

Sir Francis Bacon At The Net

Cowboy Junkies

Merciless nature, human and mother walk this land
Each through the arm of the other
Their tithe they count in millions
In a Land that loves its villains So calculating it parses a man
Between the hand that held the dream
And the sword being held by the hand
Their golden frames hang gleaming
Tangled bones of their crimes bleaching
Their golden frames hang gleaming
Bleaching bones of their crimes tangling There he stands a mere mist of a thing
Waiting his turn to challenge the King
He counts his time in centuries
He lives on the smallest of mercies
He counts his time in centuries As the map is unrolled the dagger comes out
And that which was certain will now end in doubt
Thank you Sir Francis Bacon
Another piece of advice not taken
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