

Watchtower

"Rags"

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Everything is rags and there's nobody to blame but me
And it would be so easy if there was noone to hurt but
me
But now everything that I do coming out of me
will just tear through you
In and out of you
up and down your life like a curse

(So that when the sun bursts,
When the rain falls, when the wind blows,
I rip through your heart. On a horse called Nightmare,
bucking and spitting, I ride to your house

In the home of Bluebeard, blood flows as red as any
flag
Death cries "Victory is mine!"
Laughter echoes,
and Death just claps his hands
And then time stands still, castles fall,
lightning strikes the tower, announcing Chaos

Sunday's Child scales the walls
of a paradise then dives into darkness.
A fool playing god
with one foot in Eden, one foot in Hell
And blindness in his brain
and fever in his eyes
Lies on his tongue
still saying "This is just a dream"

/

Cast by the only son of rags
who would wrap you up in all the finest tatters
But he wanted nothing more, my loved one,
than to wrap you up in JOY
But it never be with me -- you and I are like TWO
WORLDS
not meant to collide
Death to each other
in the unravelling of time

So how do you... how do you like it?

what kind of dream would you call it -
To have one foot in Eden,
one foot in Hell
To be always numb,
plagued by demons
Summoned by angels at the same time,
ENDLESSLY)

But I will burn me
right out of this place.
I will lay you down to sleep
so when you wake
I'll be gone
and you
Will remember
nothing
You
will remember...

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