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Fucked Up "Year Of The Tiger"

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Bristled by a peaceful air Wound up by the soft wind that berates his hair He'll sharpen his teeth on the sky A fire passes through a tiger's eye

As long as his days are old As old as his tail is white As white as his stripes are black As black as the ghosts that sulk through the night

He'll take you before you can see Him strike like thunder before lightning Goes the tiger burning through the night

Tear into the empty world Howl back at the sound of the void As tame as the wildest dream As soft as the loudest scream

Two eyes blink like stars in the dark A shudder of light that you drink and are marked The fear drips like blood from his teeth The fear drips like blood from his teeth

Beneath him just violent thoughts Streaks of memories, prey he forgot His castle of gristle and bone The king sits on his throne afraid and alone

Between the earth and the sky A struggle on both sides The tiger lives afraid as the tiger dies

Chasing shadows across the sun Streaks of light he can't outrun Cut through the darkness like the shot from the hunter's gun

Stalking a naked terrain At the top of his barren chain No one left to remember his name So he kills again

Lash out at the unknown Rank that is grown on the bone A company of order and flesh His foul caress

He rips the sun right out of the sky Clawing tears in the haze as the dark fills his eyes Blind to a merciless god Smothered by the facade

He'll take you before you can see Him strike like thunder before lightning Goes the tiger burning through the night

The king of the shortest stick The beast above with one last trick Sovereign of his defeat In the end it was bittersweet

Prostrate in a royal cower The cat is a mouse to the eyes in the tower His blood falls from the highest plateau Above as it is below

It takes him before he can see Pulls his shadow away right from under his feet Now the darkness is a part of the light As the tiger goes, burning in the night

Between the earth and the sky A struggle on both sides The tiger lives afraid as the tiger dies

Chasing shadows across the sun Streaks of light he can't outrun Cut through the darkness like the shot from a hunter's gun

Who is the beast, And who are the spoils? Who makes the trees Grow up from the soil?

And charges the sky With imperious fire Brutes in the dark Afraid of the sire...

Who is this beautiful beast

A tear of light on his teeth A fearful smile on his face Tokens of blood leave a trace

Whimper and bowed to the ground A scornful sun bearing down Grimace and howl through the pain Get up, get shot down again

Light drips like paint from heaven A shining pall on the horizon Life weeps away from his frame Stretched to the bone by the flame

Corrupt the stripes on his back And burn the white into black Iron imprisons his rage Violent stains colour a cage

So filled with sorrow So filled with hate Otherwise empty A relic of grace

Shot like an arrow His fateful arc He'll charge until He's lost in the dark

Bring down the father Who brought down the son A blinding madness He won't overcome

Strike out in anger Eclipsed by fear His last breath wasted The end is near...

Remember life as a king, The coil of life in the spring The silver stare of the stars Before the snare of the bars That deathly coddle of light Cut through the space of the night

So say goodbye grandfather The body spent to confer As the flesh kisses the earth His stripes dissolve to give birth To the beasts in the sky That ride the tiger tonight...

Between the earth and the sun A struggle on both sides The tiger lives afraid as the tiger dies

Chasing shadows across the sky Streaks of light he can't outrun Cut through the darkness like the shot from a hunter's gun

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