

Jocasta

Noah and the Whale

When the babies born
Oh, let's turn it to the snow
So that ice will surely grow
Over weak and brittle bones
Oh, let's leave it to the wolves
Oh, their teeth turn it to food
Oh, its flesh keeps them alive
Oh, its death helps life survive
Oh, the world can be kind in its own way

Oh well your future's a machine
With the mechanics of a dream
It is your mind that spins the wheel
And your heart that makes you feel
All the guilt for all your sins
Oh and as that wheel spins
Oh well it plays as they believed
And for your husband you have grieved

Oh the world
Still deceives you as it turns
Well in my weakest moments I could see
Oh that the heart may be
The weakest part of me

Oh and the moon controls
The movements of the tide
Oh but it has no weight on the movements of my mind