

Tenth Century

Guided by Voices

Cold it's my choice
Wisdom the voice
Of bridges

A blanket of seeds
An hour of wind in silence

Higher ranks
The war postponed
Pesticides who kills
Knows the will of confusion
As shadows melt in the high temples

As throats are fed
By the luck of trappers
Knowing the halfway point
To the new millennium

Commanding wheels
Return the vision
It's the final decision
And it's halfway to the final millennium