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 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'r e seas

And we all gaze down like little gods, our feathers think they're win gs

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 to hard

I've never wanted to leave a mark

I'm good with disappearing

Like I was never there

And lines in the sand

I've always tried never to press to 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'r e seas

And we all gaze down like little gods, our feathers think they're win qs

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 Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Throw our heads back and laugh