

Fine Science

"When The Truth Comes Through"

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I'm on the verge of breaking through
Into the light for me and you
Will it be then that I reach the end?
I see strange people on this treacherous path
Some of them cry and some of them laugh
And some of them are too content to contend
And the ones in power they're indifferent
They're building up energy that's already spent
They're playing a game, attack and defend
In Lebanon they play a funeral dirge
We draw the lines that will soon converge
In a purple night flash the shadows that we send
The path is my life and truth is the end
Passion my protector and loneliness my friend
I don't understand it. I don't understand
I don't understand it at all
Let the soothsayers say what they will
They left Jesus up on the hill
Whatever happened to Corporal Claig?
Moving through the sidewalk steaam
I wonder if it's just a dream
Why are politics so very vague
When at last the truth comes through
I hope it is seen by me and you
Maybe this is not the only end

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