

# Tiahuanaco

## Killing Joke

I was a tourist in the Andes  
On my way to Tiahuanaco  
Where the balance of a weeping god  
Faced east to the rising sun

But I looked out the window  
And all I could see  
Was the face of a girl  
She was looking at me

She was begging for food  
Then I knew I had found  
The weeping god  
In the face of a child

As she gestures with her fingers  
Her little brother followed suit  
And all I did was take my camera  
So the image never fades away

I no longer saw the great gate of the sun  
Nor the dawn of time when our race had begun  
Just black eyes like starving dogs looking at me  
A weeping god was all I'd ever see

And as I sat in contemplation beyond all charity  
Losing the magic and meaning of living  
(the earth and the stars these things are mine)  
And when they've drained the earth of all resources  
We'll face the music still  
For you and I shall be striking memories  
In the thoughts of our children's children

I had arrived at my destination  
At the gate of the rising sun  
We shall again regain in sunset that balance  
That we left undone

I stared at the shacks and the shanty town mess  
I couldn't help but to think of the West  
The balance was lost and my reason went wild  
As the weeping god came alive in the child

I began to weep  
And I remember the violation  
Determination came,  
Determination, Yeah!