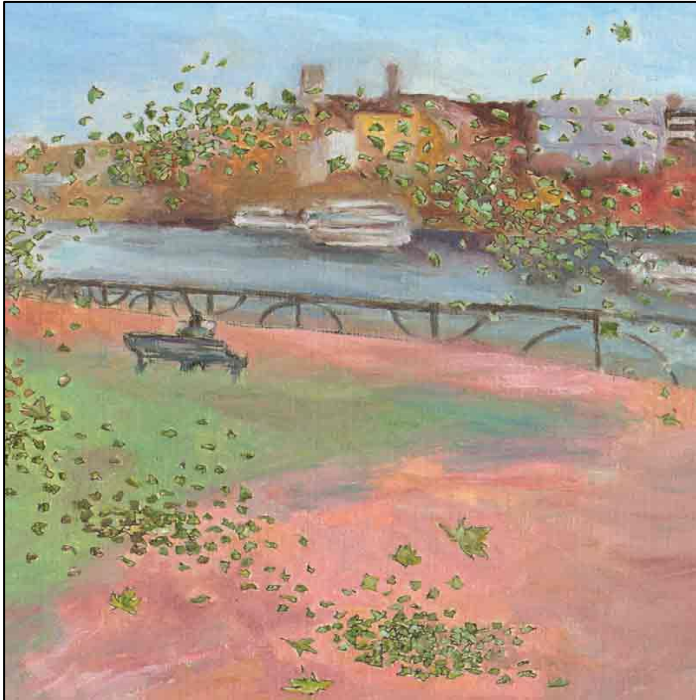


Something stirring



Something is stirring
but what, who's to say,
unsettling the leaves
in a strange kind of way.

Winds from beyond,
pervading with force,
creating the southbank,
corrupting the north.

Weaving a path
through a disparate world,
ambition defracted
and dreaming deferred.

Whipping up wodes
to stuff in the bank,
while a million CVs
first floated then sank.

The just about managing
strummed a sad song,
but great were the parties
in flush Albion.