

From the concrete cities  
To the wide open spaces  
Everything is in tension  
And waiting  
There's a little gust of wind  
And then stillness  
A little creak of the timbers  
And then silence  
We love gallows humour  
But there must be a gallows  
And a masked pied piper  
That everybody follows  
We will grow weary of ourselves  
And we will dream a king  
Then we will bury ourselves  
Trouble always begins  
With the naming of things  
Like gods and desires  
And lines in the sand  
And now all the sense of scale is gone, and the splinters think they're trees  
And the stones believe they're mountains, and the rivers think they're seas  
And we all gaze down like little gods, our feathers think they're wings  
And the glass believes it's diamond, and the courtiers think they're kings  
And the more of this we take inside, the stupider we become  
The rose and glow of approaching fire, mistaken for the rising sun  
I am the master of nothing, repeat after me  
I am the master of nothing  
I've tried never to press too hard  
I've never wanted to leave a mark  
I'm good with disappearing  
Like I was never there  
I've always tried never to press too hard  
Never wanted to leave a mark  
I'm good with disappearing  
Like I was never there  
Never there  
Now all sense of scale is gone, and the splinters think they're trees  
And the stones believe they're mountains, and the rivers think they're seas  
And we all gaze down like little gods, our feathers think they're wings  
And the glass believes it's diamond, and the courtiers think they're kings  
And the more of this we take on board, the stupider we become  
The rose and glow of approaching fire, mistaken for the rising sun  
So let's all go home now  
Look ourselves in the mirror  
Throw our heads back and laugh