

Harrow **"The Pylon"**

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On several occasions the pylon proved its power
There ain't no limitations the pleasures of the flesh
It's two a.m. the door was locked. a call a friend was
terrified
They slashed him down and stole his crown no one of
them was classified
In fact the white coats served his will and gave the pill
called suicide
The ambience was grey and cold, his braincells old,
he's humanized

Four extra lies and lethal waves red coloured skies no
pain ahead
They tried his son, exploding gun and found the dogs
of war instead

You better strike me down
You better take my crown
You better burn my town

I'm not insane I feel the pain it seems the same

I'm all alone, it feels so cold I missed my aim
They cannot see, don't understand the real me
I'm not insane, I'm not insane, I'm not insane

The dark man waits he shuts the gates, the needle
sharps
The precious cure, his life gets carved the surgeon's
will
There ain't no jury here till now

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You better take my crown
You better burn my town

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