

# Midnight In Manhattan

Mac Lethal

This is the worst thing I've ever seen in my life

(Our elected representatives are the frontlines of making the decisions  
about the war we're waging against terrorist  
and about rebuilding New York  
And there's nothing like it  
We don't want anyone to feel in a week or two or a month  
that the enormity of this somehow could be gotten over  
We can keep going and we will but...)

Waiting for the snow to fall a cloudy angel wept  
And while the world was frenzied, by my fate I overslept  
Hold your breath, these acts are frozen and embraced  
With the gut-twisting feeling of a black and white mosaic  
Today Manhattan burned and summer leaves without a trace  
Besides a cloud of smoke and sour smell in outer space  
Without a face I hate you  
Today I was instructed how to hate but then remembered how to pray too  
I kneel enforcing nine commandments  
Scratch one and let it sleep on the crescent moon like a hammock  
Align the sky with fireflies and crooked-eyed soldiers  
The morning dew is fearsome while the Bush is iced over  
The cushions lie holding souls of man-made ghosts  
Cascades of darkness keep the lamp shades closed  
Crickets even whisper for September 11th  
I eavesdrop and hope to hear footsteps from heaven

When moonlight french-kisses the Manhattan midnight  
There's not a face without a tear drop that's in sight  
Midnights in Manhattan keep me dreamin  
I caught a dream by the tail, I think I'm gonna keep it

This is the first time I've ever hated something through the night  
The first time I've ever loved this country in my life  
Hibernate for days and leave the nest to touch rain  
Stretch across the world and feel my bib of bloodstains  
Talkin to the icicles hangin from the clouds  
Purple moon dust vapor strangle for the proud  
I'm dyslexic reading minds of those computed  
Who saw an angel-kissed urban rose and chose to shoot it  
Notes for students of the Blitzkrieg, Polish torture  
I got a heart for you that grows inside my olive orchard  
I understand a lot of spirits on remote control  
Mislead youth grew with charred and broken souls  
Damn I'm speechless, dreamin of the somber, sandy beaches  
Where I can drift away from suits and ties repairing demons  
Where I can fly from corporate crashed and buried kingdoms  
And hold my hand to God but do more than barely reach him

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Blow a kiss to the rain clouds while I rest in bed  
If I give blood now I might have less to shed  
If I shed blood proud, is my spirit in agreement?

Will I be dying for a reason that I do agree with?  
Freedom is a teardrop with legs like a centipede  
That walks out of God's eyes when I fight or sit and bleed  
I could sit stone-cold and panic in stride  
Plant it inside to hide away until the planets collide  
Of course, of course, of course, I grab my sleeping pillow  
And creep to steal to eat a still life self-reflecting weep and willow  
This is not the time for music, it's not the time for movement  
It's not the time for pushing all the people I'm unglued with  
It's not the time for birth of glory  
It's not the time for purgatory  
It's not the time for murder stories  
It's not the time for keeping peace or cleaning your knives  
It's a time to figure out the meaning of life  
And that's it

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