

Year of the Tiger

Fucked Up

Bristled by a peaceful air
Wound up by the soft wind that berates his hair
He'll sharpen his teeth on the sky
A fire passes through a tiger's eye As long as his days are old
As old as his tail is white
As white as his stripes are black
As black as the ghosts that sulk through the night He'll take you before you can see
Him strike like thunder before lightning
Goes the tiger burning through the night Tear into the empty world
Howl back at the sound of the void
As tame as the wildest dream
As soft as the loudest scream Two eyes blink like stars in the dark
A shudder of light that you drink and are marked
The fear drips like blood from his teeth
The fear drips like blood from his teeth Beneath him just violent thoughts
Streaks of memories, prey he forgot
His castle of gristle and bone
The king sits on his throne afraid and alone Between the earth and the sky
A struggle on both sides
The tiger lives afraid as the tiger dies Chasing shadows across the sun
Streaks of light he can't outrun
Cut through the darkness like the shot from the hunter's gun Stalking a naked terrain
At the top of his barren chain
No one left to remember his name
So he kills again Lash out at the unknown
Rank that is grown on the bone
A company of order and flesh
His foul caress He rips the sun right out of the sky
Clawing tears in the haze as the dark fills his eyes
Blind to a merciless god
Smothered by the facade He'll take you before you can see
Him strike like thunder before lightning
Goes the tiger burning through the night The king of the shortest stick
The beast above with one last trick
Sovereign of his defeat
In the end it was bittersweet Prostrate in a royal cower
The cat is a mouse to the eyes in the tower
His blood falls from the highest plateau
Above as it is below It takes him before he can see

Pulls his shadow away right from under his feet
Now the darkness is a part of the light
As the tiger goes, burning in the nightBetween the earth and the sky
A struggle on both sides
The tiger lives afraid as the tiger diesChasing shadows across the sun
Streaks of light he can't outrun
Cut through the darkness like the shot from a hunter's gunWho is the beast,
And who are the spoils?
Who makes the trees
Grow up from the soil?And charges the sky
With imperious fire
Brutes in the dark
Afraid of the sire...Who is this beautiful beast
A tear of light on his teeth
A fearful smile on his face
Tokens of blood leave a traceWhimper and bowed to the ground
A scornful sun bearing down
Grimace and howl through the pain
Get up, get shot down againLight drips like paint from heaven
A shining pall on the horizon
Life weeps away from his frame
Stretched to the bone by the flameCorrupt the stripes on his back
And burn the white into black
Iron imprisons his rage
Violent stains colour a cageSo filled with sorrow
So filled with hate
Otherwise empty
A relic of graceShot like an arrow
His fateful arc
He'll charge until
He's lost in the darkBring down the father
Who brought down the son
A blinding madness
He won't overcomeStrike out in anger
Eclipsed by fear
His last breath wasted
The end is near...Remember life as a king,
The coil of life in the spring
The silver stare of the stars
Before the snare of the bars
That deathly coddle of light
Cut through the space of the nightSo say goodbye grandfather
The body spent to confer
As the flesh kisses the earth
His stripes dissolve to give birth

To the beasts in the sky
That ride the tiger tonight...Between the earth and the sun
A struggle on both sides
The tiger lives afraid as the tiger diesChasing shadows across the sky
Streaks of light he can't outrun
Cut through the darkness like the shot from a hunter's gun

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