The Sainte Catherines ''Madmen''

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They were born without a name
Winning every crooked game
A different face
A different smile
In single order, single file
I sit here and watch the hands of the
Clock

And wonder where is time going.

Pulling the strings of God

Answering yes to a nod

The madmen have all gone insane

Pushing the buttons of nerveless pain.

They used to gas people in a poisonous

Way

On the trains to nowhere.

The president's men are on TV

I love how they wave to you and me.

If Jesus could tell the men from the

Snakes

They would all be serpents.

They sit here and watch the hands of the

Clock

And wonder where is time going

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