

There's a hole in the ceiling where the weather gets in
It's been there for ages but you try and pretend
That it's just a reflection of the hole in the floor
That fills up with water every time that it storms
Clutching a copy of "The Power of Now"
And humming your favorite song
"Isn't she lovely" the blind singer said
And kept on repeating though nobody answered him

There's a chorus of killers singing outside your door
The scientist prophesied all that's in store
For king and for country as you fall on your sword
Then wonder at all of the blood on the floor
The essence of history, the balm of desire
The snake that keeps eating its tail
On the sinking titanic, the quartet kept playing
As into the ocean, the pride of an empire sank

How can I tell you the secret
If I don't remember the words?
How can we keep playing favorites
When who's to say what we deserve?
All of our heroes are famous
But Superman died in a chair
If any among you is blameless
You can cast the first stone
But I can't keep pretending to care

There's a clock somewhere counting the hours and days
That make up the memory of all our mistakes
And who's guilty conscience will carry the weight
Of the future unwritten on the filthiest plate?
Your humanist dogma, your Christian belief
Aren't really that different at all
If something from somewhere is guiding your steps
What will you do if you're wrong?