

The Ink In the Well

David Sylvian

The lights of the ashes smoulder through hills and vales
Nostalgia burns in the hearts of the strongest
Picasso is painting the ships in the harbour the wind and sails
These are years with a genius for living The rope is cut, the rabbit is loose
(Fire at will in this open season)
The blood of a poet, the ink in the well
(It's all written down in this age of reason) The animals run through harvested fields of fire
The bitterness shown on the face of the homeless
Picasso is painting the flames from the houses the sudden rain
These are years with a genius for living The rope has been cut, the rabbit is loose
(Fire at will in this open season)
The blood of a poet, the ink in the well
(It's all written down in this age of reason)

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