

# 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

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