Wolfpack

Syd Barrett

Howling the pack in formation appears Diamonds and clubs, light misted fog, the dead Waving us back in formation The pack in formation

Bowling they bat as a group And the leader is seen so early The pack on their backs, the fighters Through misty the waving, the pack in formation Far reaching waves on sight, shone right I lay as if in surround

All enmeshing, hovering The milder I gaze All the animals laying trail Beyond the bough winds Mild the reflecting electricity eyes

Tears, the life that was ours Grows sharper and stronger away and beyond Short wheeling, fresh spring Gripped with blanched bones moaned Magnesium, proverbs and sobs

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