

# Steve Kilbey, Random Pan

Good times are a'coming  
Well I saw it in a vision  
I heard it in evangelist's sighs  
Down beyond the station  
Yonder lies salvation  
In the afternoons and the skies  
A child has been born  
Who can converse with the corn  
Who has access to the sadness of the trees  
Decipher the cicadas  
When his legs will take him farther  
He'll be fed royal jelly from the bees

Random pan

They say the spirit's manifesting  
And the eagles have been nesting  
And the river is catering to the fish  
Aside a waving sea of reeds  
Where the sacred swans will feed  
Providence provides you with a wish  
And you wish to understand  
And you look down at your hands  
And your fingers are all feathered and divine  
If you fade into the darkness  
Or the softness and the starkness  
As the manna drains into your mind