

# 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 far off  
The eyes in the throng couldn't move

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

Against the truth I've told  
Is to force a heavy stone  
Out of the writings 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 blurred  
Again I'm stained red  
Forests of naked arms  
Struggled in the air

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

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