

Gatsbys American Dream "The Child"

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Glorious light covers him tonight
Him, unaware and silent, six years old and sleeping
The rest of us dying and waiting for him to grow old
Old enough to save us, old, yeah, so save us, save us
(So save us)

Glorious light covers him tonight
One hundred twenty volts wired straight to his soul
(Straight to his soul)
But beyond the hills a shadow is falling through
The valley of ashes where death meets destruction
Oh yeah, so lead us, lead us
(So lead us)

The reign of death will die and we will strike
Keeping on his perseverance merits preservation
Our enemies sails will hang on broken masts
And their tackle will be rendered useless, rendered
useless

Sometimes it takes the mind of a child to overcome
If it's what you've found, trust what you see.
Ask, is there something wrong with this picture?
And take it over

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