

# Black Autumn

## East Village

Subways stumbling through the night  
    Flashing rows of neon lights  
    People with no place to go  
    Rushing madly to and frow  
A shrine where all the nameless robots  
    Pay homage to their countrey idol  
    Got to pass the time of day  
Between the canyon walls of stone and steel  
    The misers count their gold  
And wish the world would spin the other way  
Silver mantles speak the shouting  
    Talking loud but saying nothing  
    Sounds of hungry children crying  
    Drowned out by cannon firing  
As the giant with the passing face manipulates his toys  
    And one by one they're trampled in the mud  
The high priest and his sacrificial counsel hold a meeting  
    And demand another sacrifice of blood

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