

# Madmen

## The Samples

They were born without a name  
Winning every crooked game  
A different face, a different smile  
In single order, single file I sit here and watch the hands of the clock  
And wonder where is time going Pulling the strings of God  
Answering yes to a nod  
The madmen have all gone insane  
Pushing the buttons of nerveless pain They used to gas people in a poisonous way  
On the trains to nowhere The President's men are on TV  
I love how they wave to you and me  
If Jesus could tell the men from the snakes  
They would all be serpents They sit here and watch the hands of the clock  
And wonder where is time going  
And wonder where is time going  
And wonder where is time going

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