

# The Pooka Sings

Final Fantasy

Oh! your eyes, your greedy eyes!  
Your dry and desperate tongue  
You've told a lie! a lie! a lie!  
For every pretty note your reddy voice has sung  
Do we believe in devils? No.  
Winged men? The healing pow'are of love? No.  
Enchantment? Social justice? No.  
Dead child actors in a white, white world above? No.  
Then why are all your songs about the things that don't exist?  
Do not resist! You'll burn these lies tonight and never let the  
m live  
Oh, stoke the fire, you'll burn these words tonight  
I cannot let them live

The Pooka wings away  
His power o'er me's at an end  
And I put down the violin  
I leave it down, never again!