

Tear Garden, New Eden

My splintered stoned Medusa
Lies in places by the mirror
Snakes alive
But I die laughing on a chair
I'm juggling apples
I feel the grass grow 'round my feet
A perfumed candle plays the breeze
That sweeps from West to East
From me to you
Out here...in New Eden
We've learned from our mistakes
This time around we'll make things better
I won't throw that stone
I'd rather send a letter
If it seems we're being asked to leave
Then I'll ask you for your hand
We'll expand from West to East
From me
From you
Out here in our New Eden