

Noah And The Whale, Jocasta

When the baby's born
Oh let's turn it to the snow
So that ice will surely grow
Over weak and brittle bones
Oh let's leave it to the wolves
So their teeth turn it to food
Oh its flesh keeps them alive
Oh its death helps life survive
Oh the world can be kind in its own way

Oh well your future's a machine
With the mechanics of a dream
And it's your mind that spins the wheel
And your heart that makes you feel
All the guilt for all your sins
Oh and as that wheel spins
Oh well it plays as they believed
And for your husband you have grieved

Oh the world
Still deceives you as it turns
And in my lucid moments I could see
Oh that the heart may be
The weakest part of me

Oh and the moon controls
The movements of the tide
Oh but it has no weight on the movements of my mind

But if you turn your hands to flames
Oh the light will burn the same
Whether you just pass it through
Or if it's what you meant to do
And your sense of culpability
Is from the guides that you perceived
Their constant lie that you believe
Will show you grace
Oh when you turn to a ghost
Oh but now the love you found
Is raising you from muddy ground
And oh the death will let you down
'Cause your curse will still go on the same