# Strange Days

## Mat McHugh

All last night
Well I dreamt I was free.
Free from both truth and love
And they were free from me.
Dressed up like a businessman
Making money off of war.
Messed up as a politician
Taking money from the poor.
No longer weighed down
By respect, nor decency.
No blood, no faith,
Found no place for them to be.
And I wore my crown
Like a liar's sword.
Cursed at the ground
That I've been walking on.
I've been walking on.All last night
Well I dreamt I was cold.
Started up a fire burning
Us out of control.
A face I barely recognize
Was staring out from the smoke
Then, pointed at my blackened heart
But the broken voice then spoke.
Said, 'plans are only wrecking balls
Then life gets on its way.
There's more to this than I recall
Probably more than I could say.
And if hate shall be your weapon
Lonely death shall be your toll.
And if profit is your motive
Then emptiness your soul.
Emptiness your soul.All last night
Well I dreamt I was gone.
Nothing left but ashes,
A bitter taste upon your tongue.
Shadows in the market
Where as a child I had once played,
Abandoned in the evening

Like a bloodless serenade.
Every moment crashing
Through my mind, cold like the wind
That whistles down the promenade
Where my love and I had been.
No countenance, no reason
For the things I may have done
Left stripped and standing naked
In the place that I begun.All come undoneSaw these strange days ...
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