

Sighing

Mount Eerie

Now in the roar of machinery I hear a sighing
"Please remember what came before."
Now in the murky streets I hear a sighing
"Please remember this was our home."

Desperation and hunger among the stumps
Covered in sludge from where you crawled ashore
Insistently yelling the loudest boasts
Rather than "Thank you." the voices say "More."

Now a pile of mud and bones beneath
Layer after layer of naive hope
And waking up again in a short-sighted youth
Ten thousand years forgotten

And now in the roar of machinery I hear a sighing
"Please remember what came before."
Now in the murky streets I hear a sighing
"Please remember this was our home."