

Crazy Little Voices

Ra

Time is not a friend of mine,
It forces me to wait
For symbols of reality,
Inscriptions of my fate.

I can hear the laughter now.
The universal joke.
That mercy, insecurity,
Absurdity, I spoke.

Walk with me, my children (walk with me, my children).
Walk into the sea (walk into the sea).
Those crazy little voices (those crazy little voices),
Talk to me and say, they say...
Bring me the gun... the gun.
Bring me the gun... the gun.

"The gun?", you say. "But why the gun?"
Is it too dark to see
The mental bars or fearful thoughts,
And dark insanity?

Give me mind and not a heart,
For feeling can betray.
What little hope you demonstrate
As opposed to what you say.

Walk with me, my children (walk with me, my children).
Walk into the sea (walk into the sea).
I can give no reason (I can give no reason),
For you to follow me, (you to follow me).
I can reign unconscience (I can reign unconscience)
And not undoubtably (and not undoubtably).
Those crazy little voices (those crazy little voices)
Talk to me and say, they say...
Bring me the gun... the gun.
Bring me the gun... the gun.
Bring me the gun... the gun.
Bring me the gun... the gun.