

## Continuum

### Amplifier

The cushioned throbbing of a velvet moon  
And the pregnant aching of an empty womb  
The endless echoes of the noise we made  
And the repercussions of each hand grenade  
There's aeroplanes and dragonflies  
And infinite September skies  
There's anthems of utopias  
And creeping wars and glaciers

Just listen...

Is there music in there?

Arrived within the creeping hearse  
Vibrations from the universe  
Awash with the glittering of city lights  
The mouse choir whispered through the endless nights  
All alone to ride upon the froth  
The human dreamt of taking off  
Eventually, time corrodes the brain to rust  
And all those dreams into diamond dust

Just listen...

Violins and orchestras  
For death and speculation  
We've got just enough time

I felt the closeness of monsters as we slept  
And the creaking of hands where masons met  
The loneliness of a shooting star  
And the beating of drums where the wild things are  
And somewhere beneath the moon  
A sonic boom, peeled off from a wing  
Into the dark, into each heart  
I heard the angel sing:

"Que sera sera -  
Whatever will be will be"

For death and speculation  
Well there's just enough time  
For each final separation  
We've got just enough time  
Away on the breeze  
My evanescent memories  
Well I can feel them  
But I can't remember them  
Well I can feel them  
Slipping away