

APPENDICES

SET IT OFF

He was standing at the rock
Gathering the flock
And getting there with no directions
And underneath the arch
It turned into a march
And there he found the spark to
Set this fucker off

He said set it off
Set it off now children
Set it right
Set it off
Set if off now children
Set a fire

Suddenly a shot
Ripped into his heart
He lay in need of some attentions
And there he played his card
Going into shock
The last thing that he said was
Set this fucker off

Jesus at the back door
Everything is all right
All we need is some directions
Every time the wind blows
Everything you don't know
Turns into a revelation
And it all adds up inside your head
Time is wasting

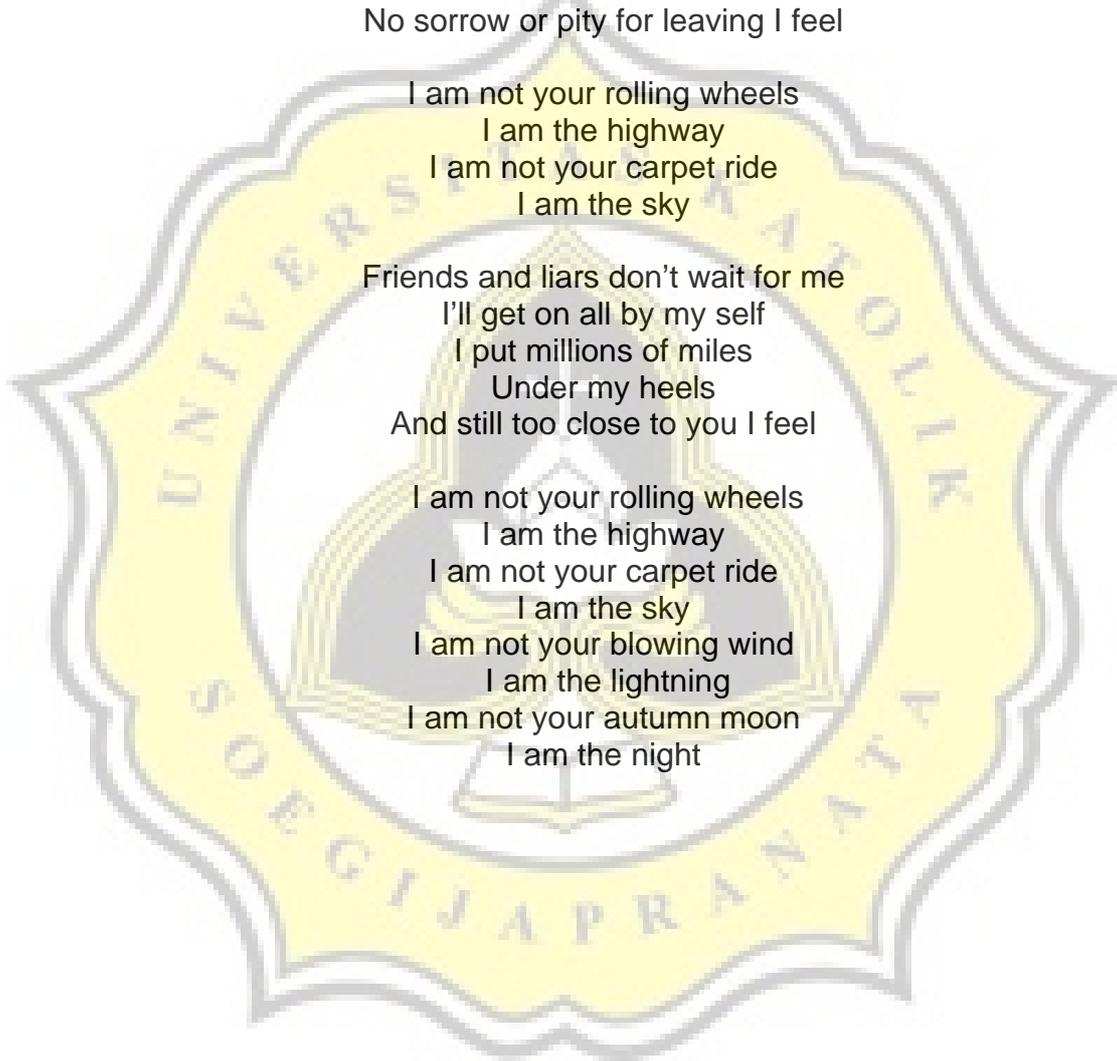
I AM THE HIGHWAY

Pearls and swine bereft of me
Long and weary my road has been
I was lost in the cities
Alone in the hills
No sorrow or pity for leaving I feel

I am not your rolling wheels
I am the highway
I am not your carpet ride
I am the sky

Friends and liars don't wait for me
I'll get on all by my self
I put millions of miles
Under my heels
And still too close to you I feel

I am not your rolling wheels
I am the highway
I am not your carpet ride
I am the sky
I am not your blowing wind
I am the lightning
I am not your autumn moon
I am the night



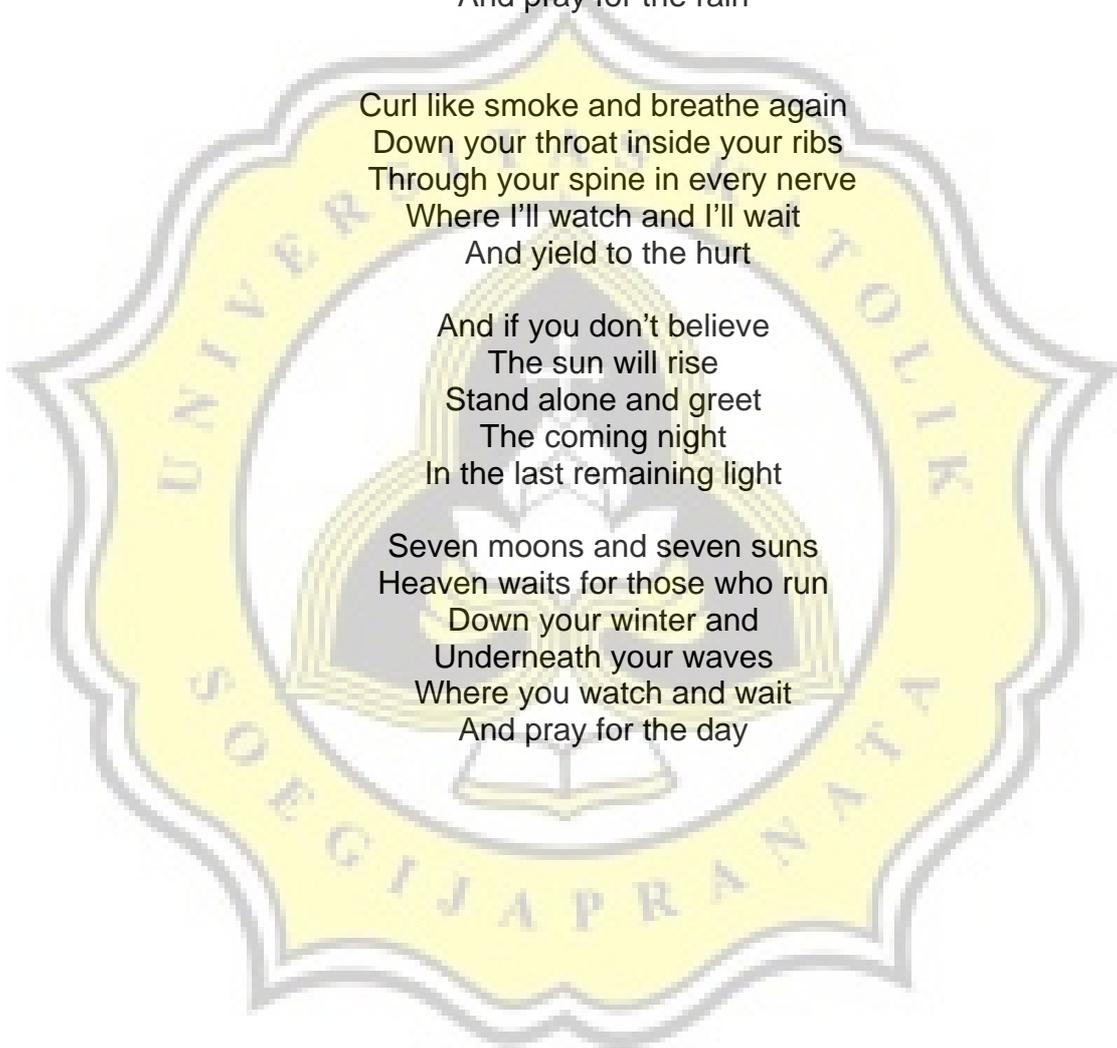
THE LAST REMAINING LIGHT

Roll me on your frozen fields
Break my bones in watch them heal
Drown me in your thirsty veins
Where I'll watch and I'll wait
And pray for the rain

Curl like smoke and breathe again
Down your throat inside your ribs
Through your spine in every nerve
Where I'll watch and I'll wait
And yield to the hurt

And if you don't believe
The sun will rise
Stand alone and greet
The coming night
In the last remaining light

Seven moons and seven suns
Heaven waits for those who run
Down your winter and
Underneath your waves
Where you watch and wait
And pray for the day



Show Me How To Live

And with the early dawn
Moving right along
I couldn't buy an eyeful of sleep
And in the aching night under satellites
I was not received
Built with stolen parts
A telephone in my heart
Someone get me a priest
To put my mind to bed
This ringing in my head
Is this a cure or is this a disease

Nail in my hand
From my creator
You gave me life
Now show me how to live

And in the after birth
On the quiet earth
Let the Stains remind you
You thought you made amends
You better think again
Before my role defines you

And in your waiting hands
I will land
And roll out of my skin
And in your final hours I will stand
Ready to begin