

## The Day of the Owl

The fear is all gone, where are you now?

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Interstellar milk-floats chasing crackpots through my sleep  
What do you say when Jesus gives you meat not from this place?  
Angry serving Fathers with their boots all stuck in dirt  
Calculate the angle of this brave right upper cut

I can't wait for your son  
I'm too busy sketching  
Frame by frame and frame again  
Believe my fame!

You will fall from the sky  
You will fall from the sky  
You will fall from the sky

I'm lost in the sense of your fear

The fear is all gone, where are you now?  
The fear is all gone, where are you now!

Memories are falling down and I can't catch them all  
Where's the evidence you deserve anything at all?  
Sit in silence, lead to violence I can't open up  
The wounds we left you with when we last propped you up

I can't wait for your son  
I'm too busy sketching  
Frame by frame and frame again

I'm lost in the sense of your fear!

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You will fall from the sky.....

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