

## Gift Of The Flame

Phideaux

By the ivory coast sits a man  
In a most angry pose  
He's wasting away  
As the buzzards peck little holes  
There's a boy by a pool  
Who simply can't move but to drool  
Staring ever in to a silly grin  
Trapped beside the pool

And across the way  
There's a man who can't wait  
His stomach growls and he salivates  
Never to be satisfied, nor to die

Hour by hour I wait for my flower to bloom  
It's a hideous black mushroom  
Odious spore of doom  
And I crouch by the glass  
In the underpass of the moon  
Wondering what's in store  
Beyond my bolted door

And across the hall  
There's a man who just waits  
He's sick to death and he gives in to Fate  
Never does he try not to die

By the ivory coast sits the suet man  
Still in chains as day by day  
The buzzard birds bite bits away  
And he sacrificed himself  
Stealing fire that we could tame