

Trunks & Tales

"Packs Of Wolves"

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You better watch who you call socialist these days
You better watch who you enlist the phrase
For the countless souls you lost along the way

With the rabid packs of wolves
A waste land of sight
For all the outlaws, nature will provide
Home, food, shelter and a guide

The packs of wolves
They circle now hungry for blood
Sucked dry are all the necks
Into which their teeth were sunk
They find themselves now in the holes that they've dug

The bones picked clean
They glimmer wide in the light of the moon
Hyenas in their caves
Licking clean the silver spoons
There's nothing beautiful left for which to swoon

I can't help but sympathize with the vultures
I can't help, for I am just a bone picker

The survivors are crawling up out of their holes
There's no one left to run
No reason to crowd the polls
Especially now that you bartered away your soul

The pine box that bears your name
Still sits velvet lined
You know you've earned it, just give it time
In the sand there still is drawn a line

If you've got the gasoline
Boy, I've got the rags
The city's just a cigarette
Light up and take a drag

We'll be here when you break the rocks and roll the
stones

We'll be here you crawl out from underneath your
homes
We'll be here, it'll take less than a day to burn down
Rome
We can say we were here
We can say we were here

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