

# How Many

## Iceage

How many more days of this stillness  
Before the fire will blow out  
A restless wind did use to stir it  
But its wind-still and the silence is loud  
How many more days of disorder  
Of drunkenly raving around  
I've been sleeping down here among minions  
Their carelessness scattered about  
Trapped in a body that doesn't act on thought  
I have a sense of utopia  
Of what I truly ought to do  
Born onto the tide  
Is it really any wonder that I'm here like this  
An alliance in body and mind  
Such a perfect lover i could become  
How many  
How many hollow declarations will follow  
Lulled into a trance  
I have been sitting in congress with nations  
Rubbing my perspiring hands  
How many attempts will it take to  
Bloom in splendorous foul  
Now I'm so tender and wingless  
Gangling out on the prow  
How many  
How many  
How many  
How many

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