

Elisenthal "Alfred Jones"

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Alfred Jones died somewhere in the shadows
Alone in his home where he was tamed
Although he was just a man without name
Cops were called to look for somebody to blame
Who done it for money, who done it for fame
Booked three bald teenagers for second-degree
murder

But who today is worthy of high company?
And who today can find his own destiny?
And who today is brave enough to disagree?
And who today is looking as far as he could see?

Before a binge drinking in the shadows
Alfred and friends looking for a cash
Met three bald teenagers and they were in a clash
Well he knew they turn him into the ash
Just like his son who killed their friend in a crash
So they hit him with the axe and filled in with the snow

Can we go straight not knowing the road?
Can we turn somewhere when signs nothing bode?
Can we understand when everything is a code?
Can we look at ourself 'till we're not corrode?

Thinking about nothing, empty air in shadows
Teenagers in the cell waiting for a judge
They could take a man out with just one punch
Used to kill and robber just for a brunch
It seems to be their end-of-the freedom crunch
But they knew their cards were marked advance

What if a man should not love the moon?
What if he could not to hold the life's harpoon?
What if he could to count his sins on golden spoon?
What if his death will come too soon?

The undertaker standing somewhere in the shadows
Five people at Alfred's funeral
Priest with a smile said "My dear Farewell"
Neighbourhood saying "Very Well"
And Devil said to them "I'll meet you in Hell"

We live in a place where law is a game

How many more times we will be reborn?

How many times we resent a forewarn?

How many losers can look with a scorn?

How many people unnecessarily was born?

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