

Loadstones

The Fall

Local lodestones
Local lodestones

And after dark sunset
My brother and I
We walked the path
Far from the tower
A light sea breeze
Ruffles blood
Skin is bleeding

Shoes for the dead
Shoes for lodestones!

Local lodestones
Local lodestones

Pink dots off the Island of Wight sails off the island of Bergen

Sataffopsagaffop
Sataffsagopfa
Pink!

Shoes for the lame
Shoes for the lodestones
Shoes...
Shoes for the dead!

Local lodestones
Local lodestones

Lights out at eleven
On the lodestones and the, the parish
Revisited island

Bergen

And running my hand
Across your little stone

The pill police seen in your
In their stupid barges

Waiting
In text
In flesh
Shoes for the dead
Shoes for lodestones!