

Catch 22

"On The Black Sea"

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Goodbye my friend and mentor
We'll never see a man quite like you again
In an age of revolution, restitution we sought
You were the spark, we were the fuel and we burned
bright as the sun

Those were the days we could have fought
Anyone anywhere on anything
And after all these years how could we try
Should we try to follow someone else?

I can see the shadows on the foothills east of here
Stormy clouds and thunder in my heart
We're on this train to nowhere
And I don't know if we'll make it back again
Because the fire's burning low
And the wind is blowing mighty cold

We're on this train to nowhere
And I don't know if we'll make it back again
because the fire's burning low
And the wind is blowing mighty cold

Push, push, push, until we get just what we want, we
always
Push, push, push, 'til we can get them what they need
We can take the lives of others so that all may truly live
But the will to truly live, is something I can't give to
them

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Staring at the pieces of my dim reflection
As I look into this Black Sea of atrophy
I just got the message of your passing
From the man who digs our

They are digging graves for all our dreams
And it seems that they are digging by the clock
I can feel the old corruption peering from the crack
And I don't know if we can fight it back again

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