

Nada

Minimal Compact

Now that the night has gone away
end of the day seemed near
he went out the empty court
filled with shame and fear
trapped by a shadow set, betrayed
wishing it wasn't him
further down the same old court
ruins of passing years
Blind folded man still facing the wall
hiding away his tears
and when the guns are set to go
death whispers in his ear - nada
blood on the pavements blood on the hills
gates of the heaven sealed
goon squads came like beasts of prey
lookin' for thier kill
run from the shadows looming near
wishing he wasn't here
further down the sad old morgue
ruins of passing years
blind folded man...

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