

## Van Der Graaf Generator "Man-erg"

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The killer lives inside me: I can feel him move.  
Sometimes he's lightly sleeping in the quiet of his  
room,  
but then his eyes will rise and stare through mine;  
he'll speak my words and slice my mind inside.  
The killer lives.  
The angels live inside me: I can feel them smile....  
Their presence strokes and soothes the tempest in my  
mind  
and their love can heal the wounds that I have wrought.  
They watch me as I go to fall--well, I know I shall be  
caught,  
For the angels live.  
How can I be free?  
How can I get help?  
Am I really me?  
Am I someone else?  
But stalking in my cloisters hang the acolytes of gloom  
and Death's Head throws his cloak onto the corner of  
my room and I am doomed..  
But laughing in my courtyard play the pranksters of my  
youth  
and solemn, waiting Old Man in the gables of the roof:  
he tells me truth...  
And I, too, live inside me and very often don't know  
who I am:  
I know, I'm not a hero....I hope that I'm not damned.  
I'm just a man, and killers, angels, all are these:  
Dictators, saviours  
, refugees  
in war and peace  
as long as Man lives....  
I'm just a man, and killers, angels, all are these:  
Dictators, saviours, refugees.....

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