

RECOVER THE PLOT

Shake your look, open the book
Drop me a line with a sinker and a hook
How did I guess you're out to the west
Ne'er a truer word has been spoken in jest

Take the snub, yrr toes are for to stub
Stir up embrocations, aye there's the rub
Lead turns to gold, alchemy of old
Weaving the threads of this chemical world

Do we dare, oh do we dare
We're easily frightened and usually scared
Broken and bust, gold turns to rust
A physical reaction is never enough

Or instead if rust turns to lead
Then alchemy's something that's got to your head
Down below looks above when lust turns to love
All we can do is to do what we must

I turn into you, you turn into a tree
The tree turns to wood, wood becomes me
Biology turning back in on itself
I turn into the book in the dust on your shelf

We are undone, we've unbecome
Real becomes dream and our sense becomes numb
Lead back to gold, youth becomes old
All we ever do is watch the pages unfold

Become a bird, become the sky
Become whatever you want when you fly
We used to to be, now we are not
All we can do is recover the plot