

## A Mind Of Metal And Wheels

### Gatsby's American Dream

Far beyond  
there lies the vaudeville where creatures are gathering.  
The assembly  
cackle and drool at a land slowly dying.  
The monologue begins.  
The man is abandoned.  
And he cracks a lonely smile  
like an oyster that's been shucked and dead.  
The company the red  
posies they sprang and they whispered.

Sweet tragedy.

"There's a bird who is broken down.  
She hunts the soil so her young can feed.  
But the morning never stays for long  
and the flock will starve for needs."  
This is the act you see,  
our seeds were sown in fertile soil.  
And the crowd all cheered as the men as beasts  
destroyed the crop and field.

Sweet tragedy.

The ensemble's tune of wretched abandon.  
Where desperate souls  
They litter the pavement.  
Where beasts roam the world  
in arrogant fashion.  
Trampling the harvest and spoiling the soil.