

Cradle Pyre

Two Gallants

On a tidal wave I stand
Perhaps of me you've heard
With a storm cloud in my hand
I've come dispensing word
Of your company I've tired
Your welcome here is worn
It's you who lit this cradle pyre
It is you who woke this storm
So I do this with regret
But you've left me with little choice
When your mouth is full of threats
When you speak you use my voice
Oh child where will you run
When the world's on fire
Old man see what you've done
As the flames grow higher

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