

# Transmissions

## Choongum

In the morning I see you cryin  
No one is around  
At this ungodly hour.  
All the whiskey in your bottle  
Is no more than the canvas on the page.

Once an angel in the evening,  
Helped you pour it down and shut it out  
Just today I saw you realize  
She don't come here anymore

And now when you lay down sleep  
Everything you dream will lose it's meaning  
The music you've tried to create  
Will only transmit soft and \_\_\_\_\_?

Sorry that's it come to this  
Surely you must have known  
You were going down.

In the evening I see you smilin'  
Everyone's around when the sun goes down  
All the whiskey in your bottle  
Is no more than a drink to pass around

Once a wise man told you  
What you don't finish will finish you  
Just today I saw you realize  
He don't come here anymore

Now, when you lay down to sleep  
Everything you see will take on meaning  
Music you've tried to create  
Will only love you un... that you ...ase...

Sorry that it's come to this  
Surely you must have known  
It was coming down

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-Long Pause

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Here lie that last manuscripts of  
Carter John Leibowitz  
The last living man in the loneliest town  
On the desperate border  
Of southwestern Canada  
He wrote all his poems in invisible ink  
And then buried them all in the snow

And then when finally Carter John Leibowitz  
Burned up in a passionate fire  
Born of his own convictions  
All of his poems  
Were eaten by wandering foxes

They'd been written on the blue skins  
Of ten thousand berries  
Traced like the peaches  
Of those children uncarried  
Committed to form by a hand which  
Knew nothing of form

So here lie the last manuscripts  
Of Carter John Leibowitz  
Which no one has read from,  
Which no one can read from again

Now the same could be said of  
Miss Margaret Turtledove  
She sang all the songs she made in to a jar

Then she capped them with sealing wax  
Planked them and screwed them fast  
She flung them down in a well and  
    Poisoned the aquifer  
And covered them over with mud

And when Margaret Turtledove  
Had buried the things she loved  
She found there was nothing dug  
    Could never be undug  
She poured herself down the hole  
And mined for her lost jar of song

But the ground was well satisfied  
    Her table was empty  
    The roots of the hollow trees  
    Had filled themselves plenty  
The kings of the under-soil had poured  
    All her songs down their throats

Then Margaret Turtledove  
The last thing she ever sung  
    A song in a broken key  
    A tune with no melody  
A verse with no words to sing  
    Which no one has ever heard  
Which no one can ever hear again

Now you steal down your passageways  
    And hide mirrors on your stage  
    And everyone is watching  
    As you fall through the floor  
    But remember what I said to you  
The best thing and only thing you do  
    Is disappear  
When anyone calls at you you cut and run  
    This is the only magic that you know

And you walk through your endless days  
    And gather your bills to pay  
And the women that you cower with  
    Will never bear your child  
And the only way you'll never die  
    Is writing songs, poetic lies

Anything to make your legacy

But the ground will one day open up  
Swallow you in it  
The work you've done is now undone  
You never began it  
The only thing immortal is the epitaph  
We will carve in your stone

Here lie the last manuscripts  
The words to the songs unwrit  
The poems in it meaningless  
The memories of what you did  
Collected in your consciousness  
The only thing you ever made  
The only thing you ever were  
The only thing you'll ever be  
Which no one has read from  
Which no one can read from again

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Lyrics submitted by Fiona.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>