

# Bedlam

## Kozmic Muffin

I've got this phosphorescent portrait  
Of gentle Jesus meek and mild  
I've got this harlot that I'm stuck with  
Carrying another man's child  
The solitary star announcing vacancy  
Burnt out as we arrived  
They'd throw us back across the border  
If they knew that we survived  
And they were surprised to see us  
So they greeted us with palms  
They asked for ammunition acts  
Of contrition and small alms  
I might recite a small prayer if I ever said them  
I lay down on an iron frame and found myself in Bedlam  
I wish that I could take something for drowning out the noise  
Wailing echoes down the corridors  
I've got this imaginary radio  
And I'm punching up the dial  
I've got the AC trained on the TV  
So it won't blow up in my eye  
And everything that I thought fanciful  
And mocked as too extreme  
Must be family entertainment here  
In the strange land of my dreams  
And I'm practicing my likeness  
Of St. Francis of Assisi  
For if I hold my hand outstretched  
A little bird comes to me  
And I might recite a small prayer if I ever said them  
I lay down on an iron frame and found myself in Bedlam  
Escaping from the fingers that were stretching through the bars  
Wailing echoes down the corridors  
The player piano picks out 'Life goes on'  
The ring tone rang out 'Jerusalem'  
Into the pit of sadness where the rank of wretched plunge  
We've buried all the innocents we must bury revenge  
They've got this scared and decorated girl  
Strapped to the steel trunk of a Mustang  
And then they drove her down a cypress grove  
Where traitors hang and stars still spangle  
They dangled flags and other rags  
Along a colored thread of twine  
They dragged that bruised and purple heart  
Along the road to Palestine  
Someone went off muttering  
He mentioned thirty pieces  
Easter saw a slaughtering  
Each wrapped in bloodstained fleeces  
My thoughts returned to vengeance  
But I put up no resistance  
Though it seemed a long way from my home

It really was no distance And I might recite a small prayer if I ever said them  
I lay down on an iron frame and found myself in Bedlam  
Bowling like an actor acknowledging applause  
Playing the crusader who was conquering the Mars  
And he knew the consequences but he won't accept the cause  
Wailing echoes down the corridors Feel it, feel it

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