How Many

Iceage

How many more days of this stillness
Before the fire will blow out
A restless wind did use to stir it
But its wind-still and the silence is loud

How many more days of disorder
Of drunkenly raving around
I've been sleeping down here among minions
Their carelessness scattered about

Trapped in a body that doesn't act on thought
I have a sense of utopia
Of what I truly ought to do
Born onto the tide
Is it really any wonder that I'm here like this
An alliance in body and mind
Such a perfect lover I could become
How many

How many hollow declarations will follow
Lulled into a trance
I have been sitting in congress with nations
Rubbing my perspiring hands

How many attempts will it take to
Bloom in splendorous foul
Now I'm so tender and wingless
Gangling out on the prowl

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I have a sense of utopia
Of what I truly ought to do
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Is it really any wonder that I'm here like this
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Such a perfect lover I could become
How many
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How many

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