

# The Howler

King Crimson

Here is the angel of the world's desire  
Placed on trial  
To hide in shrouded alley sihouettes  
With cigarette coiled  
To stike at passing voices  
Dark and suspect  
Here is the howling ire

Here is the sacred face of rendezvous  
In subway sour  
Whose grand delusions prey like intellect  
In lunatic minds  
Intent and focused on  
The long thin matches  
To light the howling fire...

No, no, not me,  
Burn, I don't wanna burn.....