

# The Dissociatives, Aa

Indecision has been made,  
Erase the line of sight,  
And for every shot that's slung  
Evaporate the light,  
Within a tar like hold  
Believing what we're told  
And the edges start to fray  
Before the centre folds between the lies  
A distant whale cries until the sea overflows

Once upon a time we'd never been cold  
And tidally the message had been sent  
The fury would start and finally  
The whale it would reign  
Like a king on a storm cloud

Like the wind through autumn leaves  
You rake the shards of light  
And for everytime they stare  
You lose a little sight to sea,  
You're winding willows over trees  
Until the sea overflows