

Inertia And The Weapon Of The Wall

Caligula's Horse

"But the writing is on the wall!"
Cried the fresh cut to the old wound still bleeding
As if he didn't know
As if he hadn't done his fair share of reading
Like he'd never felt the flames of revolution
The young man's simple solution
Peter out time and time again
Like he never spotted revolution's hole before the end

And the writing on the wall?
That impotent echo of inertia unmasked
The writing on the wall that really matters
Is in the Jewish quarter under bulletproof glass
It holds a lost family's past the top will fight to be forgotten
This whole fucking city's rotten to the core

But it's you, and it's me, it's the woman heavy with child
Screaming "please!" from the doorway
She clutches her belly as triage sets in
When the night street sweeper let's her choose which one of her children
It's the jacked up jackboot with his foot on the neck of the pale girl
The frail girl dimming the light in the only eyes
Bright enough to see a pattern through the cracks
This lonely boy chewed up and swallowed by streets, spit, famine and rats
It's the words of the last librarian
The only man among us with enough courage and true grit
To save our knowledge from the fires we lit
When he burst, arms full, from the blaze
One proud voice in the panic, he called out,
"Son, if you're going to cry then cry havoc!"
It's the neighbourhood pill pusher, a family man

It's our weakness, it's our strength
We are the very fingertips of life's outstretched hand

But you'll find no spark in the sandstone dark
'Cause what the holy men won't preach
Is that the one thing that unites us is reach
We reach forward

And there aren't enough songs in the world
Not enough words in my tongue nor enough breath in my lungs
There is no echo that has lasted so long
No shadow that has stretched so far as we
We reach forward

And it's safe hands back down the line in the endless chain
Not lost, never lost, when the strength
That we gained from their giving remains
We reach for the echo, we reach forward

For the moment between waking and sleep
For the sum not some of us, together we leap
And yet we eat enough stone
That hard hearts hide a home
Under promise, understanding
Under children's skin and bone

And the writing on the wall you love
Was hand-penned by the censor!
So spit in the Cannon's Mouth!
And tell 'em, Ink sent you!