Psalms

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Poor boy he knows he's alive, he's afraid to learn,
He don't want to get where he's going cos he thinks he's gonna burn,
He can't handle being born in the middle of a big black line,
No matter where he looks, to him it's just either side.
Close your eyes when you feel you're going under,
Close your eyes; you can make the shore this time,
Close your eyes; you can make it through the wild,
... you can make it through the wild.
Poor boy he knows in this life he'll get hunted down,
He don't want to make the transition into meat that feeds the ground,
He can't hack it when his mind paints a picture from an evil eye,
You can't wash the canvas now cos it's full of dye.

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