

Hymn: Ivory Elder

InMe

Father, oh dear Father won't you come in from the cold?
I can hear the drunks in the background & it's getting kind of old.

Oh Father won't you come in from the cold?

Someday when I'm older I'll be eating these here words.
The grand scheme closes in on me, sobriety grows blurred.
Oh Father I'll be eating these here words.

And I know that the poison clouds the screams & the noise & we nearly got away this time but you cannot escape these problems.

But these so called heroes are all so delirious that they'll never get away this time.

Giving up giving up is our only crime.

Softly longing for a hero in a life of living hard.
Tinkling the ivories in an elephant graveyard.
Oh Father won't you stop living so hard?