

Reverend Horton Heat

"Trick Of Light"

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Have mercy.
I could give you mine.
But this boulders burden,
My bones, brittle sign.
They must break,
Baring this curse,
Of a promise to be kept,
Be it better, be it worse.
Remember this day.
You fit into it,
Like an oil painting,
But every other day,
Is a photocopy,
A memory, that I maintain,
Are burdens to remember?
A jagged noose if I ever should forget,
I'm a man made from a trick of light.

Hurry on down, hurry on down.
My eyes are flowing blind,
From all this sunlight.

A better day to make a bitter pill to take.

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