

Phideaux

"Gift Of The Flame"

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By the ivory coast sits a man
In a most angry pose
He's wasting away
As the buzzards peck little holes
There's a boy by a pool
Who simply can't move but to drool
Staring ever in to a silly grin
Trapped beside the pool

And across the way
There's a man who can't wait
His stomach growls and he salivates
Never to be satisfied, nor to die

Hour by hour I wait for my flower to bloom
It's a hideous black mushroom
Odious spore of doom
And I crouch by the glass
In the underpass of the moon
Wondering what's in store
Beyond my bolted door

And across the hall
There's a man who just waits
He's sick to death and he gives in to Fate
Never does he try not to die

By the ivory coast sits the suet man
Still in chains as day by day
The buzzard birds bite bits away
And he sacrificed himself
Stealing fire that we could tame

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