

The Mule

Naked Raygun

A brilliance under mane
Cloudy lens and subtle strain
A fury sears the vein in time
And momentum is decline
You see the man is sick
With power's arsenic
What politic contradicts

Change
Change in sight
Change
The lay is right
Time
Time ignite
Like a freak, in a beast, in the least
Hand, hang, hang

In a spiralling humanity
There's a cycle we can see
In a throng's monstrosity odds are
There'll always be a mule
You never can predict the mind of a lunatic
A mind so badly sick
With strange arithmetic