Eden Prison

Swans

Within the walls of Eden Prison,
There is a mark upon a stone.
And in this place a life was written,
And there a stain was laid where I was born.Now moving through the roots of trees
Deep may their fingers reach,
The substance of a mind that feeds,
The bodies of the living stones that lead,
Up to become the walls of Eden prison.
The supine wild beast upon the slab,
Would gladly rip the throat from God if only he could reach up to his white ass.
And I,
I am free and will never breathe again,
Within the greasy ochre walls of Eden prison.The supine wild beast upon the slab,
Would gladly rip the throat from God if only he could reach up to his white ass,
and I,
I am free and will never breathe again,
within the greasy ochre walls of Eden Prison,I am free,
I will begin again,
I am free,
I will begin again,
I am free of the chocking hold that began in Eden prison.
We are free!
We are free!
But the ships they sail a sea of glistening,
turning crimson,
They are carrying a cargo to unload at Eden Prison
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