

Good-bye dreamer, insane stranger on the shore  
There is no one left here, not a soul  
Aid the confusion, expecting nothing  
Not a soul  
O, Mother, could I come back to you?  
A terrible vision of order out of control  
In accordance with human history  
Here in the company of death  
We approach - new graves, divided for love's sake  
Refined in rapture - ready to fly or to die  
Mother could I come back to you?  
I'm lifted up into the presence of divine forces  
Mother  
Open-mouthed in magnificence and beauty  
Mother  
Or shall we suffer the same fate as all the others  
Stuck on a plane which does not suit them  
Lost in thought, forgetful of primitive desire  
Good-bye dreamer, not a soul  
Mother, could I come back to you?  
Mother, could I come back through you?  
Mother, could I come back to you?  
The animals - I know how you make out  
Welling with authority, vilely enthusiastic, enduring bitterness  
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