Wake The Lion "I'm Thinking Dorsia, Wear Something Fabulous"

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The sun came up, but the air is still freezing. The coffee's on for another day of leeching.

Only every day he grabs his coat and leaves home With no pain and no sorrow.

Tight his talons clasp his briefcase made of gold Full of words set in stone

With a step outside, a scowl ruins his pleasant face.

Nothing can replace it (And looking down and looking down and looking down)

Nothing can replace it

(And looking down and looking down to the pavement now)

His office stands adjacent

(And looking down and looking down and looking down)

And on the steps a vagrant

(And looking down and looking down to the pavement now)

Preaches how his day went

What am I worth? What can I bring to your society? Is there no one who'll rectify what you've done to me? What am I worth? What can I bring to your society? Is there no one who'll rectify the life I've lost? But the man walks on.

The life I've lost.

But the man walks on.

Today the numbers meet his pace Like staplers puncturing your face He gets what he wants at a small price to pay At the end of the day he grabs his hat and heads on his way

The door's ajar to his home but he doesn't hesitate

He wants to feel at ease but something's wrong

And seeing nothing Swallowing his beads of sweat But tasting nothing
It's hard to hold his heavy head
The room gets cloudy
Leaning now over his bed
His throat is closing
The sheets are soaking
In red blood flowing
Collapsing on the floor

No one is listening when living alone Gasping and gulping for air
No one is listening when living alone Gasping and gulping for air
Quit
Fighting for a
Breath
And then
The vagrant walks out the front door.

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