

Matisse "Judgement Day"

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Give me your hand
I'm so afraid
It's this kind of war
That we both made
No more to say

Give me your heart
I'm not afraid
But I haven't had anything to eat
Since yesterday
When my troubles seemed so far away...

Very first time
I saw your human face
You were impaled
By the human race
A trophy a day
Keeps death away

Give me a god
I'm not afraid
But I just need a reason
To blow your brains up
Then I'll say
"that's life and this is how I'm made"

To whoever you may pray
And whatever prayers you say
I'll be the first to rise up

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