

The Saint Became A Lush

Psyche

The saint became a lush
Dipping into fortune's dreams
He never understood
There are forces beyond belief
Expensive lessons to be learned

Memories are calling
He walked out on the balcony
Looked out over the den of sin

Wondered where this madness leads to
Grim purpose left no stone unturned
Absorbed too much
The saint became a lush