

Crank that siren high
Drain the wellspring dry
Map out your coordinates
Send out scouts by day
Dole out mercenary pay
For restless young subordinates

It never hurts to give thanks to the local gods
You never know who might be hungry
It never hurts to scan the windows on the upper floor
I saw a face there once before when I was younger

Set the torch aflame
Call the night by name
Stake out your dark position
Lie in wait
By the gleaming city gate
Try not to lose sight of the mission

It never hurts to give thanks to the broken bones
You had to use to build your ladder

Moment close at hand
Half of you will never understand
And it doesn't really matter
Big smile on my face
Capsule just in case
Underneath my tongue

Voices on the breeze
I heard voices once like these when I was younger
Blood rushing to my face
I know that sweet warm taste
And the bitter trace

Storm right down that hill
If I don't, no one will
Follow me right through the chaos

This whole house is doomed
Even the big parts get consumed
Prepare a grave for Menelaus

It never hurts to give thanks to the navigator
Even when he's spitting out random numbers

I knew what those figures meant
And what they hoped to represent
When I was younger