

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