

## Black Autumn

Roy Buchanan

Subways stumbling through the night  
Flashing rows of neon lights  
People with no place to go  
Rushing madly to and fro  
A shrine where all the nameless robots  
Pay homage to their country idol  
Got to pass the time of day  
Between the canyon walls of stone and steel  
The misers count their gold  
And wish the world would spin the other way

Silver mantles speak the shouting  
Talking loud but saying nothing  
Sounds of hungry children crying  
Drowned out by cannon firing  
As the giant with the passing face manipulates his toys  
And one by one they're trampled in the mud  
The high priest and his sacrificial counsel hold a meeting  
And demand another sacrifice of blood