

## Ion

### "A Prelude Of Things Worst To Come"

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"Heaven is where or when the Devil is losing everything  
at a Poker game,  
Even Vice is laughing at him... pointing fingers.  
And now he's walking alone in the street, completely  
broke & homeless  
On the verge of collapsing to the Inevitable...

Even the Angels are looking down on him with pity...  
Yet not a soul dares to help him, (the loser, the first  
One to have ever been cast aside.)  
He's thinking about suicide.

The funny thing is, unlike us, he doesn't have a choice  
Evil cannot die..."

Raindrops are weeping, and I'm a storyteller;  
I am covered with rust & falling apart like an old 69  
Chevy truck.  
I have a lot to say if you're willing to bear with the  
unpleasant scent of misery & nostalgia.

How low can it get, when you suddenly realise that  
what you've been listening to, (for the last ten minutes  
or so)  
Trough the old transistor radio behind the bar counter,  
was a disco version of Beethoven's 9th symphony.  
I wanna kill myself right here & now. How socially dead  
of me (- Alias)

Could it be the alcohol that drank me out?  
It feeds on your soul y'know?

From the other side of the looking glass, imagine a  
philosophy,  
That is a sardonic aftermath of everything I lived so  
far...

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