

Pure Chance

The Church

What chance of meeting
So far out here
As if repeating
What's never clear

The verdant meadows
The smoky coil
The air and ether
The boiling soil

I read your novel
The names were switched
I heard you travel
You must be rich

Those distant cities
Are safe and warm
Within their walls
Of chloroform

Home
It's so far away now
Pure chance
It's so far
It's so far away now

My wife was warm
But the water was cold
And she was young
And the ocean was old

There were voices singing from under the sea
As I followed them down I felt them drowning me

What chance of meeting
So long ago
Just for a fleeting...
Ah, well you know

How unintentional
A random whim
Coincidental
A shallow thing

Home
It's so far away now
Pure chance
It's so far
It's so far away now

My wife was soft
The mountain was hard
Her skin was smooth
The rocks were scarred

There were voices singing above in the sky
As I followed them up I was prepared to die