

## Gatsbys American Dream

### "The Badlands"

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They call this the badlands baby  
But it used to be bayou  
The shore of an inland sea  
And I can hear you coming

What foul beast stalks this way

The night is dim  
But I catch the scent of your arrogance

As you rear your head  
I can see your eyes gleaming  
Catching light from the moon  
Like a pair of knives to cut me down

Hole in the world  
And the light is leaking out  
Spilling like water  
And I can hear you coming

What new devilry is this  
I saw you rise  
And creep across the sky  
And all night as I fled  
You came behind

Eating all the stars  
Dig to find  
Why the life left  
Rocks and stones  
Skulls and bone  
Whispered stories  
Tales of glory

And a tragic fall from grace  
And a tragic fall from grace  
And a tragic fall from grace

Still we're still falling  
Just like the dinosaurs  
And a tragic fall from grace

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