

“LATITUDE AGE”

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**So we're off to change the world, save its arse from all the things it's felt
With our maps in our belts curling over and over and over.
And we've done this all before and we will, no doubt, a few times more
As if we care what it's all for. Over and over and over.**

**Where's that wind that dries our face?
Blows us all out and onto some other place?
Cross out the dateline, warp the weft.
Maybe old plunder but it's always new theft.
Take our time, take the stage
Harness four corners of a latitude age.
Crisp white whispers thro the veil
While we're all trying hard to re-tell our tale.**

**Where's that wind ...
While we're all trying hard to re-sell our tale.**

**This old world keeps ticking over and over and over and over.
While this old world keeps ticking over and over and over and over.**

**And one day soon we all might find we're a human kind of punchline.
We're a joke to sublime to get over and over and over...**

**Where's that wind ...
While we're all trying hard to re-play our tale.**

**This old world keeps ticking over and over and over and over.
While this old world keeps ticking over and over and over and over.**