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## Art In Manila "Golden Dawn"

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Cigarettes and trash furnishing your room He claims to be from God But, when was God this cold?

He said, "Son, get on your knees and pray to me With your mother I'll do what I please" A colony of worshiping beings

Children, find your song And let it take you to the golden dawn See, old man, you done us wrong You ain't no saint and I'm not your son I've never been your son

A blue line ascending moon Mocks you from the sky A tall [Incomprehensible] on your room And tears in your eye

He said "Son, get on your knees you'll be redeemed" But the Lord's so far from here A distant dream, a nightmare's scream

Children, find your song And let it take you to the golden dawn See, old man, you done us wrong You ain't no saint and your time is done Your time is done

Don't let it all take you away The property of love

Oh children, find your gun And let it take you to the golden dawn Said, old man, you done us wrong You ain't no saint and I've just begun Life's just begun

Children, find your gun

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