

Remember how it all began
the apple and the fall of man
the price we pay
so the people say

Down the path of shame it led us
dare to bite the hand that fed us
fairy tale the moral end
wheel of fortune never turns again

Never turns again

The worst of it is come & gone in the chaos of millennium
in the falling out of the doomsday crowd
their last retreat is moving slow
they burn their bridges as they go
the heretic is beatified
teach the harlot's child to smile

Wracked again by indecision
should we make that small incision
testify to the bleeding heart inside
we cart, we scratched, we ran, we slashed
and when we opened up at last
found a cul-de-sac deep and black

smoke and ash

deep and black
smoke and ash

The wicked king of parody
is kissing all his enemies
on the seventh day of the seventh week
the tyrant's voice is softer now
but just for one forgiving hour
before the rise of his
Iron fist again
Fist again

I've to come tonight
I've come to know
The way we are
the way we'll go
and to measure this
width of a wide abyss

I come to you in restless sleep
where all your dreams turn bittersweet
with voodoo doll philosophies
day glo holy trinities

the crooked raft that leaves the shore
ferries drunken souls aboard
pilgrims march to Compostle
visions of their saint in yellow

follow deep in trance
lost in a catatonic dance
know no future
damn the past
blind, warm, ecstatic
safe at last