

# 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 livingThe 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 livingThe 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)

Songwriters

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