

# The Libertine

## Intestinal Disgorge

The motorway won't take a horse  
The wanderer has found a course to follow  
The traveler unpacked his bags for the last time  
The troubadour cut off his hand and now he wants mine  
Oh no, not me  
The circus girl fell off her horse and now she's paralyzed  
The hitchhiker was bound and gagged, raped on the roadside  
The libertine is locked in jail  
The pirate sunk and broke his sail  
But I still have to go  
I've got to go, so here I go  
I'm going to run the risk of being free  
The magician's secrets all revealed  
And the preacher's lies are all concealed  
And all our heroes lack any conviction  
They shout through the bars of cliché and addiction  
So I've got to go  
I've got to go, so here I go  
I'm going to run the risk of being free  
And in this drought of truth and invention  
Whoever shouts the loudest gets the most attention  
So we pass the mic and they've got nothing to say except  
Bow down, bow down, bow down to your God  
Then we hit the floor and make ourselves and idol to bow before  
Well I can't and I won't  
Bow down anymore  
No more

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