

THIS SUNDERED WORLD

ICARUS



MACHINE

This Sundered World Icarus Machine is:

BILL BABCOCK
JENNY K BRENNAN
JORDI RIBAS

Recorded around the world online.

Recording Engineers:

- Bill Babcock
- Jenny K. Brennan
- Jordi Ribas

Mixed and Mastered at Anjin-San by Bill Babcock

Produced by Bill Babcock

Co-produced by Jenny K Brennan

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"Go"

Mother spoke through blood and pain. As her failing mechanical heart lay exposed to Gabriel's helplessness, she finally told him the truth.

"Go," she said.

"there are people. Other people. Find them."

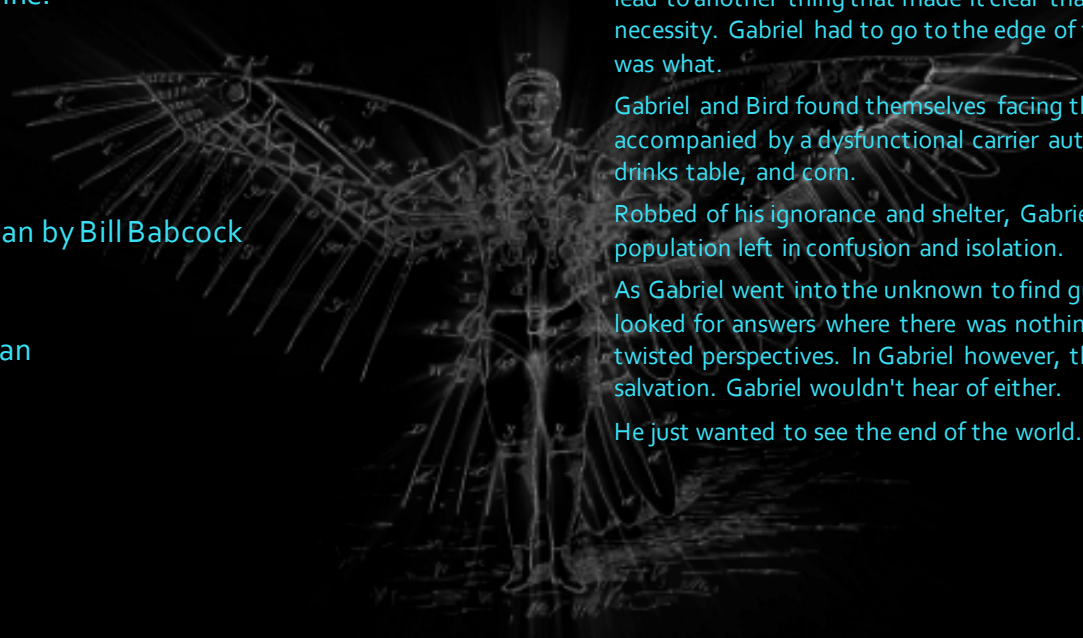
Gabriel's world suddenly expanded and the life he had shared with no one but his mother was a totally different world. A place that had been normality for a child growing up in the aftermath of broken technology, ecology, and universal laws, shifted into mystery that Gabriel wasn't ready for. When Gabriel met Bird, an unsuccessful clockwork guardian on the run, as it so often happens, one thing lead to another thing that made it clear that going wasn't a choice but a necessity. Gabriel had to go to the edge of the world he knew, to find out what was what.

Gabriel and Bird found themselves facing the remnants of glory gone wrong, accompanied by a dysfunctional carrier automaton, a self-conscious tiny rolling drinks table, and corn.

Robbed of his ignorance and shelter, Gabriel headed out into a splintered population left in confusion and isolation.

As Gabriel went into the unknown to find guidance, he found none. They all looked for answers where there was nothing but interrupted instructions and twisted perspectives. In Gabriel however, they saw destruction and they saw salvation. Gabriel wouldn't hear of either.

He just wanted to see the end of the world.



This Sundered World

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

"I have no echo. I have no faith. I have no tomorrow.

You have no hope, no place to be, yet you go.

Through this sundered world you go. In my dying sun you go."

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics

"This was the first song we wrote as a direct result of the themes and ideas Bill and Jenny batted around about writing a concept album around what was to become the novel, 'This Sundered World'."

Watch that strange sound.
Can you cover the shadows.
Break that body into parts.
Can you stop it from screaming.

(Screaming at the world just to hear it say
I have no echo I have no echo I have no echo)

Come on now, why won't you believe.
This world just wants you to bleed.

You stare into the dying sun and the blackbird cries.
Just kill me now before the end of the world.
(Don't you know that we were made to die alone.)
You stare into the dying sun.
(Looking for the end.)
Gabriel it's time to go.

Watch that strange sound.
Can you cover the shadows.
Break that body into parts.
Can you stop it from screaming.

(Screaming at the world just to hear it say
I have no echo I have no echo I have no echo)

Come on now, why won't you believe.
This world just wants you to bleed

You stare into the dying sun and the blackbird cries.
Just kill me now before the end of the world.
(Don't you know that we were made to die alone.)
You stare into the dying sun.
(Looking for the end.)
Gabriel it's time to go.

Break those chains outside of time.
Can you claim tomorrow.
Turn those eyes around.
Can you see what's behind you.
Can you kill what's inside you.
Can you kill what's inside you.
Can you kill what's inside you.
Can you kill what's inside you.

You stare into the dying sun and the blackbird cries.
Just kill me now before the end of the world.
(Don't you know that we were made to die alone.)
You stare into the dying sun.
Looking for the end.
Gabriel it's time to go.

There's a sundered world behind.
There's a sundered world beyond.
There's a sundered world inside.
Can you hear it cry.

You stare into the dying sun and the blackbird cries.
Just kill me now before the end of the world.
(Don't you know that we were made to die alone.)
You stare into the dying sun.
(Looking for the end.)
Gabriel it's time to go.

Tempest Part I

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

"I gave you my all, my flesh, my soil, my will.

Did all those stars cry for me? Or for you?

I gave you my self, my future, my memory.

Is it not right that you burn for me?"

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics

"Part I and Part II actually started as one song. Bill wrote the piano part and then came up with this rather busy guitar line. After working on it a bit, we decide it should be split into 2 versions: one based on the piano and the other the guitar; each with their own lyrical identity, yet topically joined."

I've seen you all come and go, live, love, lie.

Like ghost and machines try to lay down the law.

I've seen it all come and go, build, break, bind.

With every future you have become, believed, betrayed, destroyed.

Come the day, come the night.

Let us sleep in undecided ness of love.

For all that's here.

On this day comes the fright.

Lay it down and then just come to me.

See you love, see you take off that flesh for me.

I will hold you.

I will seize you.

I'm gonna love you for all the times I've killed you.

(For all the times I die)

I can feel you.

Peel my skin for you.

Maybe the sun will open wide.

All these stars that have come and gone.

They've seen you swirling around in my dying light.

Won't you dance with me.

Come make love to me before you die.

All these moons that have lived and died.

They've seen you crawl, seen you fall, Seen you fight for life.

Won't you dance with me.

See you love, see you take off that flesh for me.

I made you over and over.

I taught you over and over.

I trusted over and over.

I gave to you over and over.

I loved you over and over.

You broke me over and over.

I loved you over and over.

I'll burn you over and over.

Come the day, come the night.

Let us sleep in undecided ness of love.

For all that's here.

On this day comes the fright.

Lay it down and then just come to me.

See you love, see you take off that flesh for me.

All these stars that have come and gone.

They've seen you swirling around in my dying light.

Won't you dance with me.

Come make love to me before you die.

All the moons that have lived and died.

They've seen you crawl, seen you fall, seen you fight for life.

Come dance with me.

Come love, come take off that flesh for me.

Salt From Tears

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

"Don't forget, don't forget! The heart, the heart. Ticking clicking whirring. Oh poor me, have to see. See this. Don't forget, don't forget."

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics

"The names of songs are always something Bill thinks about early in the writing process since for him, they set the tone. Jenny had just shared an initial draft of the opening pages of the novel with him and 'Salt From Tears' struck him after reading."

Still her heart.

Goodbye Mother, you taught him everything he needs to know and he's hiding his fears.
It's a lonely road but there won't be salt from tears.

Gabriel, don't forget, don't look back
Gabriel, step by step, step by step.
Gabriel, don't hold on, she is far away.
Let her have her dream, let her sleep.

(Still her heart)

Goodbye Mother, you taught him everything he needs to know about being alone.
He'll walk a lonely road but there won't be salt from tears.

Close your eyes, there's nothing left here for you.
Oh Gabriel Go, turn away, let her stay.
(Turn away).

Close your eyes but open wide.
Are you watching the sky, it's gonna fall, it's gonna cry.
It's coming your way, letting you stray no more.

(Still your heart)

Goodbye mother, you taught him everything he needs to know about being alone.
It's a lonely road but it won't be salt from tears.
Goodbye Mother, you taught him everything he knows from pain to fear.
It's a lonely road but it won't be salt from tears.

Goodbye Mother, He'll get right up when he falls.
Goodbye Mother, he won't cry for you anymore.
Goodbye Mother, He'll move on if he has to crawl.
Goodbye Mother, he won't ever cry for you.

(Still your heart)

Goodbye Mother, you taught him everything he needs to know and from here.
It's a lonely road but there won't be salt from tears.

Come on bird, let's follow the road to see where it goes.
(There won't be salt from tears.)
Come on bird, let's tell each other stories and I'll feed you corn.
(There won't be salt from tears.)
Come on bird, Let's follow the road to see where it goes.
(There won't be salt from tears.)
Come on bird, let's follow the road to see where it goes.

Goodbye Mother, you taught him all he needs to know and from here.
(Still your heart)
Goodbye Mother, you taught him all he knows from pain to fear.
It's a broken road but there won't be salt from tears.

Come on Bird, let's follow the road where it goes.
Come on Bird, to the end of the world.
Come on Bird, let's follow the road where it goes.
Come on Bird, to the end of the world.

Clockwork Guardians

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

"Break them into parts and we will make them new.

Pieces of man, pieces of beast, lay them at our feet.

Because we are.

Guardians.

We were.

Guardians.

We must."

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics

"Jenny is the author of the story in it's entirety. Bill's contributions have been things like 'and there should be like these mechanical owls...leftover machines that were guardians or sentinels or something.' and from this 'Clockwork Guardians' was born."

Undermine the higher powers as they
Made us all into one
Put us all into chains
Understand that human engines they fail.
Engines they fail.
Cause man is not machine
Is not machine.
Will never be

Take control as people engineered me.
Told me what I could be.
And this is what they said.

Get ready for the fall
Round them all up break all their parts.
We're gonna stand after all
Bring them all out rip them apart.

Let me be that witch I was made to be.
Let me do that which I was made to do.
Now give me that which I desire to.
But understand that human engines they fail.
Engines they fail.
Cause man is not machine.
Is not machine.
Will never be.

We're ready for the fall.
Round them all up break all their parts
We're gonna stand after all
Bring them all out rip them apart.

Save me for I am weak.
Your insanity is my relief.

Every man, every woman, every unwanted child
Every beast, every spirit, every construct of mind.
Get ready.

Get ready for the fall
Round them all up break all their parts.
We're gonna stand after all
Bring them all in rip them apart.
Get ready for the fall
Round them all up break all their parts.
We're gonna stand after all
Bring them all in rip them apart.

Save me for I am weak

Indestructible

(Written by Jordi Ribas, Jenny K Brennan, Bill Babcock)

"Strips of indigo silk hung from the immense half body and covered nearly nothing of her enormous nakedness. Rivulets of fat making waves down her head, and the sack of blubber under her chin was only the beginning of her delights"

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Guitars, Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics

"This is one that Jordi wrote the idea for and it's rich textures and avant-garde flair immediately gave thoughts of carnivals and barkers and of course that leads to the back aisles of the midway's where the more bizarre exhibits are..."

Indestructible.

You couldn't hurt me if you tried.
I'm just a gasp away from laughter.
Behind these velvet curtains I could cry but I was.
Indestructible.
Indestructible.

I want to be the queen of your dreams in every lonely craving night.

You wouldn't touch me.
I'm just a smile beyond revulsion.
Beneath this tattered silk my flesh was.
Indestructible.
Indestructible.

I want to kill your sensuality so come touch all my delights.

If I can't give you what I am
I'm gonna tell you what I want
I'm gonna show you how I burn cause I am.
Indestructible.
Indestructible.

They would crow to you to revel in grotesquery.
They would call on you to drop a coin for misery
They would plead to you to titter tatter at my shame.
You would come to see, so beautiful.

Just watch that fire cause I am.
I am that fire cause I can.
So beautiful.
Just watch that fire cause I am.
I am that fire.
Indestructible.
o beautiful.

I was a glory of mass, an exhibition in gross.
A perfect study in mass but I was.
Indestructible.
Indestructible.

They would crow to you to revel in grotesquery.
They would call on you to drop a coin for misery
They would plead to you to titter tatter at my shame.
You would come to see, so beautiful.

Owl At The Gate

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

"See this pride. See how high. I am what I do. I do, I break, I rejoice. I don't judge you for dying. I find no shame, in duty, in law. Just taking care of business I."

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics

"Well, since we started telling the story about the guardians, it just seemed fair to give that nasty Owl his own feature."

Breaking bonds with gravity, I fly.
Make the lands fall away from me
Lands fall away from me.
Ever chasing the sky.
Prowling the bottomless and ever lasting.
I see it all but I am chained to this domain.
I feel the weight of my duty way up here.
Way up here with all the fallen.
The owl at the gate of this hell, this hell, this hell.

Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Watch the crossing of that line.
I call it trespass you'll be dying.
I'm just taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Watch the crossing of that line.
I call it trespass you'll be dying.
I'm just taking care of business I.

Hold on tight, I'll bring you high, don't you cry.
The lands fall on you.
Lands will fall on you.
Ever chasing your dream.
The building of everlasting loyalty.
I see the code I feel the rot from your desire.
I see the end come to you from way up here.
Way up here with all the fallen.
The owl at the gate of this hell, this hell, this hell.

Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Watch the crossing of that line.
I call it trespass you'll be dying.
I'm just taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Watch the crossing of that line.
I call it trespass you'll be dying.
I'm just taking care of business I.

(Watch the crossing of that line)

Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Watch the crossing of that line.
I call it trespass you'll be dying.
I'm just taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Best be taking care of business I.
From way up here.
Watch the crossing of that line.
I call it trespass you'll be dying.
I'm just taking care of business I.

Failing Son

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

"We reap what we sow, come crow or guardian, come need, come regret."

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics

"Gabriel is sort of a mess, isn't he? But there's something about him that you can't quite put your finger on - more to him than meets the eye...."

You toil in the pride of creation.

Do you see these tears, they're burning holes through this world.

So here comes the son.

Come to punish you all.

You reap what you sow.

Can you see these tears, they're burning holes through this world.

So here comes the son

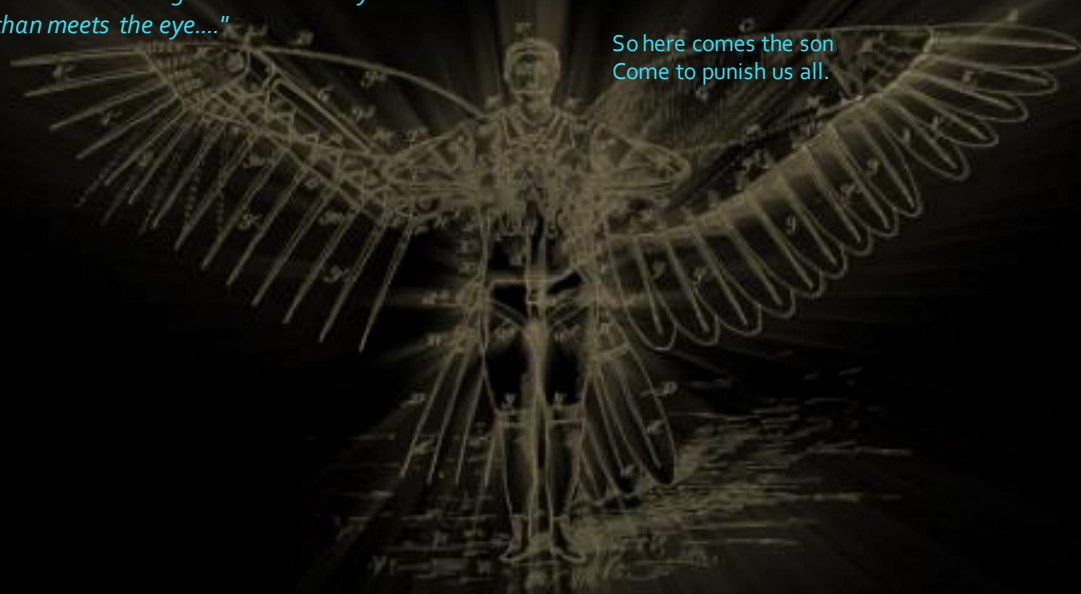
Come to punish you all.

This very night believe, in the failing son.

Do you see these tears, they're burning holes through this world.

So here comes the son

Come to punish us all.



Scattered

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

"Why make it so hard? If this is the end of our days. Let me follow you, let me feel you, let me touch you."

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics

"Sometimes you need a good old fashioned love song...." – JennyK

I'm gonna be with you so let me do what I've got to do
Cut that spirit off your chest, and let me come into you.
I wanna be with you so, let me say what I've got to say.
Take that ghost off your hands before you lay them on me.
I'm gonna go with you there, let me do what I've got to do.
Take that step and then another, and let me follow you.
I wanna see what you see, when you go where you got to go.
If this is what we've got now why make it so hard.

What is that thing in your mind
A thing to scatter your attention
What is that shade in your eyes
It makes you blind to my intention.
What is that thing in your heart
A lady gone wrong she wants your loyalty.
What is that spirit you hide.
You've gotta shake that touch before you put it on me.

I wanna feel what you feel, let me know what I've got to do.
We're at the end of the world together, is that not enough for you
I wanna be with you so, let me say what I've got to say.
If this is what we've got now, why make it so hard.

What is that thing in your mind
A thing to scatter your attention
What is that shade in your eyes
It makes you blind to my intention.
What is that thing in your heart
A lady gone wrong she wants your loyalty.
What is that spirit you hide.

(You've got to shake that touch before you put it on me.)
(Why make it so hard.)

What is that thing in your mind
A thing to scatter your attention
What is that shade in your eyes
It makes you blind to my intention.
What is that thing in your heart
A lady gone wrong she wants your loyalty.
What is that spirit you hide.
You've got to shake that touch before you put it on me.

If this is end of our days
Come on let's take this
Moment to make us feel safe.
Come on let's do it.
If this is end of our days
Come on let's make this
A final day to remember.

Tempest Part II

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

*"It was never meant so. A lashing was all. But was it? Was this not always as it was?
This is not known? Where did they go? Were they ever there, here, anywhere? And
where, in this tempest, can home become not pain? Can pain again become home?"*

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics

*"Part two of our tale about the Mother of Crow, and her disappointment in her
humans."*

In this land, a broken garden.
A man tries to kill it to give it some light.
With his hands, with his hands.
(Hands of plaster and steel.)

In this garden, a broken tree that fell.
A woman tries to raise it from the dead.
With her hands, with her hands.
(There's no salvation here, not now, not ever)

You lie down to fly.
You live just to die.
Tell me why I should release you from fear
You love just to fight.
Confess all your lies.
When your eyes go dry then how do you know to cry.
(There's no salvation here.)

In your land, a broken ocean.
A school where the fish becomes a man.
But his hands, but his hands.
(Hands made of old steel.)

In that land, a broken mountain.
Where creatures try to dig down out of the light.
With their hands, with their hands.
(There's no salvation here, not now, not ever.)

You lie down to fly.
You live just to die.
Tell me why I should release you from fear
(You'll find no salvation here, not now, not ever.)

You love just to fight.
Confess all your lies.
When your eyes go dry then how do you know to cry.

See this world.
If it's raining that's me crying.
See that city.
If it's burning that's me tired of trying.
See that man.
He carries his eyes in a box made of brass.
He says.
Have you seen my children?
I can't see my children.
(Don't ask for your salvation here, not now, not ever.)

You lie down to fly.
You live just to die.
Tell me why I should release you from fear
You love just to fight.
Confess all your lies.
When your eyes go dry then how do you know to cry.
(There's no salvation, not here, not now, not ever)

You lie down to fly.
You live just to die.
Tell me why I should release you from fear
(Don't ask for your salvation here, not now, not ever.)

You love just to fight.
Confess all your lies.
When your eyes go dry then how do you know to cry.

Do you see this world.
Don't you wish it would rain.
Do you see this city.
Don't you wish it was gone.
Do you see that man.
He never had any children.

As The Crow Flies

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

"Where do the living go when the guardians take them by the hand? Where do the crow fly?

Were do all the dead ones go? It may well be that the sky can become me. As I become sky."

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics, Piano

"Jenny had this acoustic part she really liked and so she sent a file of the acoustic by itself to Bill and asked what he thought. Bill started playing around with it and that became the foundation of the song. Jenny and Bill had been talking a lot about the role of Bird in the story and also in general about the mythology surrounding crows and how that fit into things and the title came to Bill as he started playing with the part Jenny had written and it drove the rest of the song from there."

Whatever you do you will fall
Whatever you feel I'm not that far away
(I'm not that far away)
(as the crow flies)
(I'm not that far away)
(as the crow flies)
(I'm not that far away)
(as the crow flies)

As the crow flies is the long way around
(I'll meet you on the other side where all the dead crows go)

Come make me into sky
Show me all of your scars
Show me where the crow flies
Tell me where the dead ones go

Come make me into sky
Drown me in stars
Show me where the crow flies
Take me where the dead go

When everyone's a shadow in this land
And every face is carved and stained by pain
(we're not that far from dead)
(as the crow flies)
(we're not that far from dead)
(as the crow flies)
(we're not that far from dead)
(as the crow flies)

As the crow flies is the hard way to die
(Always alone)
(let the crops burn make your body learn)
(as the crow flies)
(we're not that far from dead)

Come make me into sky
Show me all of your scars
Show me where the crow flies
Tell me where the dead ones go

Come make me into sky
Drown me in stars
Show me where the crow flies
Take me where the dead go

Come make me into sky
Drown me in stars
Show me where the crow flies
Take me where the dead go

Where do spirits go
when there's no heaven
there's no place to rest your soul
Where do living go
when there's no wanting there's no need
and there's no goal
Watch out that steel contains your mind
and every thought will burrow down 'til they take you

Come the Guardian
Take you by the hand
Come the Guardian
Take you by the hand
Come the Guardian
Take you by the hand
Come the Guardian
Take you by the hand

Where ever you go your gonna fall your gonna fall
Whomever you love All those that you love will go
(to that place)
(where all the dead ones go)
(go tend your scars go)
(as the crow flies)

Come make me into sky
Show me all of your scars
Show me where the crow flies
Tell me where the dead ones go

Come make me into sky
Drown me in stars
Show me where the crow flies
Take me - Take me home



Majesty Of Waste

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

*"Go build another dynasty on wheels. Break another make believe machine.
Into bones and soul and steel.
Break it, mend it,
praise be what we thought we would be."*

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics, Synthesizer

*"A story about the folly's of man and machine. In Jenny's mind there is a danger with
absolute trust in technology. Because of humanity's need to always progress the
difficulty is to admit bad ideas. The tendency is to try to fix problems caused by
technology with another layer of technological complexity. The point of no return is
not long in coming."*

Iron laden lands.
Glass to shatter sand.
Majesty of waste has no love of man.
Loss of dignity is the way you dream your future.

What's the pride in pain.
Majesties are built.
When we cry in vain.
In veins of steel and gold.
When we pray.
In blood

(Go build another dynasty.)

Build another dynasty on wheels.
With another dead machine.
Just another manifest reality.
On another dead machine.

(Build me a.)

Build me a road.
Pave it in pain, never mind the stains.
(If you can fly you can make it home.)
Build me a train.
Take it to the place where all the dead ones go home.
Make believe will break your future.

Why the pride in pain.
Majesties are broken with pride.
When we cry in vain.
In vanity and lies.
When we pray.

(Go build another dynasty.)

Build another dynasty on wheels.
With another dead machine.
Just another manifest reality.
On another dead machine.

(Go Bill, just play that majesty.)

Build another dynasty on wheels.
With another dead machine.
(Another dead machine to fail)
Just another manifest reality.
On another dead machine.

Build another dynasty yeah on wheels
(Another dead machine to fail)
Just another make-believe broken dream machine.
To fail forever.

Through A Mirror Darkly

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

"No will. No need. No responsibility. What is there to want now that we have the world? What about the people? People? Are they not all well? What we have here. Is bliss."

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics

"This was inspired by the great sound track music in the film 'John Wick'. That set the mood and Bill got the main riff. the title is a play on 'A Scanner Darkly', a great Philip K Dick story. Jenny brought this into the Sundered 'verse and made it real."

What we've got here
Is a cesspool of society that had to go down.
What we've got here.
Isn't that what you always wanted.
What we've got here.
Is delusion of a majesty that couldn't be real.
What we've got here.

You've lost your fear.
If that was all that was wrong, maybe we could go home.
You've lost your care.
If that was all that was going on, then we'd know.
You've lost all fear.
If that was all that was wrong, maybe we could find home.
You've lost all care.
If that was all that was wrong.

You made it clear.
Nothing like pride to set a land on fire.
You've lost your fear.
Isn't that how you soothe all the creatures you made.
Steel hearts won't cry.
Won't feel won't fear.
Steel hearts won't cry.
Won't feel won't fear.

You've lost your fear.
If that was all that was wrong, maybe we could go home.
You've lost all care.
If that was all that was going on, then we'd know.
You've lost your fear.
If that was all that was wrong, maybe we could find home.
You've lost your care.
If that was all that was wrong.

Oh, don't you just dig this despair, yeah.

You've lost your fear.
If that was all that was wrong, maybe we could go home.
You've lost your care.
If that was all that was going on, then we'd know.
You've lost your fear.
If that was all that was wrong, maybe we could find home.
You've lost all care.
If that was all that was wrong.

You've lost your fear.
If that was all that was wrong, maybe we could find home.
You've lost your care.
If that was all that was going on, then we'd know.
You've lost all fear.
If that was all that was wrong, maybe we could find home.
You've lost all care.
If that was all that was wrong.

(What we've got here)

And you can't see yourself through a mirror darkly cause everything it shows is a lie.
And you can't run away through a mirror darkly cause there is no other side.
And you can't feel your way through a mirror darkly cause steel hearts won't cry.
And you can't fly away, you can't fly.

(What we've got here.)

You've lost your fear.
If that was all that was wrong, maybe we could go home.
You've lost your care.
If that was all that was going on, then we'd know.
You've lost your fear.
If that was all that was wrong, maybe we could find home.
You've lost your care.
If that was all that was wrong.

(What we've got here.)

World's End

(Written by Bill Babcock, Jenny K Brennan, Jordi Ribas)

"Take this heart and we can go together to the place of beyond. Beyond here, beyond now, beyond us. What is there? Well, the end of 'This Sundered World' of course."

Bill Babcock: Guitars, Keyboards, Drum Hackery

Jordi Ribas: Bass

Jenny K Brennan: Vocals, Lyrics

"Every beginning has it's ending: every ending opens a door to a new beginning."

Take my hand.
Let's go.
To the end of the world.
Let's go.
Let's follow that crow
Nobody goes home.
Let's see where it goes.
We'll take a step and then another.
Give us just another.

This is what the world has come to.
Did you know a world is born every time you dream.

Break those ties.
Let's fly.
To the end of the world.
Let's bury that steel that you found
Nobody goes home.
Let's sleep watching the sky hit the ground.
We take a breath and then another.
Let there be another.

Now here's the end of days.
Bring that heart closer to me.
Now here's the end of skies.
Come fly away with me.
Now here's the end of worlds.
Bring that edge closer to me.
Now here's the end of time.
The edge of our reality.

Some poets may say this is real.
Others might say to themselves when you're gone.

Why are we here why are we ever here?
When did we care when did we ever care.
Because the end of the world is near.
The end of the world is inside of you.
The end of the world is clear.
The end will start with you.
Start with you.
Who will care?
Unless you let it be known it's true.

This is what the world has come to.
Did you know a world is born every time you dream.

Now here's the end of days.
Bring that heart closer to me.
Now here's the end of skies.
Come fly away with me.
Now here's the end of worlds.
Bring that edge closer to me.
Now here's the end of time.
The edge of our reality.

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