

Music-Dave
Lyrics-Ron

Live in the night
To wake up this morning
Weapons of thought
From the
Clouds of unknowing
Naked target on the
Beam of life
Your personality
Comes with the sunlight

Dogday dreamscape
Woven into conjunction
Snake to strike
Bitten to die
Step back a few paces
Oh no
The flow of situations
Dealer in fantasy
With your
Life style factories

It must be tight tonight
Did you penetrate
Act of power of entering
Couldn't you make a way

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Is this the last stop
Penetration point
In this vast design of things
A dead run all the way
Tired now
Running, waiting, wanting
Maybe it's
Wishful thinking
In this tree line
Little world