

## Blind to the Beautiful

Fish

The stars are fading, ashes to ashes and dust to dust,  
The bread we have broken, the wine we drank  
from tarnished cups,  
And I stopped believing in miracles a long long time ago,  
I lost my faith and I sacrificed my soul,  
I worshipped fallen idols, chased false prophets to an end,  
To where I just can't see the beautiful any more

The ice retreating, mountains exposed in the sun,  
The earth is baking, raindrops precede the floods  
And hurricanes with children's names write our history  
Signatures tracked by satellites on high,  
We should have talked about the weather  
a bit more seriously,

More than stocks and shares and corporate wares,  
We were blinded by the sceptics and their greed  
I just can't see the beautiful any more;  
I just can't see the beautiful any more

I howled and I cried when the melody died,  
the song was finally over,  
There was nothing to say, words stole away,  
their meaning lost in the ether,  
What there was left stopped making sense,  
a broken up alphabet,  
language dispersed  
I just can't hear the beautiful any more

The oceans are rising, islands in time disappear,  
The canyons burning, forests consumed by the flames,  
Wildfires rage across the plains to be starved by barren soil,  
Deserted farms where seeds refuse to grow,  
I close my eyes to cloudless skies  
I dream of what we had before,

I just can't see the beautiful any more  
I just can't see the beautiful any more  
I just can't see the beautiful