm
let us be one among two
blown down corridors long.

Shall we linger shall we linger
shall we revel at the feast
bold bright-eyed saints now the weeping has ceased
bless the bluer skies whose storms have been released
break your token!
the day is broken anyway!

Give me your anchor-arm
let us be one among two
blown down corridors long.