

# Noah And The Whale, Jocasta

When the baby's 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  
So 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  
And it's 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  
And in my lucid 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

But if you turn your hands to flames  
Oh the light will burn the same  
Whether you just pass it through  
Or if it's what you meant to do  
And your sense of culpability  
Is from the guides that you perceived  
Their constant lie that you believe  
Will show you grace  
Oh when you turn to a ghost  
Oh but now the love you found  
Is raising you from muddy ground  
And oh the death will let you down  
'Cause your curse will still go on the same