

John Cale "Modern World"

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In the shadows of the night come the friends of fantasy
dancing forward toward
The dawn, wrapped in coats of vanity. in the closets in
the home hang the toasts
Of days gone by, breaking every haunted scheme
confusing thoughts with fantasy.
This is the modern world, this is the modern world, this
is the modern world.

In the backrooms where they wait, keeping time so
patiently, playing cards and

Casting lots, sit the last of judgement's [all]? in their
confusion to deceive,
They miss the point so handily, filling every secret
need. they succeed perfectly.
This is the modern world, this is the modern world, this
is the modern world.

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