

Karl Jürgensen Mohr	Artist	094	BPM	A minor	Key
End of the Line, The	Title	8	: 49	Duration	
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Our lips had been sipping on that bittersweet wine,  
speaking to horrors of the ghostly divine,  
devouring fowl, grapes and venison pie.  
We dusted off prayer books, threw them into the fire.  
We spoke scarlet letters in the amethyst twitch grass, and  
called to the sweet gargoyles listening: (x2)  
How much longer must we remain alive?

#### CHORUS

You have gone from this world, I have been left behind.  
Here we are, at the end of the line. (Instrumental)

The labours of romance, we exercised,  
our imaginations tantalized and horrified.  
You cast me in your armour, pushed the rats aside.  
You spread me on the table, pushed me deep inside.  
I was bound in shackles, as you ran outside, to  
call to the sweet gargoyles listening: (x2)  
How much torture can we actually survive?  
How strong is our willingness to remain alive?  
And what will happen if we leave our bodies tonight?

#### CHORUS

You in the afterworld, I in this tortured time.  
Well here, we are now, at the end of the line.  
You have departed dear, and I am still dying here.  
Well here, we are now, at the end of the line.

Running through the thick of the blowing heather,  
your hair dancing colour from your trailing leathers.  
Such copper-coloured threads of your precious metal.  
Your cape was dusted with flower petals.  
Your hands gripping tightly to the moonlit rocks,  
as you steadied your spirit for the crushing fall.  
Praying to the ocean for a mortal falling.  
You didn't mind the sweet gargoyles watching. (x2) <--- live (1x) only  
That was such an unlikely night to try.  
That was such an easy way to die.

#### CHORUS

(The fishermen below you hollered, the spirits on the wind cussing as you fell  
to the jagged point of stillness, captivating them all, at the end of the line.  
Now, you have gone from this world, I, I have been left behind. I've  
taken all your daggers and your leathers as mine, to remember you by.)

Another trip along the tide plain, the coloured rings of sediment remain,  
the evidence of consequence, buried in the grains.  
Boots and sand and rain, and calling out your name,  
the gargoyles hiss the sunlight away, and we look for you again...

Scale: E F G# A B C D  
A harmonic biased E dom7  
Am C D

C D  
E thing w/ sixths (Bm inf.)  
[subst. Am]  
Cfifth Afifth  
E F  
Am arpeggios with D+/A  
gesture, dissonant str/piano.