

Unrepentant

Wire

In between the lines
Ancient tales remind
Openings are hard to find
The blind will never lead the blind
Numbers can reveal their song
Harbours where we once belonged
Sailings for the greater good
Nurturing what we should

Unrepentant, understanding
Independent, making landing

Other memories other times
Seizing words to make the rhymes
Open season of the witch
Need the mood to scratch the itch
Even handed as we play
Reach the end without delay
Whistle dark because you can
Not to be an also ran

Unrepentant, understanding
Independent, making landing

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