

(i) Eyewitness

(Hammill)

Still waiting for my saviour, storms tear me limb from limb
my fingers feel like seaweed, I'm so far out I'm too far in.

On the table lies blank paper / and my tower is built on stone /
I only have blunt scissors / I only have the bluntest home.
I've been the witness, and the seal of death
fingers in the molten wax that is my head.

I prophesy disaster and then I count the cost
I shine, but shining, dying, I know that I am almost lost.

(iii) Eyewitness

(Hammill)

No time now for contrition; the time for that's long past
The walls are thin as tissue and if I talk I'll crack the glass
So I only think on how it might have been
locked in silent monologue, in silent scream.

I'm much too tired to speak
and as the waves crash on the bleak
stones of the tower I start to freak
...and find that I am overcome...

(viii) The Clot Thickens

(Hammill - Band)

Where is the god that guides my hand?
How can the hands of others reach me?
When will I find what I grope for?
Who is going to teach me?

I am me / me are we / we can't see
any way out of here
Crashing sea / atrophied / history:-
Chance has lost my Guinevere.