

Muhammad

Tigers on Trains

I see Muhammad at the end of his life,
The devil bird escaping his mouth
He had sung the sweetest songs to me
I see Vietnam collecting our blood,
and John's reflection in the black wall
He was sad, but he was finally free
And I see four horsemen, four prophets
Four arms of a cross leaning upon you
You were spending all your Sundays counting
And I see twenty demons for every man
Who falls asleep next to his fortune
He is stone and you are stone and I am stone
And I'm wrestling the blue-skinned bull
His pulling veins are full
Rivers of disbelief
And I'm talking to the ten foot man
with the axe in his hand
For some reason he knows me
I see Babylon passed out on the floor
Don't know whether I should wake him
His alarm is ringing out my ear drums
I see six directions all at one time
And seven sleepers now surround me
A hundred years of never knowing what it's like
My memory's a no good cheat
His fertile crescent greed is starting to sting my tongue
Now I'm looking for a sun burnt God
With a straight-eye shot
Yeah he owes me some favors
Well I see corporations buying our souls,
Putting heaven out of business
Anything to kill the competition
And I see eleven year old's waving their guns,
Fighting wars their fathers started
Just trying to make an honest living
And I've seen twenty years inside of this trench,
Passing time and dodging bullets
Well it's fine if you can take the violence
But I'll see death before I see any rest,
Maybe that's the way it should be
So I think it's best to just cover my eyes