

The Sacrificed

"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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