

# Can-utility And The Coastliners

## Genesis

The scattered pages of a book by the sea  
Held by the sand, washed by the waves  
A shadow forms cast by a cloud  
Skimming by as eyes of the past  
But the rising tide absorbs them effortlessly claiming  
They told of one who tired of all singing  
'Praise him, praise him'  
"We heed not flatterers", he cried  
By our command, waters retreat, show my power, halt at my feet  
But the cause was lost, now cold winds blow  
Far from the north overcast ranks advance  
Fear of the storm accusing with rage and scorn  
The waves surround the sinking throne  
Singing, 'Crown him, crown him'  
Those who love our majesty show themselves all bent their knees  
But he forced a smile even though his hopes  
Lay dashed where offerings fell, where they fell  
Nothing can my peace destroy  
As long as none smile  
More opened ears and opened eyes  
And soon they dared to laugh  
See a little man with his face turning red  
Though his story's often told, you can tell he's dead

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