

Paul Fisk

"Victim Of The Son"

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Something 'bout a school in June
Sun in empty room
Cast a spell or break a jinx
Smell the color blue

I know the way
I know the way and I like it

King of youth or fool forever?
Long ago I died
Liars moon and Jesus soon
The son; he's never lied

I know the way
I know the way and I like it

Victim of your lies and round, black circles 'round my
eyes
Down and out. Always gone
Mind's a blank 'cause I'm not wrong
Lied to me and could not see that green men hang in
outer space
I hid back on bigger clouds with crying fools and killer
clowns

REPEAT CHORUS

Victim of the Son X7

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