

The 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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