# Eulogy and Light

## Funkadelic

Our father which art on Wall Street
Honored be thy buck
Thy kingdom came, this be thy year
From sea to shining seaThou givest me false pride, funked down by the riverside
From every head and ass may dollars flow
Give us this pay, our daily bread
Forgive us our goofs as we rob from each otherHe maketh me to sell dope to small children
For thou art evil and we adore thee
Thy destruction and thy power, they comfort me
My Cadillac and my pinky ring, they restoreth me in theeYeah, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
Of poverty, I must feel their envy
For I am loaded, high and all those other goodies
That go along with the good God, big buckTo your horse a [Incomprehensible] grows there
Ahead in time, the unexpected
Soul-searching beam of the strobe
But now, the stairway looms and as I rise
The cries of kittens, gray, make way
For there, now near, here now, gone, aloneI feel my wrist, it flicks the switch
No lights reveal the room or me
She sees, then panics, grabs a light
I scream, silent comforts that are not heard
I panic, for I have not said a wordHysteria holds the room in sway
I back away I run, I back away to hide
From what? From fear? The truth, the light?
Is truth the light?

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