

Wicked Man's Rest

Passenger

You can say I'm mad
You can say I'm crazy
But I'm only as bad as the maker who made me

Sittin' in the darkness
Lying in the church
Deaf man's silence
Blind man's search

Tear drop falling
Memory recalling
Ghost in your dreams
In your secret recordings

Mad man's match
There's a lump in your throat
Be under your mattress
Hole in your coat

Singer with the sound down
Winter on the come down
Poets in the overcoat looking for a sun tan
On his birthday
Prisoner on his first date
Tired of the new wave

I rise to meet you
As your trust is always a shame
All this innocence has turned and lost its way
Retrace the footprints on the path in which I came
I'm the beast and your the beast in me.

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