

Feast Of Ida

54-40

A hundred miles of empty sand craving company
Open up a strangers' hand find out what they need
It gets too hard to keep the faith with humanity
You just turn away

We like our anonymity when riding on the train
Restaurants and shopping malls are pretty much the same
Credit cards and internet spare from a real connect
You turn away

And then you turn away from the feast of Ida

Wielding our technology from our own cocoon
We cannot trust humanity it says so on the news
Addicted to the oil, soul of the soil
And if the phone don't work we fall apart

Ida is a goddess, she's throwing us a feast
So we can get to know other human beings
Eating sleeping arguing love making and dying saying
I love you

Then you turn away from the feast of Ida

I don't wanna feel lonely
I don't wanna be alone