Cold Dead Reckoning

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I don't mean to be a misery but
I have to tell you straight
there are zombies in the closet and
they're not prepared to wait.
We are the tribe that eats itself and
spits out not a morsel thing.
And navigates this desert by
our cold dead reckoning.Does anybody have the charts,
coordinates or maps?
A hint of a direction to avoid further mishaps?
A throw of dice, a toss of coin decides
what Mrs. Luck might bring
as we navigate this desert by our
cold, dead reckoning.
Turmoil, tempest, tall tsunami,
haven't we heard it all before?
Await The Beast to join the feast,
this party is an open door.
All are welcome! All are joined in
penitence, if it please the King,
while we navigate this desert by
our cold, dead reckoning.We placed our trust in sad self-doubting
leaders who have led,
led us through the dark to slip amongst
the ranks and files of walking dead.
Send to us a guiding symbol,
tiny bird upon the wing,
as we navigate this desert by our
cold, dead reckoning.
Now, back across the Doggerland:
will higher mighty force redeem
the one who dropped the moral
compass, failed to fulfill the dream?
Will testimony tarnish and will
sticky reputation cling?
As we navigate this desert by
our cold, dead reckoning.Cheer up, Charlie, brave a smile, lift
your chin and walk the walk.
See! Angels watching over all; the

snake, the dove, the circling hawk.
There must be another Eden, future
garden of earthly delight.
Next time, no fruit: in birthday suit, walk
naked through the heavenly night
as we navigate this desert by our
cold, dead reckoning.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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