

Symposium

Beatenberg

You want a pen, but your sword is enough
It's not a puzzle or a problem of logic
Say what you feel if you feel it enough
There's more than one way through

You're shaking a branch
Taking a chance
You're fanning a flame
The colour I wear
The burden I bear
There's no-one to blame

And the flowers that move in the wind
Would you say they're just going through the motions?
The walls are thick, but the paper is thin
There's more than one way through

Try as I might, I just can't quite get enough of you
Whatever I do, I still can't get enough of you

The water in wine
The reasonable mind
Substantiation

You want to sail, but the weather is rough
Raise the mast, lower your expectations
Take what you want if you want it enough
The world is black and blue

Try as I might, I just can't quite get enough of you
Whatever I do, I still can't get enough of you

The argument sung
The moving tongues
The form of a jar
The apples and pears
The back of my chair
The pull of the stars