

The Divine Comedy, Bleak Landscape

I cannot reconcile myself to this
I wish I could!
I cannot live the life I ought to live
I know I should!
I cannot bring myself to pray,
Except to wish these words away
They echo round my head
But soon they will escape
Across the bleak landscape

There is a tree that grows out of this earth
It stands alone
There is a wind that shaped it from its birth
By whom the seed was sown
I cannot bring myself to sing
It is a wild, untethered thing
That echoes round my head
But soon it will escape
Across the bleak landscape

I cannot bring myself to... speak
Except to wish myself asleep
Every word unuttered
Only serves to clutter up my head
When I go to bed
I dream that
Soon I will escape
Across the bleak landscape

And soon we shall escape
Across our very own bleak landscape