

## Walking Disaster (pale Light Of The New Dark Age)

Bill Mallonee

There's a sad song for every heart broken  
There's a name for every fool in the book  
There's a sermon for every occasion  
There's a love song for every soul shook

Chorus:

On the fault line of walking disasters  
Well, that's the place fallen angels still fly  
And the river of love...well, it still rolls on  
Long time after the well...has run dry

If you stand and you make your confession  
In a suit of old clothes that you stole  
Offering some vain protestations  
Wearing some cheap cologne

When the poor you'd hoped who keep silent  
Show up on your front door stage  
And the tent cities bath in the halogen glow  
Of the pale light of the new dark age