

## The Killers

### "Four Winds"

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Your class, your caste, your country, sect, your name  
or your tribe  
There's people always dying trying to keep them alive  
There are bodies decomposing in containers tonight  
In an abandoned building where  
A squatter's made a mural of a Mexican girl  
With fifteen cans of spray paint in a chemical swirl  
She's standing in the ashes at the end of the world  
Four winds blowing through her hair

But when great Satan's gone, the whore of Babylon  
She just can't sustain the pressure where it's placed  
She caves, she caves

The Bible's blind, the Torah's deaf, the Koran is mute  
If you burned them all together you'd be close to the  
truth still  
They're poring over Sanskrit under Ivy League moons  
While shadows lengthen in the sun  
Cast on a school of meditation built to soften the times  
And hold us at the center while the spiral unwinds  
It's knocking over fences, crossing property lines  
Four winds cry until it comes

And it's the sum of man  
Slouching towards Bethlehem  
A heart just can't contain all of that empty space  
It breaks, it breaks, IT BREAKS  
Well, I went back to my rented Cadillac and company  
jet  
Like a newly orphaned refugee, retracing my steps  
All the way to Cassadaga to commune with the dead  
They said, "You'd better look alive"  
And I was off to old Dakota where a genocide sleeps  
In the black hills, the bad lands, the calloused east  
I buried my ballast, I made my peace  
Heard four winds leveling the pines

But when great Satan's gone, the whore of Babylon  
She just can't remain with all that outer space  
She breaks, she breaks, she caves, she caves, she

breaks  
"You'd better look alive"

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