

Anagram (for Mongo)

Rush

There's a snake coming out of the darkness
Parade from paradise
End the need for Eden
Chase the dreams of merchandise There is tic toc in atomic
Leaders make a deal
Cosmic is largely comic
A con they couldn't conceal There is no safe seat at the feast
Take your best stab at the beast
Night is turning thin
Saint is turning to sin Raise the art to resistance
Danger dare to be grand
Pride reduced to humble pie
Diamonds down to sand Take heart from earth and weather
Brightness of new birth
Take heart from the harvest
Shave the harvest from the earth There is no safe seat at the feast
You take your best stab at the beast
The night is turning thin
The saint is turning to sin Reasoning is partly insane
Image just an eyeless game
The night is turning thin
The saint is turning to sin Miracles will have their claimers
More will bow to Rome
He and she are in the house
But there's only me at home Rose is a rose of splendor
Posed to respond in the end
Lonely things like nights
I find end finer with a friend I hear in rate of her heart
A tear in the heat of the art
Night is turning thin
The saint is turning to sin There is no safe seat at the feast
Take your best stab at the beast
The night turns thin
The saint turns to sin

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