

# The Howler

Adrian Belew

Here is the angel of the worlds' desire  
Placed on trial  
To hide in shrouded alley silhouettes  
With cigarette coiled  
To strike at passing voices  
Dark and suspect  
Here is the howling ire

Here is the sacred face of rendezvous  
In subway sour  
Whose grand delusions prey  
Like intellect in lunatic minds  
Intent and focused on  
The long thin matches  
To light the howling fire

No, no, not me  
Burn, I don't wanna burn