

Year Of The Knife

Beardfish

I saw it happen way back in the days of my youth
The persecution and confusion, fear instead of love
They've killed so many that it's hard to really know who's left
Can it be that we're all dead... and beauty is the end?

This town is small, but it's filled with both love and hate
You seek some truth, you won't find it here
They're rolling stones up the hill, memories of those dead?
It scares me so, just to know, things can be this way

Young eyes... though almost gone
A reflection of this dying town
Would you walk alone, in the night, in the night...

They seek this town day and night, after "big blade Bill"
Some say he's still here, but I think he's gone
He's a scapegoat, laughing in his nest, he just doesn't care
"Maybe I'm dead... So what? Beauty is the end"

A voyeur, spying a mind while at rage
keep your distance, pose a good theory (slice)
Don't you wander off, my love - don't go alone into the night