Imploder

Comecon

From the pikes of the Inkas,
from the abysses of Pamir
From the Alps of the Old world,
some things are clear, some things are not
In the high mountain air I feel bright when I ain't
I see a throned spirit and 24 elderly saintsI feel beyond morals like Frederick,
the moustached whipper
I dream of a heavenly vessel,
where god would be the skipper
But I'm scared for it darkens, I sense powers come aloose
And I'm lost, I'm of no use, like a coin without a flipperFrom here I can see all the good of the world
All the bad of the world, anything of the world
I see seals go abroke, I hear hooves across the skies
I see a black horse, a red one, I see scourge and demiseBut what I thought was without
is now gathering within
It's floating on inwards as the chaos begins
And when I'm swallowed by turmoil,
outside new life sprouts
The sun's coming back - I fade and go out

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