

# Ouroboros

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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?