

## Hour

### "The Joker"

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Children of the future speeding  
Playing blackjack at a bent casino  
And the Joker's standing at the door  
Laughing at the world  
The future was murdered at the font  
The cradle of hope has died  
And in the dark he's incandescent  
>From his flame of blood and money  
Walked into a smoke-filled room  
Danced amongst the dying children  
I don't care about the future  
And the Joker cares only for the Joker  
Now today in all our greed  
All we want is sex and money  
But is there something all that wrong  
If life's about speed and power  
As we race towards our fate, the grave  
There's no one here that you can save  
So do your crime and pay no time  
Go to hell and don't come back  
The Joker murders for his life

He destroys the world of millions

But in this world there's death or glory

And nurtures gifts from bent black money

The Joker laughs the Joker cries

The Joker lives from his black lies

The Joker kills the Joker dies

The Joker is, you and I

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