

# **Barnabas**

## **"Suite For The Souls Of Our Enemies (part II: Lover)"**

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Another lonely night  
Surrounded by breathing  
I called him dynamite (liar)  
Shot and sleeping, he believes me

You boys are all talk  
Sexually nowhere  
Alone, in the dark  
Nice try, but the spark isn't there

These men are a virus  
They come, and go  
Take their fill and sneak away  
I'm a needle in a negligee  
Come to me, lover

When I hit the streets  
The mongrels are seething  
Tourists love the city at night  
Me, I see demons breeding  
"Hey pop, over here  
I've got something for you"  
(Poor slob, smelling of beer  
Nice suit, for an old buffoon)  
I don't need this shrink to fit life  
I need somebody to help me  
Can anyone set me free?  
Come to me, lover

Another lonely life  
Surrounded by choices  
Choices made outside of light  
Controlled by hidden voices  
Sometimes we're all talk  
Spiritually nowhere  
In our hearts, the key to new life  
Sometimes, afraid to show it

Lives so tragic; they come and go  
Crossing our paths every day  
So easy to turn them away

Yet we are called as lovers

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