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Apokrypha "Crowd"

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Over the heads of the crowd No eyes in the throng could have told Every weapon that distracted ingenuity Could discover a device of integrity

Down in depths below These weapons there I shall throw No matter how for how far off The eyes in the throng couldn't move

Who let them out Whence they have come Where they bagun to shout Scored at the end of the game

Against the truth I've told Is to force a heavy stone Out of the wrintings in the wall These are the news from another world

Headlong, mad and dangerous Footsteps to force their ride To put stones aside Pulse and heart held life to sacrifice us

Footsteps not easily blured Again I'm stained red Forests of naked arms Struggled in the air

Who let them out Whence they have come Where they bagun to shout Scored at the end of the game

Against the truth I've told Is to force a heavy stone Out of the wrintings in the wall These are the news from another world

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