

## 6ths, The "Twilight Of A Champion"

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The rising moon faces the sickening sun,  
as the lights in the tower blocks go on, one by one,  
A big shot, overlooking this black iron skyline--  
Surrounded by his symbols of prosperity--  
Sits back in his new leather chair  
ripped off the back of some unfortunate beast.  
I'm smiling through my teeth.  
Anybody can be a millionaire,  
so everybody's gotta try  
but by the laws of this human jungle  
only the heartless will survive.  
& down there--but for the grace of god  
--go I.

The smoke & the steam, & the broken down dreams,  
the hope, & the hunger, frustration & anger,  
the little drunken lives,--  
driven' through the traffic lights  
& away from who they are!

But I've been thinking of you--  
In this great city of great solitude.

Crossin' the central reservation, of my imagination,  
Searchin' for the world I...left behind.  
A shadow hunting shadows of childhood life.  
It's all I want--& all I miss--  
but how can I return, to a place that don't exist!!

from Mombosa to Miami, Beirut to Bangladesh,  
I've flown around the world standing  
on the wing of a jet.  
tryin' to salvage my emotions  
from the bottom of the oceans--

Y'see I sold my soul, to pay for my dinner.  
My stomach grew fatter, but my heart grew thinner,  
I ain't foolin' I'm fallin', I wasn't wicked, just weak,  
I ain't lyin' I'm dyin', crippled by deceit--

Oh the hand that wrote the agony  
has just begun--  
Will be the hand that pulls the trigger  
--of this gun

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