

Chariot, The "Keeny Gibler"

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Fight priest, fight.
Take pictures and make "alright" what you have lost.
Give pride back to the ground.
You got "all you want," but you've got a wreck.
Everyone in this whole wide world, wake up and panic.
Fortune wears a red dress, but her bones smell of
death.
Panic.
They all stare, but no one seeks.
They all claim, but no one speaks.
They all hear what they want.
Panic preacher, panic.
Beware of these sheep in the costume of wolves lies,
they come in pairs of two and we only die twice,
but for such a long time.
Just because you kiss a lot, that don't mean you're in
love.
Just because you have begun, that does not mean
you've won.
Well I was a second son, not born but just once,
and all my friends be gray.
The fade out.
They all close the door and no one speaks out loud.
The fade out.
Take my heart, prophet.

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