

## **Funkadelic**

# **"Eulogy And Light"**

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Our father  
Which art on Wall Street  
Honored be thy buck  
Thy kingdom came  
This be thy year  
From sea to shining sea  
Thou givest me false pride  
Funked down by the riverside  
From every head and ass, may dollars flow  
Give us this pay  
Our daily bread  
Forgive us our goofs  
As we rob from each other  
He maketh me to sell dope to small children  
For thou art evil  
And we adore thee  
Thy destruction and thy power  
They comfort me  
My Cadillac and my pinky ring  
They restoreth me in thee  
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of  
poverty  
I must feel their envy  
For I am loaded, high and all those other goodies  
That go along with the good god big buck  
To your horse  
A ? grows there  
Ahead in time, the unexpected soul-searching beam of  
the strobe  
But now, the stairway looms  
And as I rise  
The cries of kittens, gray, make way  
For there, now near  
Here now, gone, alone  
I feel my wrist, it flicks the switch  
No lights reveal the room or me  
She sees, then panics, grabs a light  
I scream, silent comforts that are not heard  
I panic, for I have not said a word  
Hysteria hold the room in sway  
I run, I back away, to hide  
From what?

From fear?  
The truth, the light?  
Is truth the light?

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