

Sonic Lens

Wire

The word is out, the faithful pack
Merging forces, renewed, attack
The plan is laid, stage left to right
Take same positions, every night

Grind and train your sonic lens
Upon complacent don't do dens
Length of focus, the depth of field
The walls to which our ramps are wheeled

The lights go down, a roar goes up
A clochard thrusts a plastic cup
It's all for one and one for all
The black watch pipes and drummers call

Compass, phones and GPS
Have all produced the same address
Tomorrow is another day
We place our goodness on display

Our tails are up, our heads are down
Our eyes are fixed upon the crown
We wore it once. It didn't fit
We couldn't make good use of it

So off we went to find a way
To live and fight another day
Tails are up, heads are down
Eyes are fixed upon the crown